

Fifteen Cents

MACLEAN'S

CONFEDERATION JUBILEE NUMBER



THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

MONARCH-KNIT
THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY, LIMITED



Made in Canada



ORDER YOUR SWEATER COATS BY NAME

Women who have ideals in silk and novelty sweater coats buy "MONARCH-KNIT" and their inspiration is due to the beauty of these garments. "Monarch-Knit" garments are labelled with our trade mark which is a quality guarantee. Manufacturers who do not label their products are inclined to forget quality for price. If you buy "MONARCH-KNIT" you have behind that label a concern with undoubted reputation.

Ask your dealer for "MONARCH-KNIT"

THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY, LIMITED, DUNNVILLE, CANADA

Manufacturers of Ladies' Silk Knitted Coats, Men's, Women's and Children's Worsted Sweater Coats, Fancy Knit Goods, Hosiery, etc.
Also Hand Knitting Yarns specially suitable for Knitting Soldiers' Sox, Scarfs, etc.



Bank of Montreal

Established 100 Years (1817-1917)

Capital Paid up, \$16,000,000	Rest, \$16,000,000
Undivided Profits, \$1,557,034	
Total Assets	\$386,806,887

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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General Manager—SIR FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR
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Branches and
 Agencies

Throughout Canada and Newfoundland
 Also at London, England
 And New York, Chicago and Spokane in the United States

LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1859 IN LONDON, ONT.



One of Canada's
OLDEST AND STRONGEST
Fire Insurance Companies

For 58 years the London Mutual Fire Insurance Company has stood as a bulwark of protection. During this period claims paid amount to over \$8,750,000.00.

The prompt settlement of claims and the feeling of good-will between the company and its policyholders is the vitality upon which our business grows. A policy with the London Mutual Fire Insurance Company will set you at ease and protect your property. Let us quote you rates on your property.

Claims Paid Over	\$8,750,000.00
Security for Policyholders	653,227.89
Surplus	380,895.44



**Our
Head
Office
To-
Day**

Represented by

British Columbia—
Hobson & Co., Ltd.,
Vancouver.

Manitoba, Sask., Alta.
—Carson & Williams
Bros., Ltd., Winnipeg.

Ontario—Head Office,
Toronto, Ontario.

Quebec—Branch Office,
W. J. Cleary, Mgr.,
Montreal.

New Brunswick—
J. M. Queen, St. John

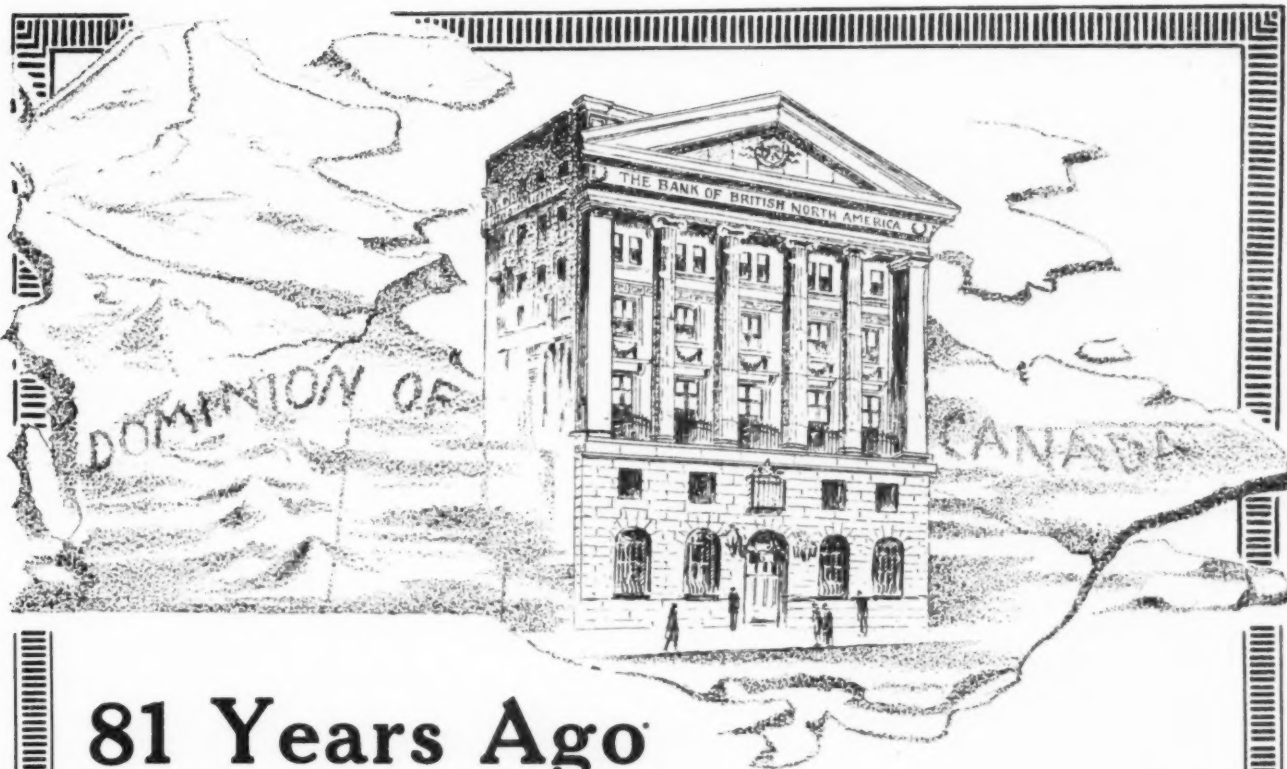
Ask them or our Local
Agents for Rates on
your Property.

A. H. C. CARSON,
President

F. D. WILLIAMS,
Managing Director

HEAD OFFICE, 33 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.



81 Years Ago

The Bank of British North America was established in 1836 and was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1840. In Canadian history the year 1836 is interesting because of these incidents and events:

John A. Macdonald was called to the bar.

A horse railway was put in operation between Laprairie and St. John's, L.C.

Thomas Moss, jurist, was born at Cobourg.

Much political unrest in Upper Canada and in Lower Canada.

The year 1840—the year preceding the union of Upper and Lower Canada as a Legislative union, is made interesting by these incidents and events:

The marriage of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert.

The sailing of the "Britannia," the pioneer vessel of the Cunard Steamship Line, from Liverpool for Halifax and Boston.

The birth of the Advertiser in Montreal, the first daily newspaper in Canada.

The establishment of a magnetical and meteorological observatory by the Imperial Government in Toronto.

Lord John Russell's bill to unite the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada received Royal assent.

In the years since,

The Bank of British North America

has grown and prospered, widening the area of its service, and increasing the volume of its business, which has now reached the following figures:—

Paid-up Capital	- - -	\$ 4,866,666.67
Reserve Fund	- - -	3,017,333.34
Total Assets	- - -	70,839,110.00

Number of Branches in Canada:	
Maritime Provinces	6
Quebec	7
Ontario	21
Prairie Provinces	36
British Columbia and Yukon Territory	18

The Head Office of the Bank of British North America is at 5 Gracechurch St., London, E.C., and the Court of Directors is as follows:—

Lt.-Col. F. R. S. Balfour
J. H. Brodie

J. H. Mayne Campbell
E. A. Hoare

Lt. E. G. Hoare, R.N.V.R.
Frederic Lubbock
G. D. Whatman

Hon. A. R. Mills, M.P.
Major C. W. Tomkinson

The Head Office in Canada is at 140 St. James St., Montreal:
H. B. Mackenzie, General Manager.

The Advisory Committee in Montreal is composed of:
Sir Herbert B. Ames, W. R. MacInnes, W. R. Miller.

In the United States The Bank of British North America, has agents in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, Minneapolis, Seattle and the other large cities.

The Bank of British North America has agents in England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Egypt, the West Indies, China, Japan and South America.

The Bank of British North America is agent in Canada for the Colonial Bank, London and the West Indies.

The Bank of British North America transacts every description of banking business and conducts a Savings Department at every branch.

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

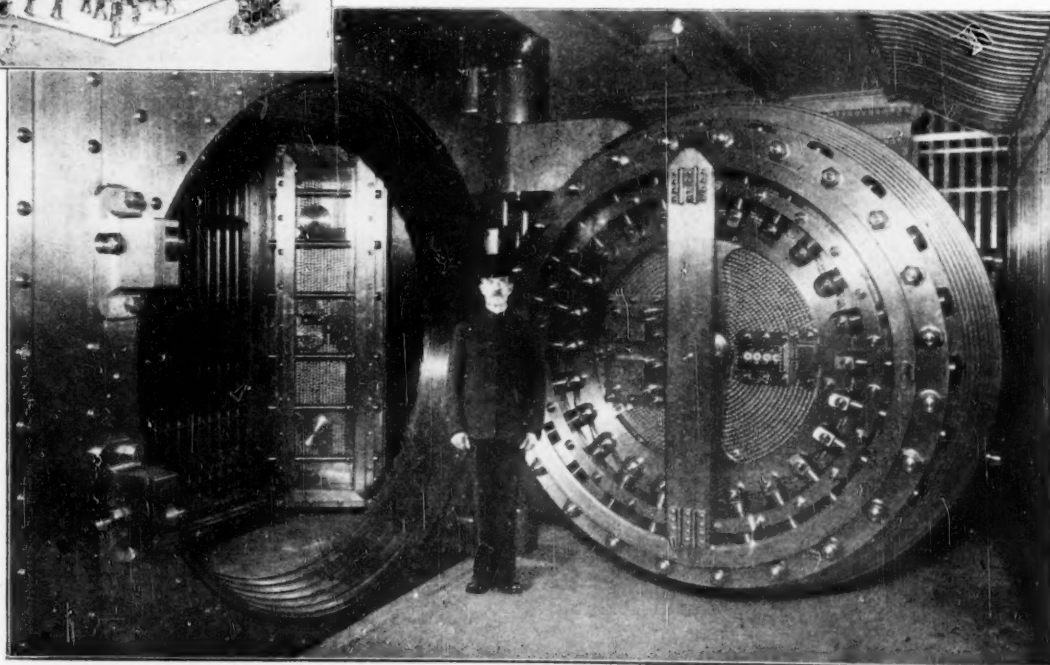
The handsome eight-story Head Office Building of the Corporation was built in 1911. Branch Offices are established in Ottawa, Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Vancouver.



THE FIRST IN CANADA

This was the first Trust Company organized in Canada. It was the first organization to offer permanence, expert experience and unqualified responsibility and reliability in the duties of an EXECUTOR OF A WILL. The Toronto General Trusts Corporation owes its prosperity for thirty-five years to the public confidence which it has acquired through careful and successful conduct of the business of its clients. It now holds assets under administration in excess of \$78,000,000.00.

Canada as a Nation was only 15 Years Old when the Toronto General Trusts Corporation was founded in 1882.



Fourteen-Ton Steel Door To Armour-Plate Safety Deposit Vaults

The year 1882 saw the beginning of what has since grown to be an Institution of steadily expanding influence in the Canadian business world. Besides undertaking the administration of estates and trusts, this Corporation offers investors an exceptionally well secured guaranteed mortgage investment—which yields 5% net.

Paid-Up Capital	-	\$1,500,000.00
Reserve Fund	-	\$1,850,000.00


Readers of MacLean's Magazine are requested to write for our booklets "Making Your Will" and "Safe Investment of Funds."

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

ESTABLISHED 1882

President—Featherston Osler, K.C., D.C.L. Vice-Presidents—Hamilton Cassels, K.C., LL.D. and Sir John Gibson, K.C.M.G.
LL.D. General Manager—A. D. Langmuir Asst. Gen. Manager—W. G. Watson Secretary—T. J. Maguire

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NORWICH UNION

1797 1917



FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY

LIMITED

Few Fire Insurance Societies enjoy such an unbroken record of public confidence as the Norwich Union. The passing years but serve to emphasize the strength and security of the foundations upon which this institution was first established in the year 1797.

Our Canadian connection began in 1880, and here, as in the Mother Country, our success has been most marked. To-day, at the Semi-Centennial of Canada's Confederation, the Norwich Union is listed among the Dominion's best known and most reliable Fire Insurance Societies.

Losses Paid - \$150,000,000

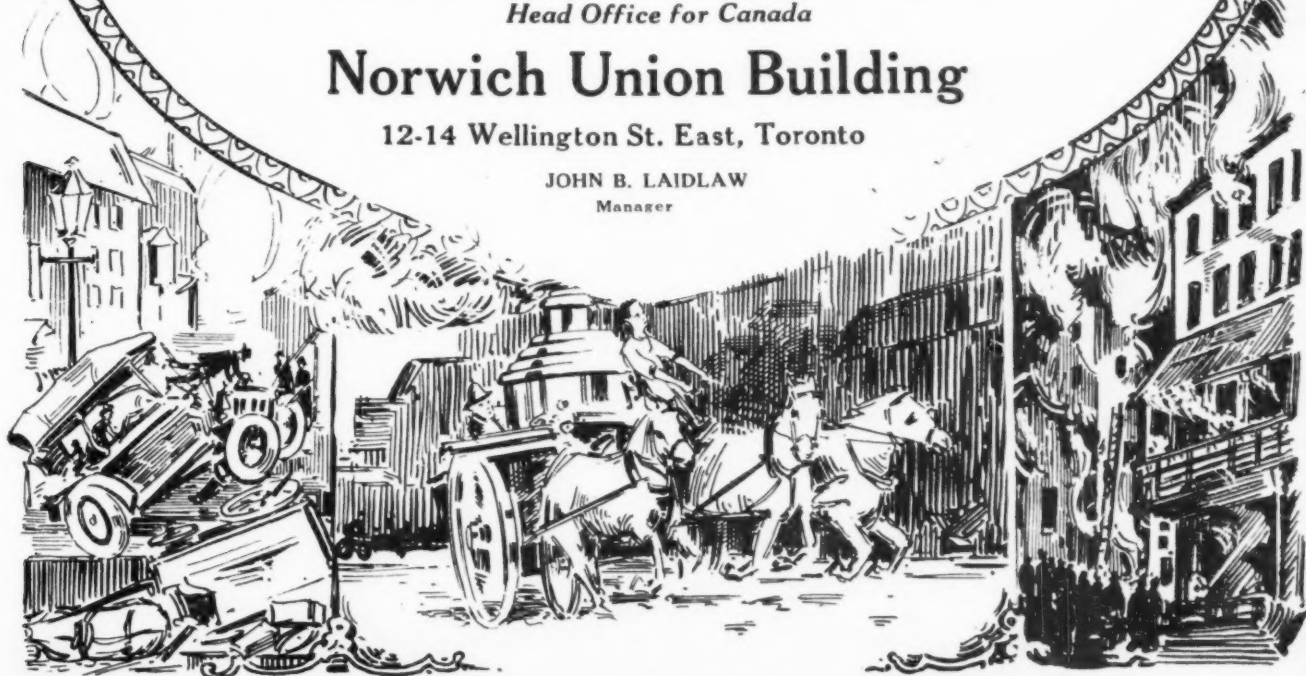
Fire Insurance	Plate Glass
Accidents of all kinds	Sickness and Disease
Employers' Liability	Automobile Insurance

Head Office for Canada

Norwich Union Building

12-14 Wellington St. East, Toronto

JOHN B. LAIDLAW
Manager



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FAST BIND

Views of Toronto's Great
Fire in 1904

FAST FIND

About thirty of our Safes and
Vault Doors passed through
this fire, and without exception,
they kept their contents intact.

We Saw the Birth of Confederation

It was not until thirty-seven years ago that we started making our now famous safes and vaults, but the Goldie & McCulloch Co., Limited, then known as the Dumfries Foundry, was established in the year 1849, nearly twenty years before Confederation.

True Merit Alone Stands the Test of Severe Trial

During the time we have been making Safes and Vaults our endeavor has been to make "THE BEST POSSIBLE." The fact that our safes and vaults have successfully passed through all Canada's great fires, no matter how hot or how long they lasted, proves that our endeavor has been thoroughly successful. Many of our safes that passed through these great fires were twenty to twenty-five years old and the fact that they kept their contents intact is impressive of their quality and our claim to making an Absolutely FIRE-PROOF SAFE OR VAULT DOOR.

We have a complete catalogue and book entitled "Profitable Experience" that tells the stories of these severe fires and the merit of our safes, vaults and vault doors. If you are interested, send for them.

We also have a large modern factory devoted to the manufacture of Engines, Boilers, Pumps and Condensers, Heaters, Tanks, Stacks and Transmission Machinery.



We are able to give continuous and economical service to power plants and have catalogues and information for interested parties.

The GOLDIE & McCULLOCH CO., Limited

Head Office and Works; GALT, ONTARIO, CANADA

TORONTO OFFICE:

Suite 1101-02,
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248 McDermott Ave.,
Winnipeg, Man.

QUEBEC AGENTS:

Ross & Greig,
412 St. James St.,
Montreal, Que.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AGENTS:

Robt. Hamilton & Co.,
Vancouver, B.C.

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1855



1917

Of Canadian Mortgage Corporations the Canada Permanent is the oldest, largest and strongest. In the matter of age, it was established in 1855. In the matter of magnitude, its assets total over \$32,000,000. In the matter of strength, it has a paid-up Capital of \$6,000,000, and a Reserve Fund (earned) of \$5,000,000,—a total of eleven million dollars.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

THE Debentures issued by the Canada Permanent have long been a favorite and Government-approved investment for Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions and of British, Canadian and American Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government. No better evidence can be given of the attractiveness of our

Five Per Cent Debentures

These Debentures, issued in sums of \$100 and upwards, may be made to fall due on any date, or in any year, to suit your convenience and requirements.

Interest is payable half-yearly.

DIRECTORS:

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F. Gordon Osler
John Campbell, S.S.C., Edinburgh.

2nd Vice-Pres., Geo. W. Monk
R. S. Hudson
E. R. C. Clarkson

Joint General Managers:
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Superintendent of Branches and Secretary:
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Associated with the above Corporation and under the same direction and management is

THE CANADA PERMANENT TRUST COMPANY

Incorporated by the Parliament of Canada. This Trust Company accepts and executes Trusts of every description, acts as Executor, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian, Curator, or Committee of the estate of a Lunatic, etc. Those who employ this Company in any of the various capacities in which it can be of service will secure for their business the long experience and conservative management which have placed the parent Corporation in the front rank of Canadian financial institutions. Canada Permanent experience, organization and management mean for its clients the maximum of profit combined with the maximum of safety.

HEAD OFFICE:

COMPANY'S BLDG., Toronto St., TORONTO, Can.

Branch Offices: Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, St. John, N. B.

Established before Confederation
CANADA'S TWO LEADING FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANIES

A World-wide Business Transacted

Western Assurance Company

Incorporated A.D. 1851

FIRE, MARINE, INLAND TRANSPORTATION AND EXPLOSION

ASSETS exceed	- - - -	\$5,000,000
CAPITAL (authorized)	- - -	5,000,000
" (subscribed)	- - -	2,500,000
" (paid-up)	- - -	2,500,000

Losses paid to policy-holders since organization of the Company in 1851 over \$66,000,000.

British America Assurance Company

Established in the Reign of King William IV., A.D. 1833

FIRE, MARINE, INLAND TRANSPORTATION AND HAIL

ASSETS exceed	- - - -	\$2,500,000
CAPITAL (authorized)	- - -	3,000,000
" (subscribed)	- - -	1,400,000
" (paid-up)	- - -	1,400,000

Losses paid to policy-holders since organization of the Company in 1833 over \$41,000,000.

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H. C. COX.	BRIG.-GEN. SIR HENRY PELLATT, C.V.O.
D. B. HANNA.	E. A. ROBERT (Montreal)
	E. R. WOOD.

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SIR ERNEST CABLE	ALFRED COOPER
SIR CHARLES JOHNSTON, BART.	

LONDON OFFICES, 14 Cornhill, E.C.
HEAD OFFICES, TORONTO, CAN.



1858 -- 1917

In 1858

The late R. C. Jamieson founded the present business which is now administered by his three sons. The only means of shipping goods between provinces at that time was by boat in the summer months. Raw materials had to be obtained in the same way.

In 1903

The Baylis Mfg. Co., who had been engaged in the Paint and Varnish Business since 1842, were absorbed by the present company.

In 1908

After a successful career of many years P. D. Dods & Co., Limited, sold out, and their factory is now operated by and is part and parcel of the existing company.

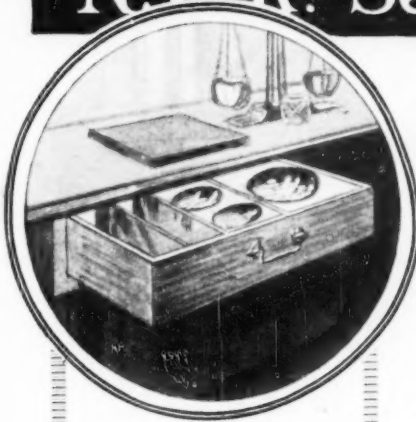
In 1917

Crown and Anchor Paints and Jamieson's Varnishes still hold an enviable reputation throughout Canada. They have stood the test for many years and are known and recognized from coast to coast as highest grade goods at a moderate price.

R. C. JAMIESON & CO.
 Limited
MONTREAL

CALGARY **VANCOUVER**
 Owning and operating P. D. Dods & Co., Limited

N.C.R. Service a Sign of Success



The History of the Old Cash Drawer

Mistakes
 Losses
 Uncertainty
 Temptation
 Laziness
 Carelessness
 Disputes
 Customer
 Dissatisfaction
 No Records
 Overwork
 Late Hours
 Inefficiency
 Small Profit
 Stunted
 Business

Before and After Confederation

and a message for to-day

Those of us who can look back to the days of Confederation, re-live as the old associations are recalled.

The store of the early days had many pleasant associations. The wooden Till could tell an interesting story—one which would perhaps reveal human weaknesses, losses to the merchant on account of mistakes, disputes with customers, forgotten charges, etc.

Doing business in an efficient or systematic way was little thought of in those days. The temptation which was placed before employees was criminal.

A merchant of Dayton, Ohio, in thinking of the dangers to himself and his employees because of no system, devised a crude mechanism for registering money. This was the first step from the old-fashioned Till to the present highly specialized Cash Register.

The story of the years of struggle and patience on the part of the founder of The National Cash Register Company, Mr. John H. Patterson, to perfect a register which would relieve the retail merchant of work and worry, remove temptation from his employees, is a most interesting one.

The story of Mr. Patterson's early struggles is told by himself in an interesting booklet—"The Troubles of a Store-Keeper and How to Correct Them." This booklet is of especial interest to every retail merchant. Send us your address and we will gladly forward you a copy.

THE
National Cash Register Co.
 OF CANADA, Limited
 HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY:
 350 Christie Street - TORONTO, ONT.



The History of N. C. R. SERVICE

No Mistakes
 Losses Stopped
 Temptation
 Removed
 Accuracy
 No Disputes
 Customer
 Satisfied
 Quick Service
 Correct
 Information
 Instantaneous
 Audit
 Immediate
 Balance
 Highest
 Protection
 Success

A "National" Serves and Protects

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

QUEBEC PROVINCE



Mainly populated along the banks of the St. Lawrence River and running from Hudson Strait in the extreme north, along the coast-line of Hudson and James Bays in the West, the Province of Quebec is the largest of the Canadian Provinces with the sole exception of the North-West Territories. Its Land Area is 690,865 square miles and its land and water area is 706,834 square miles. At the last census the population of the Province was 2,003,232, the second largest population of all the Provinces. Its increase in the ten years from 1901 to 1911 was 354,334 as against an increase of 340,327 for Ontario during the same decade.

The total production of Quebec will be under—rather than over-estimated at \$650,000,000, of which from \$400,000,000 to \$450,000,000 is in manufacturing. The annual mineral production is around \$12,000,000 and the forest products are in the neighborhood of \$30,000,000. Agriculture may be valued at a conservative estimate at from \$250,000,000 to \$275,000,000 yearly, including crops, farm stocks and dairy products.

The industrial progress of the Province has been steady and continuous. Though in common with the rest of Canada, a setback was experienced when the war broke out, yet the flow of munition orders into the Dominion soon made itself felt in Quebec, and the installation and establishment of big munition plants of which there are close on twenty in Montreal alone, brought great prosperity into the Province. The huge dividends earned and profits made by the great industries in this Province connected with Iron and Steel have never before been equalled in the history of Quebec, and naturally this has a great and beneficial influence upon the wages paid and the public prosperity.

Agriculture has grown by leaps and bounds in Quebec. Taking the six years from 1910 to 1915 as a criterion, the value of Spring wheat jumped from \$1,090,000 to \$1,891,000; Oats from \$14,843,000 to \$23,200,000; Barley from \$1,689,000 to \$1,939,000; Rye from \$139,000 to \$162,000; Peas from \$531,000 to \$998,000; Beans from \$151,000 to \$327,000; Buckwheat from \$1,629,000 to \$2,157,000; Mixed Grains from \$1,338,000 to \$2,188,000; Corn for husking from \$518,000 to \$569,000; Potatoes from \$6,841,000 to \$9,631,000; Hay and Clover from \$43,911,000 to \$58,507,000; Fodder Corn from \$1,798,000 to \$1,872,000; Alfalfa from \$49,000 to \$95,000. The values of Farm lands range very high in Quebec being up to \$51.36 per acre, and including in that valuation all land held for agricultural purposes, whether improved or unimproved, as also the value of dwelling houses, farms, stables and other farm buildings. As to Live Stock, the statistics of the Province for 1915 show there were in Quebec 372,567 horses, 720,420 milch cows, 612,500 other cattle, 554,491 sheep and 632,729 swine, of a total value of \$124,334,307. As to dairy products, the value of butter and cheese home-made in Quebec for 1910,

the latest year for which figures are available, was \$14,004,514.

Forestry is an important industry in Quebec. Of Lumber \$29,452,810 value was cut in 1915; \$1,264,553 of shingles and \$147,395 of lath. In the same year Quebec cut more pulpwood than all the other provinces together, amounting to 561,793 tons of pulp produced.

Fisheries is another important industry of Quebec. Herein the Province ranks fifth in actual value of goods produced, being \$1,924,430.

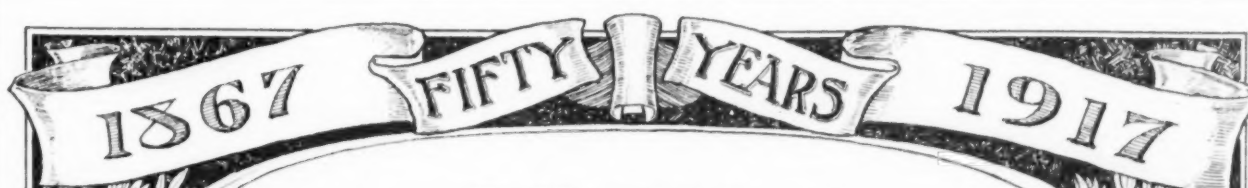
In Mineral wealth the Province stands high. The production was reckoned at a value of \$11,465,873, or 8.27 per cent. of the total production of Canada in 1915. The minerals include asbestos, iron, coal, copper, gold, lead, lime, stone, silver, zinc, and building materials, as bricks, cement, tiles, sewer pipes, etc.

Shipping is one of the main industries of the Province of Quebec. Of vessels entered and cleared at the principal ports of the Province the following statement for 1915 will give a good idea:—

Ports	British		Foreign		Total	
	No.	Tonnage	No.	Tonnage	No.	Tonnage
Montreal	1,909	3,779,778	94	251,451	1,103	4,031,229
Quebec	415	1,915,193	35	82,136	450	1,997,329
Three Rivers	46	112,984	—	—	46	112,984
Rimouski	42	60,710	13	16,511	55	77,221
Chicoutimi	26	49,666	11	14,089	37	63,755
Paspebiac	14	8,868	18	14,662	32	23,630
Total No. and Ton.	1,552	5,927,299	171	378,849	1,723	6,306,148

Most of the imports to and exports from Canada pass through the above ports and there are millions of bushels of grain shipped from Montreal alone. The greatest amount of tonnage travelling the Atlantic trade route passes through this port.

For the past year 1916 it may be said that it has more than fulfilled the high promise of achievement and prosperous progress indicated by the facts and figures of previous years. Quebec has shown herself capable of assimilating the new ideas and methods which the outbreak of the world war has brought about. The Provincial manufacturers and great industrial concerns—second to none in the whole Dominion—have given a lead in trade and commerce which the other provinces have done little more than follow. It is gratifying to note that there have been no strikes of any importance during the past year and that the general level of high wages and prosperity has been well maintained. This speaks volumes for the good government and astuteness of the Province, which has also not been behind hand in patriotic work and in recruiting. The biggest Province, territorially, in the Dominion, has also shown herself the biggest in other ways of a less accidental nature.



The KARN Piano

Fifty Musical Years

FIFTY years ago, synchronizing with Confederation, the first Karn Instrument was made.

Since that time to now *Karn* pianos have been giving numerous homes delightful satisfaction, and in the years to come *Karn* pianos will have a place in Canadian homes of refined musical taste and culture.

The Karn is a fifty-year achievement. It is known throughout the length and breadth of Canada as a beautiful and perfect musical instrument. It is a masterpiece of magnificence—a Canadian Triumph. In tone—perfect. In touch—responsive. In construction—elegant. An ideal piano. A source of worthy pride and delight to the possessor—you can own one. Let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalogue.

Karn-Morris Piano & Organ Co., Limited

Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the British Empire

Established 1867

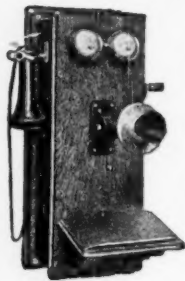
Head Office: Woodstock, Ontario

Factories: Woodstock and Listowel



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RURAL TELEPHONES



Standard Telephone
for Rural Lines

made by us, have established records for efficiency, durability and low maintenance cost.

GUARANTEED TELEPHONES

Made in Canada

All our telephones are fully guaranteed, as are all our construction materials. We supply everything to build and equip any size telephone system from a small private home or garage line to a large automatic factory system, also rural systems of all sizes.

Ask For Free Bulletins

- No. 3—Tells how to build rural lines.
- No. 5—Illustrates and describes the Presto-Phone.
- No. 6—Illustrates our Magneto telephone for rural lines.
- No. 7—Tells about telephones for small private systems.

Presto- Phone

This is the newest idea in private inside telephone systems for factories and department buildings.



Presto-Phone
Desk Set

**Canadian
Independent
Telephone Co., Limited**
263 Adelaide Street West
TORONTO

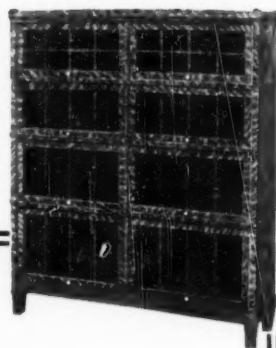
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

J. B. MACLEAN, President D. B. GILLIES, Manager
T. B. COSTAIN, Editor

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Keep Your War Books in a



Made in Canada

Your books are accumulating—just look around and see those war books you have been reading since 1914. You didn't notice how they were piling up, because your good wife is everlastingly trying to keep your books in order. Why not save your wife this work and have the books kept together, protected and carefully arranged in a "MACEY" Section.

Macey Sectional Bookcases are built in Standard and Period styles and various finishes. They match the furniture you already have, they fit in all manner of odd wall spaces and are subject to many different arrangements.

The ability to buy just sufficient book space for your present requirements and then to add other sections as your Library grows meets the need for economy should that need exist.

Most good furniture stores sell "MACEY" bookcases and are glad to show them to you.

To enable you to make your choosing right in your home in advance of seeing your dealer, we will mail you a copy of Macey style book on request.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS
LIMITED
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

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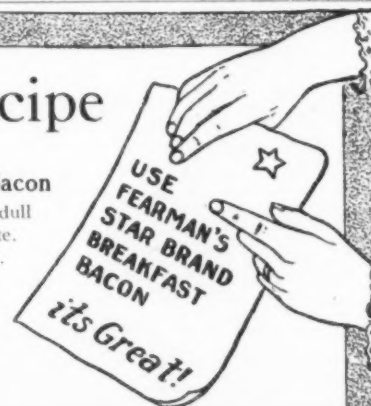
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EARL KITCHENER

LOST AT SEA, JUNE 5th, 1916



FOREWORD:

*No marble shaft shall mark you where he lies,
Nor epitaph announce aloud his fame,
But in the hearts of men will last the name
Of him whom Freedom called to high emprise.*

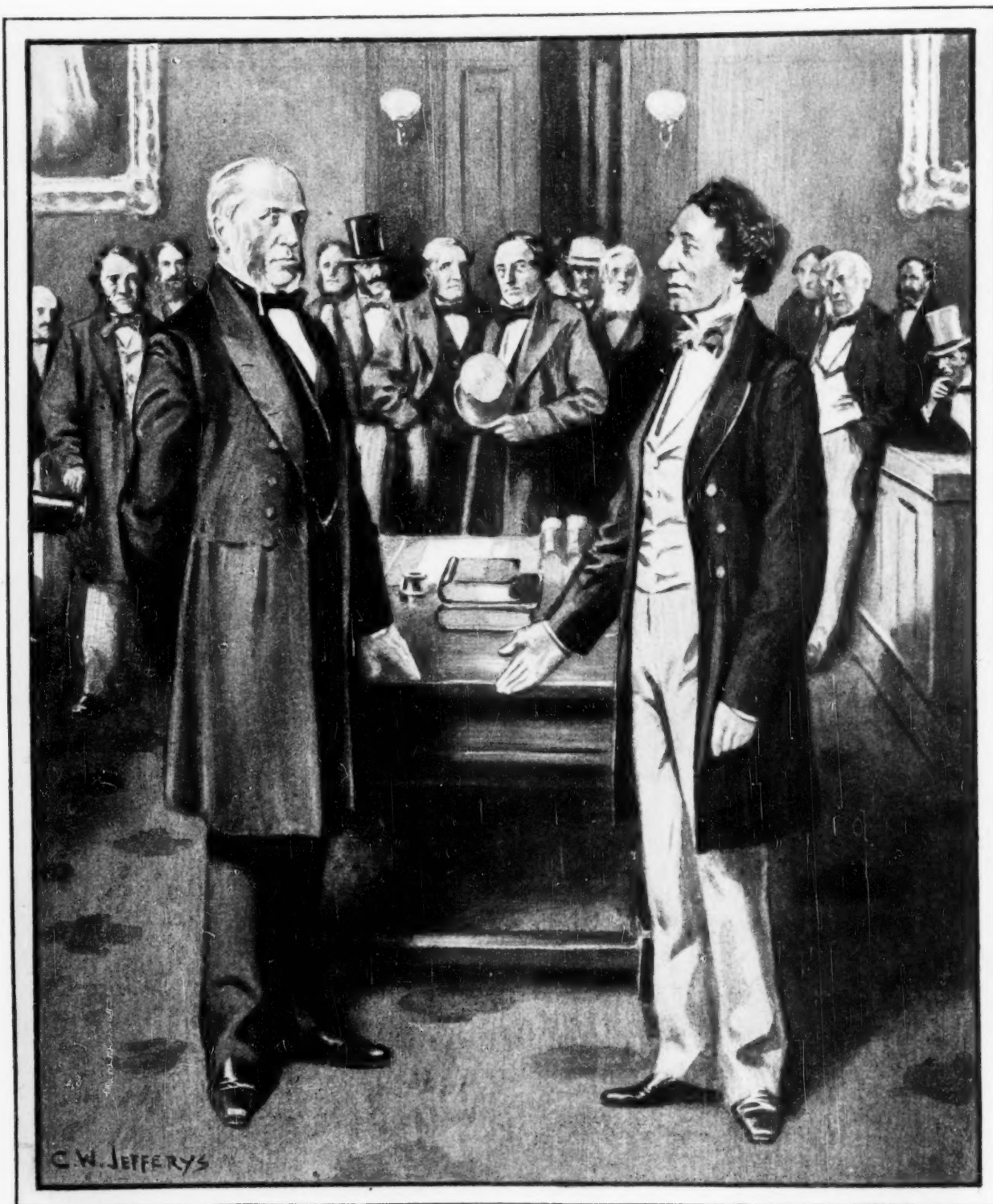


O man of sober mien and patient poise,
You did what others thought or talked about:
You worked and served, with honors or without,
Nor recked the blame of demagogic noise.

You died as you had lived — on duty bound —
And while without you shall the work be done,
Still, we had hoped that Europe's cause had won
Before grim Death his summons had to sound.

Yet, when the fairer days on England dawn,
May busy hours not lead us to forget
That all mankind do owe to you a debt —
That, after stern debate, your work went on,

—OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY



Painted for MacLean's Magazine by C. W. Jefferys

THE START OF CONFEDERATION

The meeting between John A. Macdonald and George Brown when a tacit agreement was made for the breaking of the Deadlock. The two men had not spoken for nearly ten years and there was cordial personal dislike on both sides. Both men, however, recognized the need for Confederation and decided to "bury the hatchet."

MACLEAN'S

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Number 9

The Story of Confederation

By Thomas Bertram

With Frontispiece by C. W. Jeffreys

THE LOGICAL start for a story of Confederation is perhaps the dramatic moment when John A. Macdonald and George Brown, political opponents and personal enemies of long standing, met on the floor of the Assembly at Quebec and solemnly shook hands on a pact which had for its immediate object the breaking of the deadlock in the Government of Upper and Lower Canada, but which in reality was a first step toward the main objective—the union of all British colonies in North America. The movement really started there.

It is impossible to say when the idea of a Confederation first received utterance, but it was probably soon after the Declaration of Independence by the American colonies. From time to time the project was revived. Ambitious Governors wrote letters about it and patriotic Canadians dreamed of a great federation that would permanently bind the scattered Canadian possessions to the British Empire.

Unquestionably there was grave need for Confederation; and this necessity became very pronounced in the early fifties. There was the problem of transportation that could not be adequately solved as long as the provinces remained apart. Postal facilities were slow and unsatisfactory.

Many prominent Canadians favored annexation and received open encouragement in their stand from the British Government itself! Canada was, as a matter of plain fact, somewhat of a nuisance to the home authorities at this time. Not only was the problem of handling half a dozen more or less immature provinces a vexatious one, but Canadian interests were continually cropping up to create friction with the United States; and British relations with Uncle Sam were more or less strained at this time without colonial quarrels to add fuel to the flames. It is perhaps not strange that such men as John Bright favored annexation and that Gladstone, valuing peace with the United States above everything, actually went to

the length of suggesting the giving over of Canada as a sop to the American Cerebus. There seemed but two alternatives before the Canadian provinces—Confederation or Annexation. That we chose Confederation was due to the work and the foresight of a number of patriotic and able men; and in the forefront of this group two stand out—John A. Macdonald and George Brown.

BY THE Act of Union of 1841 the two provinces now known as Ontario and Quebec, but then as Upper and Lower Canada, were being ruled together. Par-

Sir Charles Tupper, whose resourcefulness brought Nova Scotia into the Union.



liament sat alternately at Toronto and Quebec and governments and parties were for the most part joint affairs. This arrangement was not proving very satisfactory. Ontario was developing rapidly along industrial lines and with the resultant growth in size, was clamoring for representation on a basis of population. The French-Canadians of Quebec, fearful of their rights if the Ontario Protestants got the upper hand in the House, fought back determinedly on the ground of constitutional privilege. Governments came and went, cabinets squabbled and disrupted, members fought each other across the floor of the House with the weapons of verbal vituperation. It was a quarrelsome era in politics.

The two outstanding figures in the turmoil were the two men destined to play such prominent parts in the welding of the Dominion.

JOHAN A. MACDONALD was the leader of the Conservative party in Ontario. He was the most accomplished parliamentarian in the annals of Canadian politics, adroit, suave, tactful, sunny-dispositioned, a believer in the glad hand rather than the mailed fist. Macdonald preferred to make friends rather than enemies, but he was ruthless enough to succeed in the stern and implacable game of politics. Brown in one of his sonorous speeches, declared that Macdonald's career was "studded all along by the grave-stones of his slaughtered colleagues."

There had always been dislike and open animosity between these twain. Brown was the founder and editor of the *Toronto Globe* and leader of the Liberal wing in Ontario. He was a Scotsman with all the best qualities of his race; a man of lofty ideals who stood staunchly to them and showed at his best when the winds of adversity blew. True to type, he was grim, unbending, implacable. He fought the cause of Liberalism with the ardor of a Covenanter,

and when he spoke it was with straight swinging blows like the sweep of a claymore. The suavity of Macdonald irritated the dour Brown who read into it only insincerity.

This animosity was fanned into an open flame shortly after the Taché-Macdonald government was first formed in 1856. On the question of separate schools in Ontario, fathered by the Government, Brown fought strongly in opposition. He rose in the Assembly and characterized it as "flat popery," proceeding to flay Macdonald in a more than usual sweeping measure. Macdonald was stung into a response in like measure. He taunted Brown with irregularities in connection with an investigation in which the latter had figured. Brown's conduct in that connection was afterwards vindicated, but he never forgave Macdonald. For years they did not speak.

The long silence remained unbroken up to the time of the Deadlock of 1864. The system of governing the two provinces had been gradually running down like the wheels of an imperfect watch. Inside of three years two general elections were held and four ministries were formed only to go the way of all governments which lack majority support. And in 1864, with the defeat of the Taché-Macdonald government, while the House sat at Quebec, the wheels clamped together. It seemed impossible to form a government which could control a majority in the House. The business of Government threatened to stop.

The only solution that foresighted men could see was a confederation of all provinces. George Brown saw the need and he rose to the occasion with a singleness of purpose that shall forever proclaim his greatness. As leader of the Liberal Opposition he could have continued the deadlock in the hope of ultimately emerging from it with a Liberal Government and a majority. Unquestionably this is the course that most party leaders would have pursued. But there was nothing of the opportunist about George Brown. He saw that patriotic ends demanded unity, that Confederation could not be won while warring factions worried the tattered cloak of party government. He determined to sacrifice immediate party aims in favor of a purely patriotic duty.

ON THE evening of Tuesday, June 14, Brown spoke to Alexander Morris and John Henry Pope, two Conservative members with whom he happened to be on a footing of intimacy, and expressed his willingness to help the government solve the difficulty. The two members hurried to Macdonald with the glad news.

The two leaders, who had not spoken for nearly ten years, met next day on the floor of the House. The meeting had been carefully arranged by their lieutenants—one almost said "seconds"—for both men were proud and neither cared to



A First Glimpse of the Capital—in the Early Days of the Federation.

—From an old print.

seem the first to proclaim the truce. They rose and advanced to meet each other directly in the centre of the floor. It was as though a line had been drawn between the two parties, beyond which neither man would advance an inch. Public records say little about the meeting except that it occurred at 3 o'clock and that it was an extremely hot day.

Macdonald, quite at his ease, was the first to speak. He asked if Brown had any objection to meeting Alexander Galt and himself the next day to discuss means of overcoming the deadlock.

Brown, unsmiling and cold as granite, replied shortly: "Certainly not."

That was all. The next day the conference was held at the St. Louis Hotel, Quebec. Owing to the mutual distrust between the two leaders a careful record of the proceedings was kept and so history is well informed on the score of what actually transpired. The matter of a coalition government was discussed and it was agreed that the remedy for existing conditions lay in a measure of federation between the provinces. Negotiations proceeded back and forth for several days. Brown found that the "Rouges"—the Quebec Liberals—would not follow him. He also found that many in his own party, notably Oliver Mowat, believed that the Liberals should not consent to a coalition. Convinced, however, that the step was right, Brown held staunchly to his course and a new government was formed under the premiership of Sir Etienne Taché, with Macdonald and Brown included in the cabinet, the latter as president of the Executive Council.

Brown had sacrificed much. Taché was beyond his prime and it was inevitable that the reins would soon slip into the hands of the adroit Macdonald.

The news of the coalition was received throughout the country with mixed feelings. In the House, where gloom and uncertainty had reigned the announcement created excitement and joy. One French-Canadian member, a man of diminutive

stature, ran across the floor to where the towering Brown stood and, throwing his arms around the Liberal leader's neck, embraced him exuberantly.

In Ontario the news carried amazement in its wake. Macdonald and Brown in the same government! Liberals, who believed the Conservative leader to be the Mephisto of Canadian politics—a smooth, smiling, dissolute Mephisto and, therefore, to be doubly feared—shook their heads in fear and doubt. Had the spider at last drawn Brown into the web of his urbanity? Would the doughty Liberal be the "noblest victim of them all," his political gravestone the last to "stud the triumphant path" of the detested Macdonald?

But on second thoughts the self sacrifice of Brown was approved. Men came to see that it was only by united action that a permanent cure could be found for the alarming list of Colonial ills. This, then, was Brown's great contribution to the cause of Confederation. He sacrificed personal ambition, and to some extent, party considerations to the common weal.

In Quebec the storm raged fiercely. Dorion, the leader of the Rouges, went out on the stump and stirred the Habitants up against it. Cartier, however, who led the Lower Canadian wing of the Conservative party, and who had gone into the coalition cabinet stood staunchly by the program and succeeded in keeping the members from the Lower Province in line.

IN THE meantime down in Nova Scotia Dr. Charles Tupper, Premier of the Legislative body, was working for the same cause. The Nova Scotians had been inclined to favor a union, in the abstract, but had shown a degree of uncertainty and even suspicion, when it came to the discussion of any concrete proposals. They looked upon the people of the more westerly provinces as "Yankees." Tupper, therefore, was playing a dangerous game in so boldly espousing the cause, an especially courageous course in view of the fact that he had always hovering in the offing a dangerous enemy in the person of the famous Joe Howe. One of the most brilliant men that Nova Scotia had ever produced was Joe Howe—a politician of the first water, a brilliant speaker, a hard fighter. He was easily regarded as the outstanding figure in the province at this time and his views on so broad a question were bound to influence the electors more than any other factor. Tupper, brilliant, fearless and egotistical, had jostled Howe in his march to power; and there was no love lost between them.

Howe did not, however, declare himself at this stage and Tupper called a conference of provincial representatives to meet at Charlottetown. He invited Howe, but the latter in his capacity as Imperial Commissioner of Deep Sea Fisheries, was unable to be present. Representatives

were on hand from all the provinces and some progress was made. This was in September, 1864, and on October 10, the Conference met again in Quebec. Premier Taché took the chair and the historic debates, which led to the formation of the basis on which Confederation was finally formed, began.

IT IS interesting to note how carefully the subject was approached. The delegates knew that they were handling dynamite. The people or class that each group represented had certain interests to be safeguarded, certain privileges to demand or certain restrictions to clamor for. The personal equation also entered strongly. Rivalry ran so sternly that each man knew his opponents would seize upon any phase of the proceedings to attack him later. And so there was much show of generalship and a great deal of jockeying one way and another. And careful steps were taken to preserve an accurate record.

Journalists from London and New York had flocked in to report the proceedings. It was decided at the opening session, however, that the meetings would be private and that nothing would be given out, much to the chagrin of the newspapermen. The scribes presented a strong memorandum on the subject, but the original decision was adhered to. Accordingly the newspaper men loitered about the streets and hotels of Quebec and picked up what news they could from individual delegates. The nearest they got to the actual meetings was the sound of the cheering that sometimes reached them—telling evidence that progress was being made.

IT WAS apparent from the start that the feeling in the Conference was in favor of Confederation as a principle. When it came to a discussion of terms, however, each group was prepared to fight tooth and nail, to demand everything that a suspicious electorate at home deemed necessary, to block progress, even to secede. That the Conference worked its way steadily through each stage, making concessions here and peace offerings there, amending and changing each clause to insure satisfaction, was due to the masterly strategy of the leaders. A number took prominent parts in the fortnight's debate, including Brown, Tupper, Cartier, Galt and others, but when all is said and done Macdonald held the centre of the stage. It was here that he assumed a mastery of the situation which he never lost from that stage on. Brown may have been animated by a fuller spirit of belief in the need for Confederation, but Macdonald, once he became convinced that it was a wise thing to do, carried through the Confederation problem with wonderful diplomacy and finesse. It is more than doubtful if any one else could have accomplished the task. His mind was the finely-tempered blade that cut the knots that men's greed and jealousy and misunderstanding tied. From the Quebec Conference on Macdonald was in the saddle. The work that George Brown's grand loyalty to a cause had rendered possible, John A. Macdonald carried through with a skill that only he possessed.

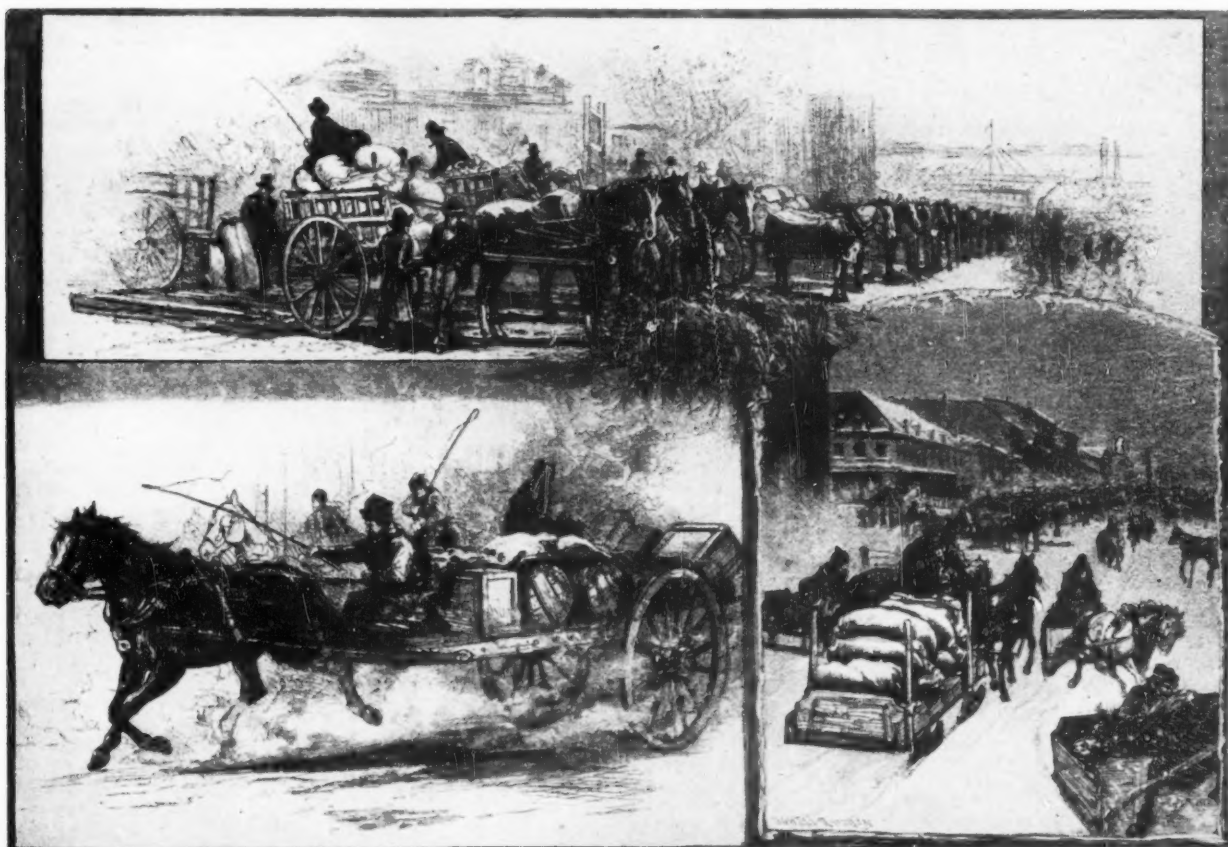
The first problem was that of representation in the proposed Federal House. It was finally, and with comparative ease, settled that the Lower Province

(now Quebec) should be made the permanent basis with sixty-five members. The other provinces were to have representation according to population figured on the Quebec basis. Financial arrangements—and a knotty problem this, covering the adjustment of provincial debts—were managed very ably by Alexander Galt and Samuel Leonard Tilley, the latter from New Brunswick; complete accord being reached on these points.

The next point where the debate waxed warm was on the constitution of the Senate, or Upper House. Many delegates favored an elective Senate, but both Brown and Macdonald favored a nominative Upper Chamber, arguing that it should be made to approximate as closely as possible the constitution of the British House of Lords. This view finally prevailed and thus the lines were laid down on which the Red Chamber was constructed. It should be pointed out, however, that the idea of the Fathers of Confederation was to fill the Upper Chamber with equal numbers from each party. Macdonald himself threw this principle into the discard. During his long tenure of office following Confederation he appointed but one Liberal to the Senate! The precedent thus set has been followed since and now Senatorial appointments are admittedly a party prerogative and the toga is meted out along with the other spoils of office.

The proposed constitution was finally embodied in seventy-two resolutions and on October 28 the Conference broke up. The delegates, pledged to the agreement, returned to their respective provinces to fight for ratification.

It soon developed that the hardest



Market Scenes in Jacques Cartier Square, Montreal, in the Days When the Confederation Issue Was Fought.

part of the task was ahead. The Coalition Government decided to push the issue in the Canadas, and on Feb. 3, 1865, Macdonald introduced the Quebec resolutions. The debate that ensued was a memorable one, complete records of which fortunately have been preserved. In favor of Confederation on the lines laid down in the Resolutions, were Macdonald, Brown, Cartier, Galt and the eloquent D'Arcy McGee, who so soon after died at the hands of an assassin. The most prominent speakers against the proposal were Dorion, the fiery leader of the Rouges, Sandfield Macdonald, Holton and Dunkin. It is interesting to note that among the arguments advanced against the proposal was the suggestion, put forward by Dorion, that the Grand Trunk Railway was behind the scheme.

However, the resolutions finally carried by a vote of 91 to 34. That Upper Canada (now Ontario) was very strongly pro-Confederation was shown by the Upper Canada vote, which went 54 to 8. Thanks largely to the strength of Cartier the Lower Province also showed a majority by the vote of 37 to 25.

At the close of the session a delegation left for England, consisting of Macdonald, Brown, Cartier and Galt. Macdonald and Brown buried the hatchet completely at this stage and worked together in close accord and with complete outward amity for the good of the cause. They played euchre together on the boat and appeared together in public after their arrival in England whenever the occasion demanded.

IN THE other colonies, however, things were not going well. On finding how small their representation would be, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland promptly dropped out. In New Brunswick, Tilley, who headed the Government, went to the country on the question and was rather soundly beaten. This was due in some degree at least to the influence of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, who probably feared a loss of prestige under the new arrangement.

In the meantime Tupper had been proceeding cautiously in Nova Scotia. He knew that the people were, to put it mildly, lukewarm. All that was needed to swing them over to active opposition was a leader. Accordingly Tupper kept a wary eye on Joe Howe. The latter said not a word.

Finally Tupper began a series of public meetings to present the Quebec Resolutions, and at the first, held in Halifax, Howe sat on the platform. He contented himself with the role of listener, however, and the meeting on the whole went off well.

The sentiment against Confederation began to grow and mature. Mutterings were heard from all corners of the province. Nova Scotia was being bound and delivered to the larger Western provinces; her future would be restricted, her privileges curtailed; so ran the voice of public opinion. Men wondered why Joe Howe did not declare himself. The Antis seemed

to take it for granted that the great Joe would be with them and they waited for him to take the leadership.

Finally one day the *Halifax Chronicle*, which was edited by William Annand, a prominent Anti, came out with a front-page broadside headed, "The Botheration Scheme, No. 1." It proved a sweeping attack on Confederation as laid down in the Quebec Resolutions, written in a grandiloquent, onrushing style that could not be mistaken. Although no signature was appended the voice was the voice of Howe. The Antis rocked with delight. At last

Sir Leonard Tilley, the leader of the movement in New Brunswick.



the Sphinx had declared himself. Joe Howe was on the warpath.

From that point on the opposition gained momentum and it became apparent that the outward feeling of the people of Nova Scotia was against the Union. Joe Howe continued to pummel the Botheration Scheme with a vigor that increased with each blow. Tupper decided to go slowly.

THE DELEGATION from the Canadas returned from England, having accomplished a great deal in the matter of bringing the Imperial authorities into full sympathy and accord. That things had not gone as expeditiously as had been hoped for, however, was apparent. Lord Monck, the Governor-General, was openly impatient. He hoped to have the consummation of the Union as a culminating point of his vice-regal period and it took all the tact of Macdonald to prevent him from resigning.

Then another complication arose. Sir Etienne Taché, the only man under whom both Macdonald and Brown could serve,

died in July of that year. Lord Monck called upon Macdonald to form a government and Brown promptly and emphatically declined to continue in the coalition under his old rival. He was probably justified in this step, even though it threatened to block the progress toward Confederation if it did not defeat the project entirely. The coalition ceased to be a coalition when one party to the agreement was given ascendancy over the other and it was very doubtful if Brown would have been able to carry the support of the Ontario Liberals had he acquiesced. His followers had been restive as it was; they would probably have cut him adrift rather than bow meekly to the rule of the Conservative leader.

Macdonald rose to the occasion manfully. The charge that he was actuated throughout by desire for power only breaks down here. By accepting office and letting Brown go out he stood a chance of gathering enough support around him to retain power. Instead, he declined and proposed to Brown that the previous arrangement remain in force and that they act together under the nominal leadership of Sir Narcisse Belleau. To this suggestion Brown assented and Belleau became premier in succession to Taché.

It soon became apparent, however, that this was not going to work out well from the standpoint of the Liberals. Belleau was not a strong man compared with such giants as Macdonald and Brown and his grasp of the reins was purely nominal. Macdonald was the ruling spirit, the premier in everything but name. Brown felt this but forbore to act. He was waiting patiently for the culmination of the Union negotiations. There can be no doubt that he intended as soon as the great project had been successfully negotiated, to break the irksome alliance. His patience wore through, however, when he was ignored in the matter of a conference with Washington for a new Reciprocity Pact, and in December he tendered his resignation.

Brown's action was loudly applauded by the Liberals of Ontario, but it was characteristic of him that his formal resumption of the role of Opposition leader did not result in an active harassing of the government. He continued as favorable to Confederation as he had ever been. The personal truce with Macdonald ended, however, with a snap. From that time on the Liberal leader fought the astute Conservative with all the old vigor and the *Globe* enfiladed him every morning. It may be that they dropped back into the old habit of not speaking.

THE YEAR 1866 saw things take a better turn. Prince Edward Island remained out and Newfoundland turned an obdurate ear, but the decision of New Brunswick was reversed. It was hinted to the Lieutenant-Governor that the Imperial authorities did not approve and, like the Vicar of Bray, he experienced a change of heart.

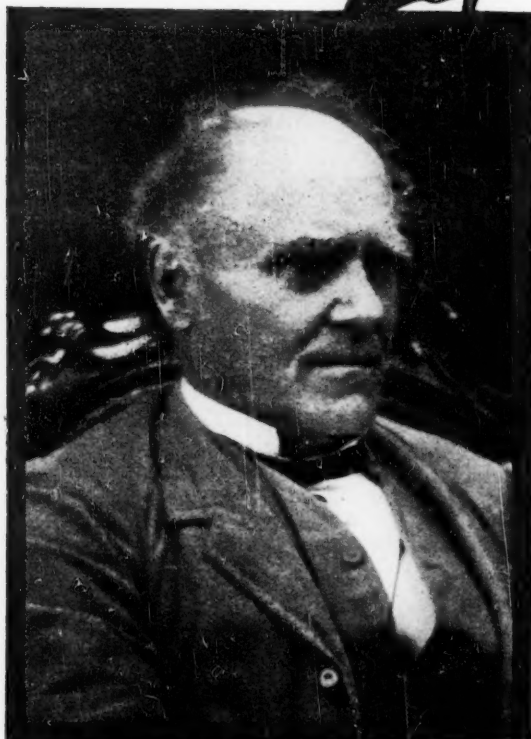
Also about this time the fear of Fenian



THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

A reproduction from the official painting of the men who formed the conference at Quebec at which the agreement between the various provinces was reached. The original, unfortunately, was burned in the fire which destroyed the House at Ottawa last year.

Joseph Howe, the brilliant leader of the Repeal Movement.



raids grew and the people of New Brunswick began to think they had made a mistake in electing to tread the lonely furrow. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Arthur Gordon, took the situation into his own hands in a way that more than offset his previous attitude, although his course seems to have been hardly constitutional. The Premier, Mr. A. J. Smith (afterwards Sir Albert Smith), who had swept in on the Anti-Confederation wave, had a cabinet under him of a very unstable nature. Some of his colleagues wavered, others went over secretly to the Confederation cause. It is even said that Smith himself had a change of heart and intimidated as much to the Lieutenant-Governor. At the session early in 1866, the latter practically forced the resignation of the Smith government and the issue was again put to the test of a general election. The result was another turnover, this time to the side of Union. On June 21, by a vote of 30 to 8, delegates were appointed to proceed to England and arrange a scheme of Union with the Imperial authorities.

It seems clear that the defeat of Tilley in the first place was due to over-confidence. He brought on the election inadvisedly before the people had had an opportunity to thoroughly digest the proposals. It was a snap verdict, as the subsequent election showed.

THE REVERSAL in New Brunswick helped Dr. Tupper immensely in Nova Scotia. Tupper had a majority in the House to back him up, but the spirit of the country was dangerous. Fomented by Annand and "that pestilent fellow

Howe" (to use Macdonald's words) the country was in a mood that verged close to revolution.

Early in April, however, an incident occurred that changed the whole course of events. William Miller, member for Richmond, and a supporter of Howe and Annand, rose in the House and suggested that delegates be appointed to treat directly with the Imperial authorities and thus frame a scheme of union independent of the Quebec resolutions. This suggestion, proceeding as it did from an opponent of Tupper, came as a golden opportunity. Tupper, experienced parliamentarian that he was, saw that Miller's idea had opened the path by which he could steer Nova Scotia into the Union without appearing to run contrary to public opinion. He sprang to his feet almost before Miller had resumed his seat and put the suggestion into a motion.

The debate that ensued was a bitter one, but Tupper won out, and on April 10 at midnight the Legislature adopted the motion by a vote of thirty-one to nineteen.

It was afterwards charged that Miller's part was not an incidental one and that the astute Tupper arranged with him to introduce the

suggestion. In later years, when Miller was a member of the Senate, a libel suit developed on this point against the *Halifax Chronicle*. Tupper testified that the charge was entirely unfounded; and there the matter rests.

AND SO delegates from Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia began to assemble in London toward the close of the year. On December 4 the first session of the Conference was held in Westminster Palace. Lord Carnarvon was in the chair. The delegates in attendance were Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, Macdougall, Howland and Langevin from Canada; Tupper, Henry, Ritchie, McCully and Archibald from Nova Scotia; Tilley, Johnston, Mitchell, Fisher and Wilmot from New Brunswick; Brown, of course, had lost his place by resigning. Curiously enough Sir Narcisse Belleau, the nominal Premier of Canada, was not one of the delegates.

THE SUCCESS of the Conference has been generally ascribed to the adroit manner in which Macdonald guided the

proceedings. It was no easy task. Each group of delegates was on the *qui vive* for anything that might appear prejudicial to their particular interests. The Liberals from Upper Canada wanted no deviation from the Quebec resolutions upon which George Brown had set the seal of his approval. The Lower Canadians were sensitive to anything that might tend to restrict their constitutional rights. The Maritime delegates were frankly there to be appeased and reconciled. Any untimely move or unhappy reference might have precipitated a break among any or all of the factions.

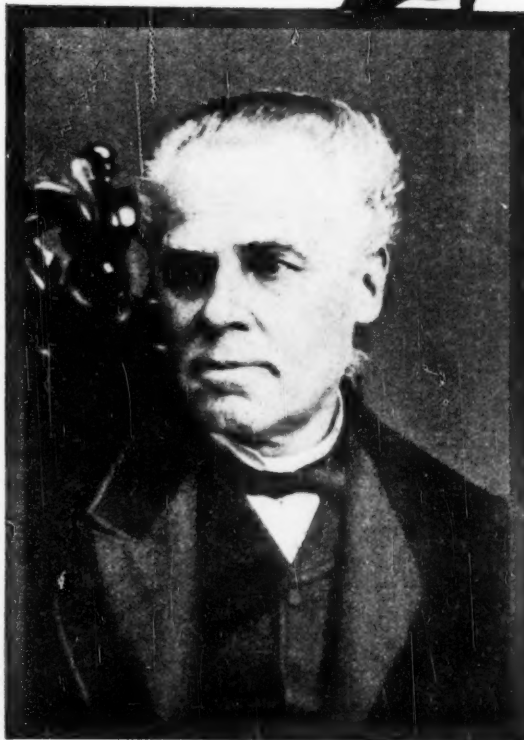
Macdonald took the proceedings in hand and carefully guided the cumbersome bark of mutual agreement through the swarming shoals. British statesmen who attended the proceedings went away marvelling at his address and wonderful tact.

The main points of agreement were gradually worked out and in the main the Quebec resolutions were adhered to. An interesting discussion arose on the point of the name to be given the new Confederation. The Maritime members advanced the name Acadia, which would almost certainly have been adopted in the event of a union of the Maritime Provinces only. It was rejected as too local. Other names that found favor were Britannia and New Britain and a host of less likely ones were suggested, such as Columbia, Cabotia and Canadia. Finally, however, the delegates agreed on Canada and it was decided that the Upper and Lower provinces in surrendering their name would seek new names of their own; and in time Quebec and Ontario were duly adopted.

The next point that arose was with re-

Continued on page 106.

Sir Etienne Cartier, who was responsible for bringing the Lower Province (Quebec) into line.



Messages From Canadian Premiers

WRITTEN FOR MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE



SIR LOMER GOUIN
Premier of Quebec.

DURING the course of the last century all other public movements of Canadian life were overshadowed in importance by the practical realization of two ideas of vast and far-reaching importance. The first had for its aim, and happily also for its result, the establishment of a system of responsible government in the British North American Colonies, while the second grouped into a powerful and harmonious whole the former scattered and independent portions of what now constitutes the Dominion of Canada.

These two events have not only had a considerable influence upon the destinies of our country, they were the source of our political liberties, as well as of our economic progress. They constitute to-day a very important part of that national inheritance, of which all Canadians are so justly proud.

The Province of Quebec has contributed too largely to the realization of these two ideas to refrain from taking an important and enthusiastic part with its sister provinces in the worthy celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Confederation. Despite the crushing atmosphere of mourning which now weighs so heavily upon our country, the coming First of July will be a day of national pride, as well for the Canadians who inhabit the shores of the St. Lawrence, as for those who live in the Maritime Provinces, in Ontario, and on the fertile plains of the West.

Providence has given us a great and a goodly land to dwell in and to develop, and the people of the Province of Quebec, the oldest and the largest of the provinces, will continue in the future, as in the past, to do their full part towards assuring the future greatness and happiness of the entire Dominion, by inculcating and by practising the virtues of piety, industry and thrift, and by striving to promote that loyalty to our institutions which they have so well illustrated in their past history, and that generous union of hearts and minds so well typified for them in the compact of 1867, whose Jubilee we are about to celebrate. By no Canadians anywhere are the praises of our great Dominion more loyally and more enthusiastically sung than by those whose favorite national air is:

"O Canada, mon pays, mes amours!"

Lomer Gouin

ON this Jubilee of Confederation let our justifiable pride in Canada's achievements be a source of inspiration for greater efforts and a fuller realization of our possibilities. What our country has done in the past fifty years, though truly marvellous, is only the stepping-stone to what it can do in the future. Canada's capabilities have been proven; it is for us to realize upon them. Let it be ours to fit this Dominion to be the home of happy and prosperous millions, the bulwark of free and democratic institutions, and the lasting glory of the British Empire.

H. H. Hearst



SIR WILLIAM HEARST
Premier of Ontario.



HONORABLE H. C. BREWSTER,
Premier of British Columbia.

IT may be doubted that when the Confederation of the Provinces of Canada was effected the Fathers of Confederation foresaw, in its entirety, an incalculable advantage that was to result from this consummation.

To have federated the separate parts of the Dominion so that a national spirit might be inculcated, national ideals advanced and national benefits accrue, was something; to have co-ordinated the varied interests of the chain of Provinces stretching from ocean to ocean; to seek the unification of juvenile races; to open the national doors to immigration, and to aspire to the unification and harmonization of a heterogeneous citizenship, was a worthy and great ambition.

Now that Canada has taken her place with her sister overseas Dominions of the Empire in the World's greatest War; now that she is bearing her part—a not ignoble part—in the conflict for the maintenance of the principles of democracy; now that she is showing how deep-rooted in the hearts of all liberty-loving people are the principles upon which the Empire itself is founded, the importance of the place of the Dominion in a greater federation of great countries must be impressed upon the citizenship of Canada to a proud degree.

British Columbia appreciates her place in Confederation, and is by no means a negligible section of the Dominion. Whatever remains to be done to give her her proper place among the Provinces, she herself has established her credit with the Empire by the voluntary sacrifice of her sons upon the battlefields of Europe, and the no less voluntary sacrifices of those who have remained to “keep the home fires burning.”

H. C. Brewster

The Draft

The Story of a Canadian in the American Civil War

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "June Comes Back," "Danton of the Fleet," etc.

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

IT was a warm evening in July of last year. I had been out on the lake for an hour with the trout. Sport, however, was not good, so I ran the boat up on a shingly beach, below Lawyer Bateman's orchard, and walked up to the house to smoke a pipe with my hospitable neighbor before returning to Camp. A fine, hale man of sixty-five, Mr. Bateman lived alone, save for the company of servants. His wife had been dead some years, his children had married and scattered. Fortunate investments in local mines had made him wealthy, and long since he had abandoned the practice of law.

He was fond of country life, farmed for amusement, and was an ardent fisherman, liked a day with the gun, was a lover of books and owner of a rarely fine library; and he was ready at any hour to discuss literature, politics, or dry fly fishing. I had expected to find him alone, but there was a party of young folks on the veranda

when I reached the house. Introductions followed, and I was taken into the group and made comfortable in a big, wicker chair, with one of Bateman's justly famed cigars to add the touch of luxury.

It was mainly a family party, composed of the lawyer's grandchildren, bright, attractive young people, whose ages ranged from grown-ups in the early twenties, to two or three quite small children. The central figure in the group was clearly young Tom Bateman, a smartly set-up young man in lieutenant's uniform, who was paying his grandfather a farewell visit before going overseas, and the occasion had been made into a pleasant family re-union. We were chatting in groups, half a dozen voices going at once, when I noticed an old man come along the private path, separating the garden from the orchard. I had met him before on the road, and had passed the time of day with him, but I did not know him. My curiosity had been roused by the

distinctiveness of his type, as well as by an old-world dignity of manner and bearing, rare in this twentieth century. He seemed very old, and his heavily wrinkled face, that must have been strikingly handsome once, was disfigured by a wide scar that ran diagonally across the left cheek. He was lame, the left leg dragging heavily; but, in spite of this, the figure was erect. The bigness of frame showed that, in his prime, he must have been an exceptionally powerful man. He was dressed in black, his long coat buttoned closely about him; he wore an old-fashioned clerical stock, and soft, wide-brimmed, black hat.

BATEMAN rose and called him, and, in response, the old man limped across the lawn, his figure jerking oddly up and down as he brought forward the dragging leg. He would not take a seat as he had an appointment to attend before dark, but he stopped for a few minutes to chat.



She gave a chirrup and whistle to the dozing horses and turned to the plough.

He wanted to know who each of the young folks was, and Bateman made them known to him. This was Mary's lad, that Alec's girl, and so on. The old man spoke pleasantly, with attractive Scottish intonation, to each one.

"A soldier!" and he grasped young Tom's hand with particular cordiality. "I honor you, young gentleman! If one could turn back the clock, and march with the brave lads! But each to his own generation. It is heartening to us who can but look on and pray, to know that the men and women of the new generation are leal and true—leal and true. May the God of Battles aid and guard you, young sir!"

There was a fine, patriarchal dignity about the benediction, infinitely impressive. After a few more words he bade us good evening, and, lifting his hat, limped away.

"What an ugly old man!" The thin, childish voice broke almost ludicrously upon the silence. A sharp rebuke from an elder sister reduced the over-candid little one to the verge of tears. Her grandfather took her on his knee and comforted her.

"I don't think he is the least bit ugly, Madgie, dear," he said. "To me he is one of the handsomest men the world possesses, and I am going to tell you why.

Once he was the best looking man in all these hills, but his face was scarred, and his body broken in doing something that was very fine and beautiful. In the Bible you read about a man named Paul, who said that he bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, and sometimes, when I think of old Mr. Grant, I believe that his scar and lameness are much the same as Paul's marks."

The young folks settled in chairs and on verandah rails and steps, while young Tom found a corner for a pretty cousin and himself. Fresh cigars were lighted and the tale began.

II.

IT carries me back, this 1916, more than fifty years—fifty-three years to be exact," began Mr. Bateman. "The settlement here consisted then of a score or so of farm houses, dotted in clearings of the woods along the hill-side. The people were mostly Irish—Irish Protestants—the majority from Ulster, a few from round Wexford and Wicklow. There was no railway hereabouts in those days. The big asbestos mine, that now produces more than three-fourths the world's output, had not yet been discovered. Think of it, young folks!

No trains within thirty miles, no gas, electric light or power, telephone, cable, wireless, automobiles, flying machines, submarines, moving pictures! Telegraphy still in its infancy. No cheap books. No cent newspapers bringing you daily the news of the world up to a few hours before. When we wanted to shop, we went sixty odd miles to Quebec, taking down produce and bringing back the best part of a year's supplies in great, heavy teams. Sometimes, for a jaunt, we walked down, and I remember riding in on horseback with father and mother in August of '60 to see the Prince of Wales, the late King Edward. There's a lot of water gone over the falls since that day. In '63, the year of which I am talking, Confederation was four years away, and two and twenty years would have to pass before the first train ran from Montreal to Vancouver. Over the line, the great struggle between North and South had been going on for nearly two years. You know, perhaps, as much about the war as I do, how it was fought on the right of individual States to secede from the Union, and, in lesser degree, it involved the liberation of the negro slave. We had heard much of the slave question here, since Canada was the terminus of the under-

Continued on page 114.



Winnipeg—From St. Boniface Ferry Landing.

Confederation—And Afterwards

By Agnes C. Laut

IF Rip Van Winkle had gone to sleep in Canada in 1867 and come awake in 1917, he would not ask if he had been asleep. He would ask to be taken to the mental ward of some observation hospital. If any prophet had predicted in 1867 what would happen in fifty years, he would not have been asked if he were dreaming. He would have been put in a straight-jacket.

Other half centuries have witnessed changes; but the changes of the last fifty years have been unbelievable transformations.

Consider then and now!

From 1800 to 1850, the world was shaking itself down to the new ideas of the yeasty French Revolution; but the world was very doubtful about self-government and human brotherhood and equal rights. As to all men being given equal opportunities, that was rankest heresy. Had not the Divine Regulator ordained that certain favored classes should ride on the backs of the other classes? Universal education was regarded as a yeast that might have poison in it, and universal suffrage was frankly called "mob rule." Two of our old governors in Canada,—Sir James Douglas in British Columbia and Sir Francis Bond Head in Upper Canada—had referred to the self-elected houses of representatives as "lower orders," and poor Bond Head called on Heaven and Earth to roll back that "pestilential democracy which was dashing its plague-in-

fect waves against the barriers of Canada's Border." Yes, both gentlemen wrote those words seriously, and what is more, if we had been there, we would have bowed the knee and licked the backs of their hands for the noble utterances.

To-day the whole world is shedding its blood in rivers to save democracy. We need not take unction to ourselves that we are different; but let us thank God that we are heirs to destiny's unfathomable designs.

OR TAKE the world of mechanics and invention from 1800 to 1850! The incredible feat had been accomplished of constructing steam boats that crossed the Atlantic in a month. I don't think I am wrong when I say that a vessel displacing 5,000 tons was considered so big as to be almost tempting disaster. Also steam cars were running, though financiers considered Commodore Vanderbilt a madman to change from the ferry business to railroading. The first train from Albany to Buffalo accomplished the distance in twenty-four hours; and the gaping inhabitants on each side of the track hardly knew whether to prove the new devil wagon was impossible, or to stone it for endangering the lives of cattle by traveling at such immoral speed. Private motor cars now traverse this distance in a few hours. A few daring Darius Greens had dreamed of flying machines that

would have a race track up in the clouds, or dive a hundred fathoms under the sea; but such men were placed in the same category as inventors of perpetual motion—it hurt your standing to associate with such obviously flighty cranks.

Or take the status of things economic.

Chicago was emerging from a mud hole. St. Paul was a cluster of shanties on a dirty river bank below Ft. Snelling, known under the approbrious name of Pig's Eye, from a one-eyed whiskey smuggler, who made his quarters in a log cabin; and wags said from the quantity and quality of whiskey consumed there, the name should have been Pig's Sty. Winnipeg was Fort Garry with a stone wall round a cluster of fur post stores and dwellings. Sometimes a board walk ran from door step to door step, but oftener man and beast wallowed knee-deep in a black mud that clung and slipped with the tenacity of grease. Calgary was a spot on the map, where a missionary had swapped a bag of flour to the Indians for a camping site. Up at Edmonton, they lived behind high log stockades from which rang a bell in the evening warning all white men it was safe to be inside. Between Edmonton and Winnipeg was only one place of the slightest importance; and it was the great metropolis of Northern Trade. It was to the North what St. Louis was to the South, the jumping-off place for adventurers into the wilds—the site of the

fur fairs and the dog races and the pony races, the place where the Blackfoot met and traded with the Cree—a very happy, care-free place ruled by a gentleman in a cocked hat and a silk-lined cape and knee breeched, with the grand air of a general. The name of the place was Fort Pitt and the gentleman was the local governor of The Company. Please note the Capital THE. No one conceived of any other company from Hudson Bay to the Pacific. To-day the most you can find of Fort Pitt is a pile of charred logs above brush-grown foundations. Vancouver was a howling wilderness of flood waters and blue sea and dank forest growth. Victoria was a little fort of a few thousand where the gentleman who had formerly been a governor for The Company referred to the people's representatives as the "lower orders." It is interesting to know that there were only twelve members of these terrible "lower orders," and historians declare to number as many as twelve, the census man must surely have included "the parson's pig."

BACK in Eastern Canada, when Oregon had been lost to British Domain and the mad fellow, Riel later did his best to bring about similar ends in Red River, it was seriously discussed whether Rupert's Land was worth keeping anyway. Had not the very great governor of a very great company said the land was fit only for a buffalo run and a hunting ground; and speaking of buffalo runs, buffalo herds roamed in such vast masses, they literally trampled one another to death when they crossed well-known fords like Qu'Appelle River. Mail was carried 1,800 miles from Lake Superior to the Rockies by pony and canoe in summer, by dog train in winter. I forget whether the postman called once in six months, or once in three; but if you wanted to go to town to do some shopping—the way you expressed it in those days was if you "wanted to come out"—there were only three methods of travel. In winter, you came out by dog train. The late Lord Strathcona and Senator Hardisty, his brother-in-law, have come to Montreal from Edmonton in three weeks; and the pace was considered such a frantic one that Hardisty slept for forty-eight hours after the journey and Donald Smith went in and had a directors' meeting or something with Hudson's Bay Company men. In summer, you either creaked across the plains in a Red River cart—made all of wood and every separate bit of wood squealed all the way to high heaven for want of axle grease—or you camped on a flat-bottomed York boat and drifted down Saskatchewan River to Grand Rapids. People, who didn't want to travel with the fur brigade, built big flat rafts, put tent and camp stove on them, attached two trees as sweeps, and drifted down the great river; but it was safer to travel with the fur brigade, for there were innumerable rapids in the river; and a stop at the regular camping places, like Fort Pitt, or Cumberland House, was as gala an event as a week at the Waldorf or Ritz in election times in New York.

ALL that was less than fifty years ago as the years slip by. Can you believe it? The whole world shedding its blood in rivers to day to save democracy! The whole world, not Canada alone, federated in a brotherhood to fight to the last man, for world-democracy and world-federation to enforce peace! Railroads

and telegraph wires criss-crossing the plains where formerly the buffalo ran and the wooden carts creaked! Aeroplanes that outfly the scudding clouds, running over seventy five miles an hour! Submarines that defy the seas! Great freighters that carry in their holds the cargoes of 2,000 freight cars! Radio stations that speak with an inaudible voice to unseen ears thousands of miles away! Private motor cars that travel at three times the speed of those early steam trains! Cities to-day where formerly camped the Cree and the Blackfoot! And Canada to-day not only a federation of provinces bound together by railroads and loyalty, but a part of a world federation to fight for and govern the world for peace.

We were bickering with the United States back in '57. We were actually jabbering such nonsense as their rallying cry of "54—40—or fight."

We are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the United States to-day for "the democracy," which our old governors used to call "a pestilence."

THEY not only proved to us that we could not raise any thing worth while in the North-West; but they told us, if we did, there was no market on earth, where we could sell it. Then, to convince ourselves in spite of our own despair that we really could do things, we used to call ourselves "the granary of the empire." I remember if ever there was an especially bad crop year—or what was worse, a bad price year, I recollect one year when wheat raised with a blood and sweat of despair commanded only 48 cents a bushel—some flub-dub politician would arise in the majesty of a frock coat, swell out his chest and thump his chest and tell us we were "the granary of the empire." We applauded, of course, we had to, and though we lived on hope, we didn't half believe our own destiny. To-day, the fighting world looks to those plains where the buffalo used to roam to stave off world starvation.

If Rip Van Winkle came back, which would he regard as his delusion—the past as he knew it, the present as he would see it? The two seem incredible in the span of one life's memories. It has not been change. It has been transformation. We are living in a world that is being re-made in mechanical inventions, re-made in government, re-made in international relations, re-made in woman's status, re-made in the shifting of financial and world power, re-made in conscience and ideals.

Fifty years ago a war of pure

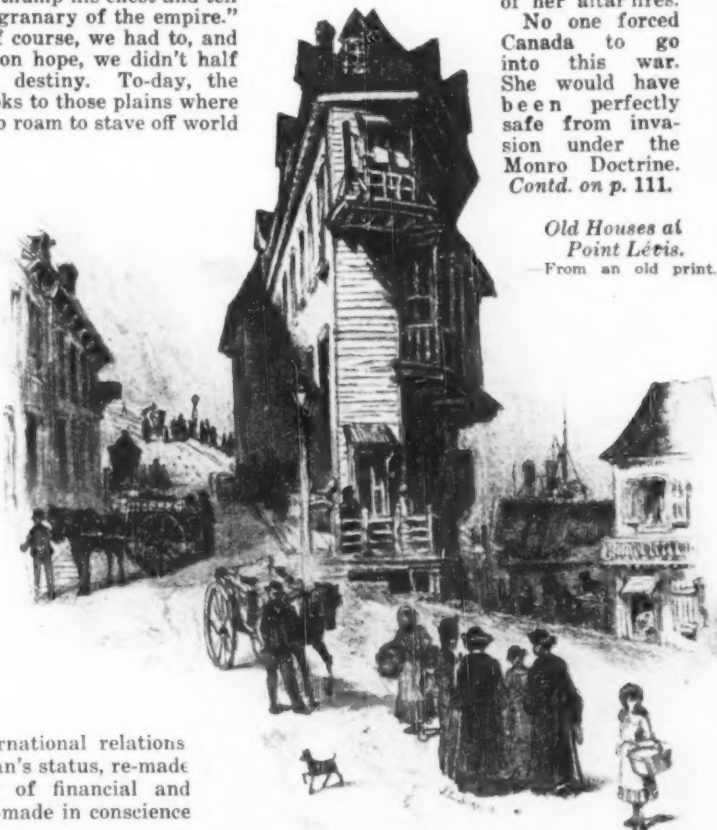
conquest was not questioned. To the victor belonged the spoils and to him we gave the homage, whether he had galvanized his conscience in the process of winning victory, or given it an anæsthetic till the operation was over. The nation that won a big victory, we huzzahed. We huzzahed it in our histories. We huzzahed it in our prayers. The remission of freedom to Cuba marked a step forward in the world's conscience.

To-day it is not tolerated by a world conscience that any nation may trample and conquer and destroy a weaker people. It is for that the people of the world are fighting. There is a new world conscience at the helm making for that world brotherhood, that world federation of which the poets and prophets dreamed. If but this vision emerges clear cut and definite above the blood stained battle fields of Europe, it will be the highest, holiest grail that has ever led warring hosts to deathless glory.

CONFEDERATION is to Canadians a twice-told tale. No need to recapitulate the headline of the story—how the beaver, or the fur trade, led the way to discovery and exploration; how gold and the stampede for gold brought the colonist tramping over the hunting fields; how the presence of hosts of strange colonists brought the need for federation into a central government; how federation forced the building of railroads across a wilderness to bind the provinces into unity with hoops of steel; how the railroads forced the traffic into a great world trade; how the great world trade has drawn Canada out of isolation into a world arena; and how the war in that arena has tested the strength of the nation's cohesion, the purity of her ideals, the flame of her altar fires.

No one forced Canada to go into this war. She would have been perfectly safe from invasion under the Monro Doctrine. *Contd. on p. 111.*

Old Houses at Point Lévis.
—From an old print.



Ironing a Continent

Containing an Original Story by the Late Sir William Van Horne
of the Building of the C.P.R.

By C. H. Mackintosh

EDITOR'S NOTE—The writer of the accompanying article, C. H. Mackintosh, was editor of the *Ottawa Citizen* from 1874 to 1891, and Mayor of Ottawa during the years 1879-1881-1882.

He sat in the House as senior member for Ottawa from 1882 to 1887, and from 1890 to 1893. He was then appointed Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories and remained in that office until 1898. He, therefore, knew well the principals in the launching of the C.P.R., and tells the story from personal knowledge.

THE story of the building of the C.P.R. is closely linked with the story of Confederation. It was on the distinct understanding that the road would be built that British Columbia threw in her lot with the east, but for a number of years the project poised in the balance. The magnitude of the undertaking was such that it appeared impossible. Statesmen, engineers, men of capital, lured into consideration of the plan by the glamor and sheer magnificence of the idea, drew back, shuddering on the brink.

However, matters finally came to a climax, and the writer believes that he had the privilege of participating, in the role of journalist, in the earliest stages, when the necessary impetus was given.

The portfolio of Railways had been created in May, 1879, by the then government and was assumed by Sir Charles Tupper. The government was a strong one, headed by Sir John A. Macdonald, with a cabinet that included such historic figures as Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Masson and John Henry Pope. The latter hailed from the Eastern Townships and had risen to his place in the Government as a result of remarkable powers and unflagging hard work. He was a staunch, clear-thinking man and stood high in the esteem of that astute judge of men, Sir John A. Macdonald. He held the Portfolio of Agriculture, but when Tupper, shortly after taking over the Department of Railways, went to England to make a general survey of the situation as affecting future railway operations, the work of his department devolved on Pope.

That the latter had been taking more than a cursory interest in the railway situation was soon apparent. One morning, during the early autumn the writer called upon Mr. Pope in his office in the Department of Agriculture. He was immersed in sheets of foolscap containing columns of figures and estimates. He looked up, exclaiming, with a smile that radiated confidence and optimism:

"I'm going to build the Canadian Pacific Railway. I am satisfied it can be done. Here are the figures."

He went on to speak in warm tones of

confidence of the feasibility of the proposition. It was his intention to resign from the Government, organize a company, secure the necessary charter and proceed to the work of construction. He was not a visionary, dreaming of a mighty project, but a solid practical man, who had studied the proposition and was prepared to see it through. Such was certainly the impression he made upon me.

"However," he said in conclusion, "I've got to see Sir John about it first. Drop in to-morrow and I'll tell you more about it."

The appointment was, of course, kept and Mr. Pope appeared even more confident than before. "Well," he remarked quietly, "I'm not going out. But," and his smile as he said it was expressive of determination, "the railroad's going to be built. Of that you can rest assured."

He went on to tell of his interview the previous day with Sir John A. Macdonald. "When I told Sir John of my intention of resigning in order to launch a company, he asked me: 'Have you that much faith in the enterprise?' I replied 'Yes.' 'Then' said he, 'if you have, I'm with you. You and Tupper and I must have a talk, and see what can be done, either here or in England or in the two combined.'"

Knowing thus what was on foot in the Cabinet, the writer was not surprised when, early in 1880, Sir John, Tupper and Pope sailed for the Mother Coun-

try. What transpired during this visit is a matter of history, but it is certain that a

very important part was played by the last-named of the trio. They engaged quarters at Batt's Hotel, London, and entered a brisk campaign to interest capital. They found the moneyed circles quite prepared to consider the proposition, but differences arose early.

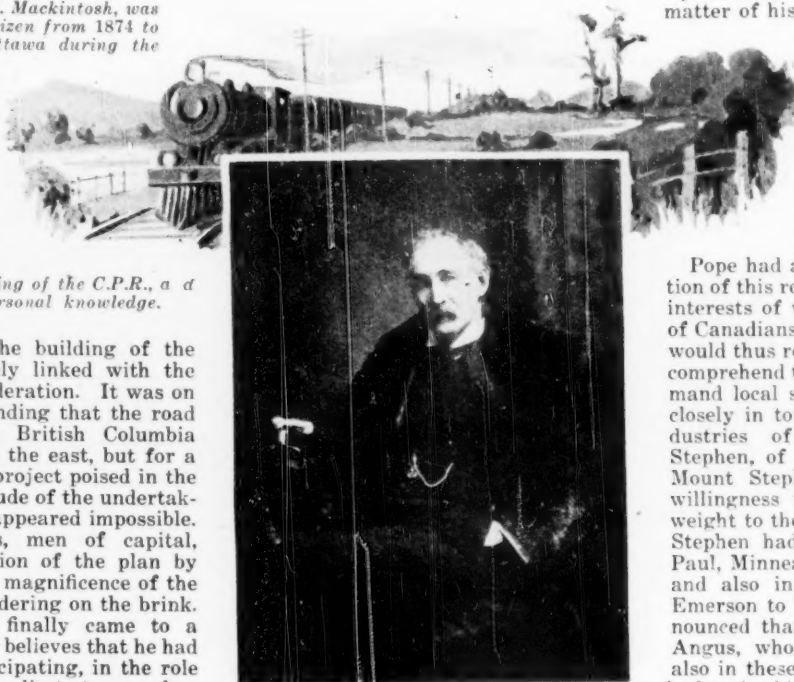
Pope had always favored the construction of this road by a company, controlling interests of which would be in the hands of Canadians. He argued that the control would thus rest with men who would fully comprehend the situation, who would command local sympathy and who would be closely in touch with the commercial industries of the Dominion. George Stephen, of Montreal (afterwards Lord Mount Stephen), had already signified willingness to co-operate, and this lent weight to the view advanced by Pope, for Stephen had been interested in the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway and also in the Pembina branch from Emerson to Winnipeg. When it was announced that George Stephen and R. B. Angus, who had already been engaged also in these earlier railroad enterprises, had arrived in England and were prepared to negotiate, there was a great flutter in all quarters. Rival interests, largely made up of British capital, showed more of a tendency to come into the open.

However, matters did not reach a climax very rapidly. Meetings and conferences were held and protracted correspondence was conducted. Week followed week without anything definite resulting, until the patience of the three Ministers was nearly exhausted. Finally, however, a member of the British House, John Puleston (afterwards Sir John Puleston), came forward with proposals that appeared to contain the promise of something definite. Puleston, although not wealthy himself, was in alliance with many home and foreign bankers, and was confident that he could bring together a sufficiently powerful combination to definitely launch the project.

IT happened that at the conference with Puleston only Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper were present, Mr. Pope being absent at the time. On the latter's return, the Premier informed him that they were prepared to make an arrangement with Puleston on terms to be arranged later. Pope was very much chagrined.

"Very well, Sir John," he said, "I guess you have no further use for me. I'll pack my grip and go back to Canada."

The Premier and Sir Charles set about mollifying their irate colleague. Pope finally said:



C. H. Mackintosh.



Prominent figures in the C.P.R. negotiations—Sir Leonard Tilley, Lord Mount Stephen and Sir John A. Macdonald.

"All right, I'll stay. But I'll stay only on one condition."

"What is that?" asked Sir Charles Tupper.

"This, that Sir John send for Mr. Puleston and gives him one week in which to produce the names of the proposed organization, with their financial credit vouched for, or failing that — to quit."

This was agreed to, and the ultimatum duly presented to Mr. Puleston. Speaking of the result, in after years, Mr. Pope said: "Except Baron Reinach, of Paris, we never saw one of them again." It transpired that Mr. Puleston had relied upon Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who was at one time Chancellor of the Exchequer, to become the frontispiece of a Canadian Pacific Railway Corporation, but had been unable to get this support.

IT IS not necessary to tell the whole story of the negotiations leading up to the building of the C.P.R. It has so often been told;



The most recent photograph of Baron Shaughnessy, present head of the C.P.R.

but rather to recite certain incidents which came under personal observation, and which, although never told before, had a very distinct bearing on the shaping of events.

Suffice it to say then, that at the time the projects of Puleston fell down, there were in London, representing Canadian interests, George Stephen and Duncan McIntyre, of Montreal. The latter had, in partnership with James Worthington, of Montreal, built a line to Renfrew, which would naturally become an important factor as a link in the proposed trans-continental line. The British interests having left the lists, these gentlemen entered into a tentative bargain with the representatives of the Canadian Government, and preliminary agreements were signed at Hochelaga, near Montreal, upon the return to Canada of the contracting parties. Subsequently, the contract was submitted to the House prepared by J. J. C. Abbott (afterwards Sir John Abbott and Premier of

Canada), and with certain amendments was finally crystallized into legislation.

Almost immediately the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was organized and began work. In 1882 the Dominion Government appealed to the country on their railway policy and were sustained. About this time Mr. Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona), cast his lot with his old friend George Stephen, and henceforth the two co-operated loyally and with a wonderful degree of fortitude, in sustaining the enterprise through its ordeal of adversity. This important phase of the C.P.R. history should not be dismissed without some mention of others whose work and sympathy were behind the central features in the drama.

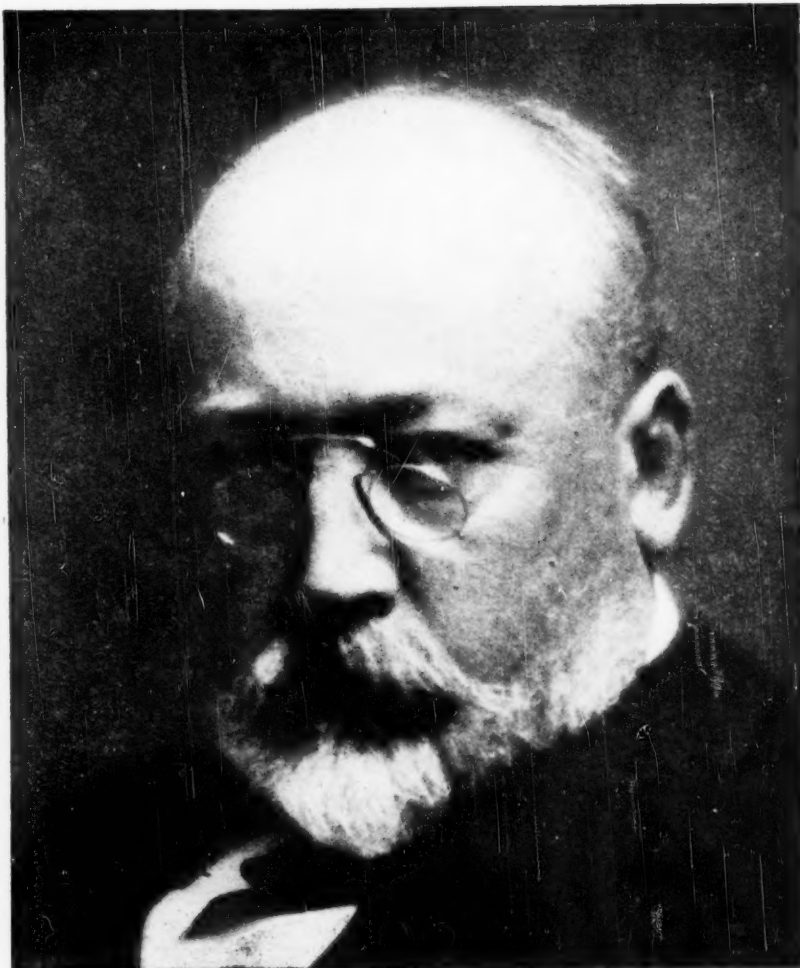
THE preliminary contract between the Dominion and the Pacific Railway incorporators was signed on the 21st of October, 1880, the incorporators being James J. Hill, Duncan McIntyre, J. S. Kennedy (New York), R. B. Angus, Morton Rose & Co., (New York and London), J. Kohn and Reinach & Co., of Paris. The first sod of the railway was turned on May 1st, 1881, and the last spike driven at Craigellachie by Sir Donald Smith, on the 7th of November, 1885. The first Directors were George Stephen, Duncan McIntyre, John G. Kennedy, Richard B. Angus, J. J. Hill, Henry Stafford Northcote, Pascal du P. Grenfell and Baron J. de Reinach; George Stephen (afterwards Sir George, now Lord Mount Stephen), being the President. When the first sod was turned the total railway mileage operating in Canada was 7,194. It now exceeds 34,000.

THE next important stage in the history of the C.P.R., looking backward, was the coming of William C. Van Horne. He appeared at a time when the tremendous nature of the enterprise was being realized in a tangible and almost terrifying way. Difficulties in construction, which had not been anticipated, cropped up. The task of finding the money to keep the work going had become an almost impossible one. Things had reached such a state that if the people of Canada or the influential members of Sir John Macdonald's Government had wavered in their support, or manifested lack of confidence and sympathy, disaster would have inevitably followed.

Fortunately the writer is in a position to tell how Sir William Van Horne chanced to throw in his fortunes with the C.P.R. A short time before the death of the latter, he wrote to James J. Hill, asking for some information with reference to the early history of the first railway line from St. Paul to Winnipeg and about his acquaintance with Sir William Van Horne. Mr. Hill replied at some length and incidentally told how the brilliant young American railroader was secured. It happened to have been "Jim" Hill himself who arranged the matter.

To quote from his letter:

"A part of the old St. Paul & Pacific Railroad Company's plan was a branch that should give through service from St. Paul to St. Vincent, but only some small portion of the line beyond Melrose had been constructed when the property passed into the hands of receivers. It was finished through to St. Vincent by the purchasers of the St. Paul & Pacific, to connect with a line built by the Canadian Government from Winni-



The late Sir William Van Horne, who played so big a part in the building of the Road.

peg to the American boundary. The first train of what was organized the following year as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba entered St. Vincent on November 11, 1878.

"I first knew Mr. Van Horne when he was Superintendent of the Southern Minnesota Railroad Company. At that time he was much interested in geology. His active mind was always attracted by different subjects outside of the line of his immediate pursuit, just as later he developed the taste for pictures, porcelain and other forms of art.

"When Lord Mount Stephen, Lord Strathcona and others were associated with me in the re-organization of the St. Paul & Pacific, formed a syndicate to build the Canadian Pacific Railway, much of the active work in locating the line fell on my shoulders; and at the same time the rapid extension of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba practically prevented me from giving as much time to the Canadian Pacific as I should have. In looking about for a General Manager, I recommended Mr. Van Horne, who was at that time General Superintendent of the Milwaukee & St. Paul, with headquarters at Milwaukee.

"In making this recommendation, I recall saying to Lord Mount Stephen that I knew of no man in the United States who had a broader imagination

or greater capacity for executive work. The position was offered to him and accepted when the Canadian Pacific line was completed west from Winnipeg to Broadview, some distance west of Brandon. From that time on his work is a matter of public knowledge and official record."

FROM the time that he came to this country the writer saw much of Sir William, and from the first deemed this a great privilege. He could tell from first hand knowledge of the struggle during the early years, but instead shall present what is of inestimably greater importance—A brief history written by Sir William himself! This interesting and priceless document was forwarded by Sir William one Christmas Day and sent in fulfilment of a promise that he had made a short time before. The document is still in my possession, and is very highly prized.

It is worth telling how it came about that Sir William promised this story. During the summer and autumn of 1892 the writer had made a rather extensive trip through the Canadian Northwest and British Columbia. To any practical observer, the vast opportunity for cereal production in the former was apparent. The widely diversified products, the marvellous timber, mining, fishing and agricultural resources of the latter province

Continued on page 111.

Fifty Years of Business Expansion

How Industry, Finance, Insurance and Transportation Have
Advanced Since Confederation

By W. A. Craick

CANADA'S position at the close of the fiftieth year of Confederation is imposing only in so far as present-day conditions are placed in contrast with those prevailing at the dawn of the Confederation era. Progress is at best a relative term, and to appreciate to the full the extent of this country's development, one must visualize the setting in which that development was commenced.

To all intents and purposes the whole of Western Canada, with its far-flung population, its many fine cities, its thousands of miles of railway and its enormous agricultural production, must be eliminated from the canvas. It is true that by 1867 some ten thousand people had settled in the Red River Valley; that stragglers had penetrated even farther west. It is also true that the gold rush of the late fifties had poured population into the Fraser River Valley and that Victoria was already a fair-sized town. But these widely-separated settlements, on the prairies and at the Coast, were almost as distant from Eastern Canada in those days as Australia is to-day, and further their business associations were entirely with the neighboring sections of the United States.

The picture of Canada in 1867 narrows, therefore, to the comparatively restricted limits of the older settled portions of the country,—the narrow fringe of clearing along the St. Lawrence; the lake front counties of Ontario; the coast and rivers settlements of New Brunswick and the scattered towns and fishing villages of Nova Scotia. The wider vision of a great and prosperous West had not yet seized upon the minds of the people and their field of possible endeavor lay no further off than the thickly wooded concessions of the back counties.

THOUGH fairly well populated and supplied with the modern means of communication, the older sections of Quebec and Ontario were still in a comparatively rude and undeveloped condition. Even between Montreal and Toronto, then as now the two foremost centres of population in Canada, the appearance of the country was anything but prepossessing. There remained much uncleared land. Many of the homes of the inhabitants were at best but miserable shanties. The people were poor; the children dirty and ragged; the cattle lean. Towns, which were quite as numerous as they are to-day and in several cases nearly as large, were suffering from the after-effects of the Grand Trunk boom, and exhibited numerous unoccupied and dilapidated buildings.

From Prescott to Ottawa, then the customary route to the Capital, the railway traversed what appeared to be a continuous pine swamp, wet, dismal and depressing. The Capital itself lay hidden away in the midst of green, unbroken forests,

which closed in on the log houses and small villas lying on the outskirts of the embryo city.

To the rear of the counties fronting on the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, settlement was just getting under way at the time Confederation came into being. Railways were being promoted to tap the resources of Peterboro', Victoria, Simcoe, Grey and Bruce Counties and settlers were arriving from the Old Country to people their solitudes. In fact this particular section of Canada was going through an experience which has since been duplicated many times in the West.

The government was devoting special attention to the settlement of the free grant lands in the Muskoka District. Advertising matter of the same brand as that which later lured thousands of immigrants to the prairies, told of the prospective wealth to be derived from the cultivation of the soil in this remote part of the province. In response to the appeal population was penetrating as far north as Parry Sound on the shore of the Georgian Bay, while Bracebridge was thronged with newcomers.

It was about this period too that the oil boom in Enniskillen Township and the gold boom at Madoc were absorbing public attention. The former attracted the curious from all parts of the country. To reach the oil fields, visitors had to leave the Sarnia branch of the Great Western at Wyoming and drive through the woods to Oil Springs. It was a trip, as described by travellers, full of spectacular interest. The great dark forest, traversed by a narrow plank road; the constant succession of carts coming and going with their barrels of oil; the derricks, oil tanks and engines scattered through the clearings, all presented a scene of strange and outlandish character. Oil Springs itself was a village of wooden hotels, thronged with speculators and hangers-on, who by their frenzied efforts to secure paying properties increased the popular interest in the district.

The Madoc gold finds were made in the year before Confederation and the rush to the mines in the spring of 1867 was one of the events of that momentous year. Prospectors in large numbers thronged to the new gold fields, from which so much was expected, and many miners, who had participated in the California and British Columbia rushes, made their way to the new Eldorado. Five lines of stages from Belleville to Madoc were for a time insufficient to accommodate the crowd who sought access to the scene of the discovery.

These events, bulking largely in the popular imagination at the time, have long since dwindled into their proper proportions. The oil wells of Enniskillen have become a commonplace; the gold strikes at Madoc have sunk into insignificance. Reference has been made to them merely to

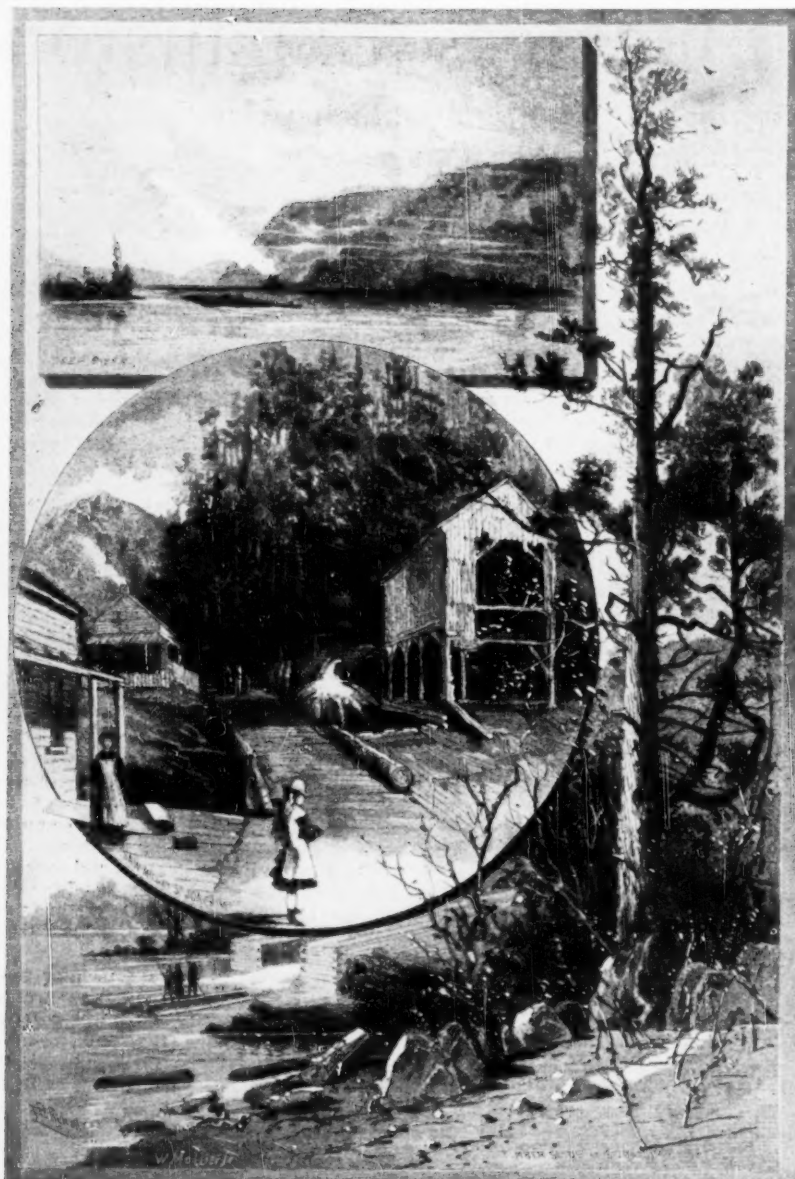
illustrate how places which fifty years ago were on the very fringe of settlement and to reach which tedious journeys had to be made are now left far in the rear by the tide of progress. The gold of Porcupine has long since eclipsed the gold of Madoc and in Southern Alberta the oil prospector has been finding new fields for his investigations.

IN VARIOUS other respects conditions have changed in old Ontario and Quebec. Lumbering was a far more important industry fifty years ago than it is to-day. The Great Western Railway brought down from its Sarnia branch annually large quantities of oak timber. This wood was rafted at Hamilton and towed to Quebec for export to the Old Country. The Northern Railway carried to Toronto, and the Port Hope, Lindsay & Beaverton Railway hauled to Port Hope trainload after trainload of lumber for shipment by schooner across the lake. Cordwood was one of the commonest commodities of the day and trainloads of it were a common sight on the railroads fifty years ago. It was used not only for heating and cooking but it formed the universal fuel for locomotives, and from the back settlements thousands of cords were shipped annually to the United States.

The extent of settlement in 1867 was reflected in the cities. To-day there are in the Dominion six cities with populations in excess of 100,000,—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Hamilton and Quebec,—while a seventh, Vancouver, falls little short of that figure. In the year of Confederation, however, Montreal was the only urban centre that came within 50,000 of reaching the 100,000 mark. Toronto could not boast 50,000 inhabitants. Winnipeg was a mere hamlet. Ottawa contained but 15,000 people. Hamilton just exceeded 20,000 by a narrow margin. As for those flourishing Western cities,—Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Brandon, Moose Jaw and Vancouver,—they were practically all non-existent. Only conservative old burghs like Quebec, Halifax and St. John had populations in any way commensurable with present figures.

The beautiful capital city of the Dominion, whose natural charms have been greatly enhanced by the work of the Ottawa Improvement Commission, has developed during the fifty years of Confederation from a crude backwoods settlement into one of the finest cities in America. So unprepossessing was its appearance when it was selected by Queen Victoria to be the seat of government, that it was described as the Cinderella of Canadian cities. Its intrinsic beauty was recognized but that beauty was so hidden by uncouth and dirty surroundings that the comparison was by no means inapt.

Curious visitors who went to view the new capital during the early sixties, came



Lumbering on the Upper Ottawa, a flourishing industry at the time of Confederation.

away with mixed impressions. It was admitted that the site of the Parliament Buildings was a lovely one; that the surrounding forests had a wild impressiveness and that the clear air, everlastingly resounding with the noise of falling water, was exhilarating, but what were these natural attractions when everyday living conditions were so bad? The streets were rough, the houses mean and squalid, the hotel accommodation wretched, and the food poor. Lumber and sawdust littered the place until it looked like one vast timber yard.

A sister of Lord Monck, who visited the town shortly before the Governor-General moved there from Quebec, groaned over the prospects of life in such a place, describing it as "t'other end of nowhere." And it is known that civil service employees, who had to forsake the comparative liveliness of Toronto, Montreal or Quebec, for its early crudities, bemoaned their fate, while ministers of the crown took the earliest opportunity to escape from its impenetrable dullness.

Of course all this has changed. Ottawa to-day boasts the possession of every modern facility, not only for the enjoyment but for the improvement of life. Its beautiful streets and parks, its splendid public buildings, its superior hotels,—all these combine to render the contrast with the miserable, down-at-the-heel settlement of fifty years ago most striking and complete.

AND WHAT of other cities? Montreal, the foremost city of the Dominion with its more than 600,000 people, could, in 1867, muster barely one-sixth of that number. In extent it was very considerable smaller. Its principal business thoroughfare of to-day, St. Catherine Street, lay on the outskirts of the city. Even lordly St. James Street, with its splendid financial institutions, was only just in course of construction. Business centred in Notre Dame Street; McGill College stood out in the suburbs and it was a mile walk from the edge of the city to the mountain.

In several respects, Montreal fifty years ago was greatly inferior to the present city. Its streets were notoriously filthy, especially along the docks where the mud frequently lay knee-deep. The lighting even of the main thoroughfares was inadequate, gas being then the universal illuminant. The drainage was bad, and in this connection one visitor tells of having to leave the Theatre Royal one night in the middle of an amusing comedy on account of the vile odors that were wafted in through the windows. Apart from these deficiencies, however, the city seems to have been an imposing place with its solid-looking buildings, its many fine churches and its active commerce.

Toronto's expansion during the fifty years has been equally, even if not more, phenomenal. When it is recalled that in 1867 Queen's Park, now in the heart of the city, was on its extreme northern edge; Trinity College was situated a mile beyond the western limits and that troops were able to go through extensive evolutions on a great common that lay between the city and Spadina Avenue, some faint conception of the physical growth of the place can be obtained. In population it has increased twelve-fold, or roughly from 40,000 to 480,000.

The cities in the east, Halifax and St. John, have probably exhibited fewer changes than their western sisters. Halifax, which has now about 50,000 inhabitants, had a population of 30,000 at the time of Confederation. St. John, which to-day contains approximately 54,000 people, was then a place of 35,000 inhabitants. In Halifax the lives of the citizens revolved around the garrison of British regulars which manned its forts and citadel. Some trading, it is true, went on with the West Indies. Fish was exported; sugar and other tropical products imported. But the military and naval interests of the place predominated and trade and commerce, while a necessary evil, were not allowed to thrust themselves too far into the foreground.

The commercial spirit was more in evidence in St. John, a city which then as now regarded its Nova Scotian contemporary with a feeling of suspicion and rivalry. St. John had been a notable shipbuilding center for years and, not only was many a stout vessel built each year in its shipyards, but its merchants owned and outfitted numerous deep sea craft for service on the seven seas. The docks of St. John was a busy spot in those days, for ships and sailors were numerous and there was a constant coming and going of vessels from distant ports.

IF CITIES were small fifty years ago, so also were the industries that flourished in them. Industrially there has been a remarkable change in Canada during the past half-century. When Confederation came into being the settled sections of the country were plentifully supplied with an immense number of small steel industries. Each town, each village, had its little group of manufacturing establishments which produced the essentials of life for the people of the immediate neighborhood. A flour and grist mill, a sawmill, a tannery, a carding and fulling mill, a carriage factory and not infrequently a brewery or distillery were the possession of practically every center of population.

The census of 1861 showed that in Ontario alone there were in operation 501 flour and grist mills, 1,164 sawmills, 271 tanneries, 185 carriage factories, and 143 breweries and distilleries. In Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island combined, there was 8,503 industries, of which 1,785 were flour and grist mills, 4,240 saw mills and 710 tanneries. By 1867 all these figures had probably been considerably increased.

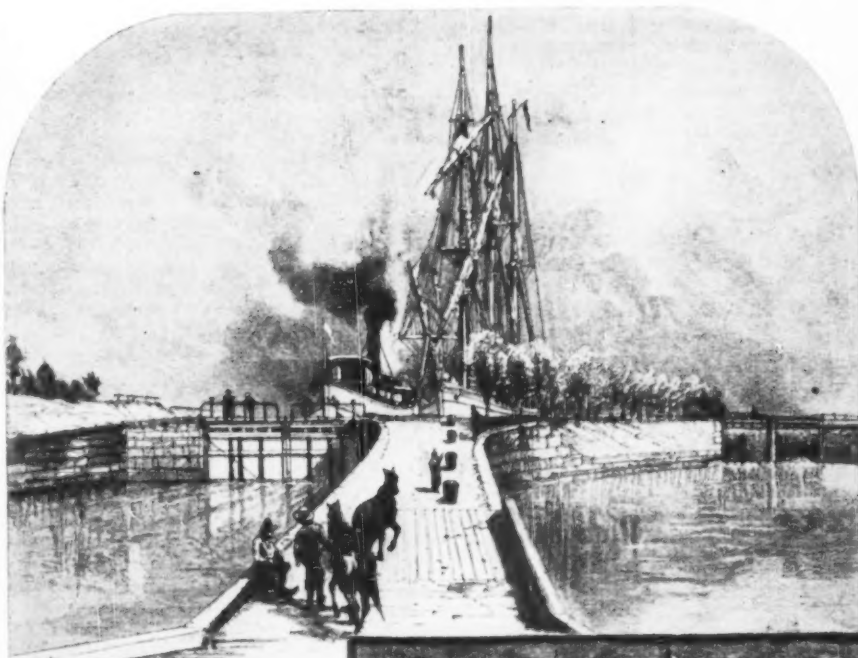
Few of these primitive local industries have survived the evolution of the centralized factory system. Here and there through the country there may remain some pathetic examples of these once important institutions. But, generally speaking, the economies introduced in the operation of the large factories of to-day have made it quite impossible for the small industry to exist.

Even in the sixties there were evidences of the development of large-scale manufacturing. The building of the Lachine Canal seems to have produced a considerable industrial boom in Montreal. The canal furnished four million horsepower of hydraulic energy per annum, a huge figure for those days, and, as practically all manufacturing was done by water-power, manufacturers naturally flocked to this new source of energy.

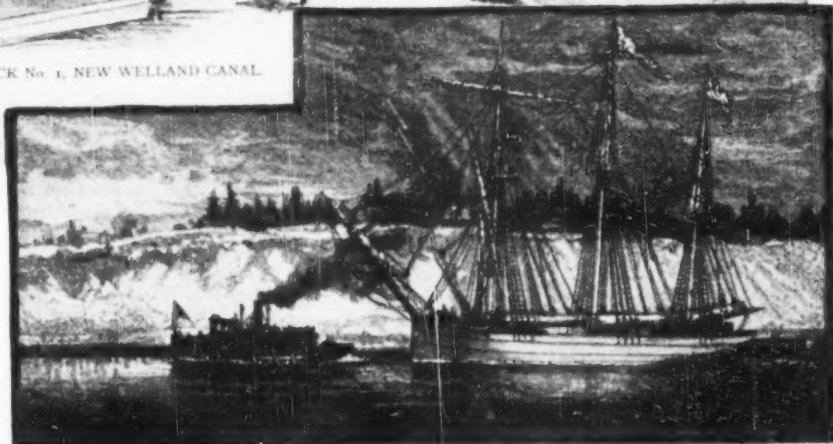
The extent and importance of the factories along the canal filled visitors with astonishment. There were huge iron works, employing no fewer than 120 men and producing 12 tons of nail plates per day! There was a wonderful new flour mill, which could grind 500 bbls. of flour in twenty-four hours. There was a sugar refinery with capacity adequate to manufacture seven-eighths of the sugar consumed in Canada and there was a marine works, which could produce several ships for river and lake service each season.

One may smile at the expressions of amazement with which the citizens of 1867 regarded these examples of industrial enterprise, the size and output of which have long since been eclipsed by immensely larger establishments, but, after all, there were some industries in operation fifty years ago which would astonish even the wonder-sated folk of the twentieth century. The sawmills at Ottawa, for instance, were undoubtedly marvels. There were ten of them running night and day in an endeavor to keep pace with the efforts of the ten thousand lumbermen who were busy felling the forests along the river. One of these mills boasted eighty saws and the others were very little smaller. The ten mills together turned out 180,000,000 feet of lumber a year, while 16,000,000 cubic feet of square timber was rafted to Quebec each season for shipment across the Atlantic. In that golden age of the lumber trade, it took 800 ships, manned by 25,000 men, to carry the harvest of the Ottawa from Quebec to England.

THESE were great and picturesque enterprises and so too was the wooden shipbuilding industry, which was in its heyday of prosperity when Confederation came into being. At Quebec and at many a harbor and port on the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, fine, large wooden vessels were built and launched annually in considerable numbers. There were fifteen shipyards at Quebec alone, in which from 25 to 50 ships were turned out each year. Unfortunately, except for a



LOCK No. 1, NEW WELLAND CANAL



The deep cut. A view of the Welland Canal in the early days.

forced revival of the industry at the present time, wooden shipbuilding is dead and thus an interesting chapter in Canadian industrial history is closed.

However, all industry in Canada in and about the year of Confederation was not so spectacular, though to the people of the time many of the developments seemed very wonderful. In Hamilton, for instance, where foundations for future industrial greatness were even then being laid, it was deemed a remarkable feat on the part of the local manufacturers to have installed \$100,000 worth of new machinery in a single year. The production of locomotives at Kingston was considered a work little short of marvellous. The erection in Sherbrooke in 1866 of a woollen factory five stories high was heralded as a most important event, while Victor Cote's new tannery at St. Hyacinthe, which gave employment to 90 hands, was regarded as a mammoth plant.

But if industries were small and scattered, the products of industry were by no means inferior. At the great Paris Exhibition of 1867, the goods of Canadian manufacturers showed to advantage. Furniture made by Jacques and Hay in Toronto was declared to be superior to anything on display. The wall hangings of

the Stauntons compared favorably with the product of the English makers. The Barbers, of Streetsville, showed cloths and woollens of most creditable quality. Implements from the Jones plant at Gananoque and the Whiting plant at Oshawa were highly commended, as were also the cigars exhibited by Davis, of Montreal.

INDUSTRIALLY, Canada has travelled far since those far-away days. All the marvellous expansion which the introduction of electricity has facilitated has come since then. The mammoth textile works with their electric drives; the great steel plants; the huge paper mills; all these and many more have sprung into being since 1867, and in no respect has the progress of Canada been more marked than in this department of national life.

Hand in hand with the growth of industry has gone the extension of transportation facilities and rapid means of communication. In 1867 the railway systems of the country, since expanded to transcontinental proportions, were limited in scope. This was especially true of the maritime provinces, where the stage coach was still an established and very necessary institution when the Confederation era dawned. Nova Scotia was served

by two short lines of road, running from Halifax to Truro and from Halifax to Windsor respectively, a matter of some hundred miles of track in all. New Brunswick likewise had but two railways, one connecting St. John and Shediac and the other St. Andrew's and Woodstock. Prince Edward Island, which has now a system of 275 miles, was without any railway at all. In short the three Maritime Provinces among them had only about 300 miles of road in operation, whereas to-day their mileage extends to 3,668 miles.

The upper provinces were somewhat better served. The Grand Trunk, then the longest railway in the world under one management ran from Portland in Maine to Sarnia, in Ontario, and from Rivière du Loup on the lower St. Lawrence to Richmond, P.Q. Its most formidable rival was the Great Western, running from Niagara Falls through Hamilton to Windsor, with a branch from Hamilton to Toronto. Northward stretched lines from Prescott and Brockville to Ottawa, from Port Hope to Beaverton, and from Toronto to Collingwood. All the rest of the network of roads now traversing both old and New Ontario were non-existent.

THE idea of through traffic was only just being evolved in 1867. The Great Western, then a wide-gauge road, as were most of the railways in Canada, had laid a third rail from Windsor to Niagara Falls and built a car ferry for service across the Detroit River, in order to secure a slice of the business between the newly developed settlements of the middle West and the seaboard. The Northern Railway from Toronto to Collingwood was paying so much attention to the traffic it was receiving from the upper lakes and trans-shipping at Toronto for lower lake ports, that settlers along the line complained of the difficulty of getting their cordwood shipped to Toronto. In fact promoters of the Toronto & Nipissing and the Toronto, Grey & Bruce made it a point in soliciting financial aid from the municipalities that they would serve the settlers better in this regard.

Communication between the Maritime Provinces and the upper provinces in those days was usually by coasting vessel from Halifax or St. John to Portland and thence by Grand Trunk to Montreal. The extension of the Halifax-Truro road to Pictou, completed in the Confederation year, gave a new summer route up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, while one of the fruits of the new political arrangements between the provinces was the establishment of a line of steamers to run from Montreal and Quebec to Maritime Province ports. Otherwise it was possible to take a longer stage journey up the St. John valley from the railway terminus at Woodstock to Edmundston and across the height of land to Rivière du Loup, where the Grand Trunk terminated. This was the route by which the British regulars journeyed to Upper Canada at the time of the Fenian scare.

The recent completion of the Victoria tubular bridge at Montreal was then filling the minds of visitors with awe and astonishment. It was hailed as one of the wonders of the world, a scientific achievement without a peer in the history of construction. Its three million cubic feet of masonry, its eight thousand tons of iron, its enormous length, its great cost, were dilated upon in unmeasured terms of admiration. For the times it

was indeed a remarkable engineering feat, but since then many a far more wonderful undertaking has been completed in Canada, which illustrates still further how the country has progressed.

Canada's canal system had by 1867 reached considerable proportions and comparatively speaking, traffic by water was of more importance then than it is to-day. The lakes were covered with sailing craft, while steamboats were far more numerous than they are now. Of course, all these vessels were so much smaller than the big freighters of the twentieth century that mere numbers were insignificant. At the same time they provided a most picturesque element in the picture of Canada in 1867. The passage of fifty schooners a day through the Welland Canal was by no means an unusual experience in the year of Confederation.

The canals were much smaller than they are to-day. Those on the St. Lawrence, by means of which ships passed up from Montreal to Lake Ontario, contained but nine feet of water, while the locks were limited to 200 feet in length. Notwithstanding this, records of vessels are not uncommon which had sailed down from the upper lakes and, passing through these canals, had later crossed the Atlantic.

TRAVELLING conditions in the year of Confederation were none too satisfactory. As compared with the luxury of the present day, a journey even for a short distance was an arduous and uncomfortable undertaking. In the Maritime Provinces, if a traveller preferred an overland journey instead of a trip by coasting vessel, he would have to put up with the inconvenience of a wearisome ride in a big, lumbering, springless stage over rough roads, his only solace the occasional pauses for rest and refreshment at old-fashioned change houses. In the upper provinces, he would have to contend with the wretched service of what were referred to at the time as the most poorly conducted railways in the world.

Two trains a day in each direction were sufficient to accommodate the traffic between the two largest Canadian cities. One made the journey by day, the other by night, and the run was scheduled for something like fourteen hours. The locomotives burned wood and there were frequent stops *en route* to re-load the tenders. Cars were small and light, the track poorly laid and the bumping and jolting terrific. One wretched tourist who endeavored to beguile the tedium of the journey by a game of draughts found to his disgust that it was quite impossible to keep the men on the board.

The postal system in Canada fifty years ago differed very little from the present system except that very much higher rates of postage had to be paid, and it took much longer for letters to reach their destination. The rate to points in Canada, that is, Ontario and Quebec, was five cents; to the United States 10 cents, and to England, 12½ cents. A special weekly service to Halifax, via Portland, having been arranged, a business man in Toronto or Montreal could send a communication to Nova Scotia for the sum of 12½ cents. As for British Columbia, it cost 25 cents to forward a letter to the Pacific coast.

Statistics for the year 1863 show that there were in the upper provinces, 1,974 post offices in that year and that the num-

ber of letters carried was 11,000,000. New Brunswick had 375 post offices, in which 833,625 letters were handled and Nova Scotia 493 post offices with 1,467,726 letters. The year's revenue for the three provinces was \$853,778, and the expenditure, \$896,303. As an indication of the extent to which the postal service has since expanded it may be said that in 1915, the revenue for all Canada was over thirteen million dollars and the expenditure nearly sixteen millions.

WHILE the telephone was unknown in 1867, the telegraph and the Atlantic cable were both in existence, and so far as telegraphic communication was concerned, Canada was well served. Indeed, in Nova Scotia the boast was made that they had more miles of telegraph per inhabitant than in any other country in the world and, what is even better, lower rates. In Ontario and Quebec, the Montreal Telegraph Company, with over 3,000 miles of wire, controlled the situation, while in the Maritime Provinces the lines, about 2,000 miles in extent, were controlled by the American Telegraph Co. As there are to-day over 200,000 miles of wire in the telegraph systems of the country, it is obvious that here again there has been vast development.

The story of the telephone is all contained within the limits of the Confederation era. There were no telephones when Confederation was born. To-day there are between six and seven hundred thousand instruments in use, with over a million and a half miles of wire connecting them.

ELECTRIC street railways have been another modern development. In fact in the year of Confederation, horse cars had only just come into use. Toronto's system had been opened in 1861. It consisted of six miles of track on Queen and Yonge Streets, with eleven cars and 70 horses, a total investment of only \$175,000. Montreal had also about six miles of track with similarly small equipment. Halifax was a third city with a system of horse cars at that time. The innovation was not welcomed. One critic complained that "the street railway is an institution for the benefit of those who ride, at the expense of those who drive, and is a flagrant violation of the rights of the majority. The horse railway is a permanent obstruction; it practically divides a wide street into two narrow ones and a narrow one into two lanes. It is questionable whether it will be found profitable in Canada."

In the light of this hostile attitude, it is interesting to note that the tiny systems in the three leading cities of 1867 have since developed into a vastly important series of electric lines, located in practically every city in Canada, operating upwards of 1,700 miles of track and carrying annually six hundred million passengers. The capital invested in them amounts to over \$150,000,000.

TRADE and finance have shown marvellous expansion in the fifty years of Confederation. When it is considered that in 1868 the country's total trade only amounted to a little over \$131,000,000, of which \$57,500,000 represented exports; that the export of manufactured products in that year scarcely amounted to \$2,000,000 and agricultural products exported

Continued on page 91.

Some Canadian Contrasts

By Frank Yeigh

An old-time plow, constructed for the most part of wood, used on the prairies in the early days.



CANADA is young as the age of countries is commonly measured; only four centuries since Cartier landed on the Gaspé coast; only three since Champlain became Canada's first governor; only a century and a half since the British Conquest. Ontario is scarcely over the century mark, while the West may date its real life fifty years ago, practically covering the Confederation period.

But young as the Dominion is in this relative interpretation of time, she is old enough to present many striking contrasts that constitute measuring rods of our national growth. The span of a single generation provides many such suggestive contrasts, and in no less degree within the briefer period of a decade.

Especially does the Canadian West furnish impressive illustrations of progress in contrasts. In the little square facing the Canadian Pacific Station in Winnipeg, stands the first locomotive used to cross the continent on completion of its main line in 1885, while, within a stone's throw, the latest mogul is hauling a sixty-car train of wheat to the Head of Lakes or the Seaboard, and the difference represents Western development in thirty years. The old-timer was a wood-burner; the new-timer, coal or oil. The smaller looks ridiculously diminutive beside the great giant that towers high above one's head and that requires many ladder steps to reach the cabin. The old one ran smoothly on a light fifty-six pound rail; the other pounds a hundred pound rib of steel.

OUT on the far-flung prairie, with a sky-line as far remote as one's range of vision, an ox-team is plodding its laborious way with plow and share, slowly turning the tough virgin sod of a farm-to-be. The scene visualizes the same early stage of pioneer settlement as in the older provinces a century or more before. But an hour's train journey will bring you to homesteads where modern tractors haul a plowing machine and outfit, where soil-turning is done by contract and on a wholesale scale. The single narrow furrow of our fathers is a many-furrowed trail of a sulky plow or a disc machine. So is the gulf between the sickle of the reaper, swung with slow rhythm by muscular arms, and the row of reapers and binders hauled again by a ponderous and powerful traction engine. So, too, the difference between the husbandman who goes forth to sow, with the hand sweep of grain, and the present-day seed drill, dropping its kernels with mathematical precision in the warm bed of mother earth.

In many a town of the Plains, as on the outskirts of the older hinterlands, the log shack of the pioneer is dominated by

an imposing structure, sky-scraping, as it were a Tower of Babel imitator, just as the first rough sod shelter of the homesteader is overshadowed by a mansion-like home of more prosperous modern days. Many a Western farmer, as an Eastern one, maintains intact the modest home of his beginnings, alongside of a mansard roof covering of to-day. Both pride and sentiment enter into the plan.

Winnipeg affords another striking contrast in the proximity of the gate remnant of Fort Garry, the wounds of time covered with foliage, while hard by a twelve-story hotel cries aloud its modernity. What ghosts still linger about the old brick-and-mortar pile; what historic memories cluster around the once and brief Riel rendezvous! and, in equal contrast, the two buildings epitomize the yesterday and to-day of our western prairie portal.

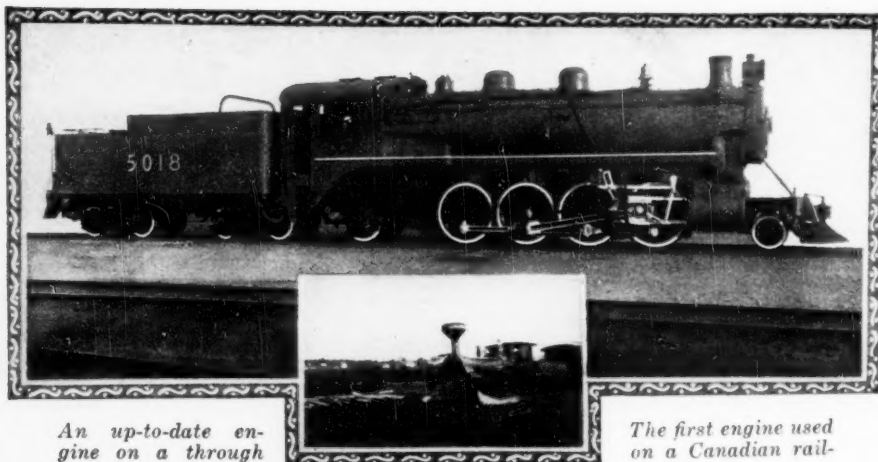
Or take Edmonton. On the river height stands the commanding pile of Alberta's Parliament Buildings, seemingly conscious of their architectural and legislative importance. Towers and roof hold their head high, scarce deigning to see the old Hudson's Bay Fort that flies the H.B.C. flag off in a corner of the lot. A contrast? Surely none more striking in all Canada: the flat little former-windowed building, eloquent of centuries of history in the great Lone-land west of Lake Su-

perior, and still the great lone-land for many hundreds of leagues. One cannot rest the eye on the wooden structures without instinctively recalling a King Charles, a company of "Gentlemen Adventurers," supply ships, storehouses full of fur, and stockades alive betimes with factors, trappers, *couriers de bois*, Indians, dog teams. The romance of nearly three centuries centers in this suggestive weather-stained pile. Law-makers in a sense, even law-breakers at times, and law triers were these H.B.C. folk, and now a company of more modern makers of statutes occupy the marble palace just across the lot!

CONTRASTS there are in abundance on the yonder Canadian shore of the Pacific. Here is the sweep of the Skeena River, where it widens to meet the sea. A single glance of the eye includes an old-timer of a stern-wheeler craft, redolent of primitive days in British Columbia. Of shallow draft it was, and it must needs have been to negotiate the shallows caused by the shifting sands, and with a blunt nose made to poke its way into mud banks or rustic wharf. Yes, it is tied up now for good and all, displaced by a railway. But its contrast is had in the fine Clyde-built steamer just sailing past on its run from Vancouver to Prince Rupert and the Portland Canal. Oil-propelled too, as is the

A striking contrast: Main Street, Winnipeg, and (inset) Fort Garry before Confederation, taken at almost the identical spot.





An up-to-date engine on a through line.

The first engine used on a Canadian railroad.

locomotive that went speeding by just now. Other marine contrasts there are: in the dug-out canoe of a Siwash or the clumsy fisher boat of a Chinaman, sailing by unassailed in and among the smarter craft belonging to the Coastal fishery combines.

Along the British Columbia rivers a lonely "Chink" is salmon fishing "on his own," while a noisy brig is hauling a fleet of fishing craft for the canneries that line the banks on their tide-washed piles.

So the old and the new are again brought into juxtaposition when a Red River cart, sans iron rim or steel springs, is placed alongside an up-to-date automobile. They represent the difference between a slow-moving mule of Dixie and an Imperial Limited, or Prince Rupert Express train.

A contrast as unique as it is historic is to be seen at Sault Ste. Marie, where, within sight of each other, two canals span a space of two centuries. A single lock of the earlier one, built for a fur-trading company in the long ago, has been preserved in contrast with the great Canadian lock 900 feet long, which is capable of holding three large vessels at one time within its massive gates.

Every Canadian city possesses numerous historic contrasts. Toronto's Old Fort, with its ancient earthworks, still revealing the gun embrasures; with its powder magazines, red brick military cottages, and over-hung guard houses, is eloquent of a certain day in 1813 when a party of our United States neighbors helped themselves to the Muddy York of that day, and now when a hundred thousand people crowd the Exhibition near by, a scene is presented in absolute contrast. If the soldier dead who were blown into another world a hundred years ago, as a powder magazine at the Old Fort was exploded, could come to life long enough to visit the Exhibition on a gala day, methinks they would prefer to return!

Kingston's Martello towers are in contrast with the Military College across the harbor, or the modern buildings in the Limestone city. Montreal can place its Chateau de Ramezay over against a St. James Street bank as another effective contrast.

Old Quebec is all contrasts: in Sault le Cap, and Grand Allée; Lower and Upper Town, citadel and armouries. Canada has no other city where the seven-

teenth and twentieth centuries live so amicably side by side.

CANADA is truly measured by contrasts; the log school house and the million-dollar technical school; the rustic chain ferry, swung by the current, and a million dollar high-level bridge over the Saskatchewan at Edmonton; a Washington hand-press in a rural printing office, and a sextuple press used by a city daily; the candles of our grandmothers and the electric light our children take for granted; the message by the post-chaise in grandfather's time, and the wireless of to-day; the Durham boat of the early settler, laboriously poled up-stream in the St. Lawrence, and a five or six-decked passenger steamer now; the ancient mill-stone that once ground the grain of a backwoods parish, and the great modern flour mills turning out thousands of barrels of the white product daily; the hand-power of earlier times, and the water-power of the present.

Have you visited, in these wonderful days of the present, a farm where electricity is harnessed to the needs of the farmer—and the farmer's wife at long last? It is a sight as suggestive as it is heartening: water pumped, grain and cutting machines run, washing machines, churner, sewing machines, too, in the house, and house and barn are lighted by the turning of a switch. Obsolete are candles and lanterns and dangerous lamps, though they have served their many generations

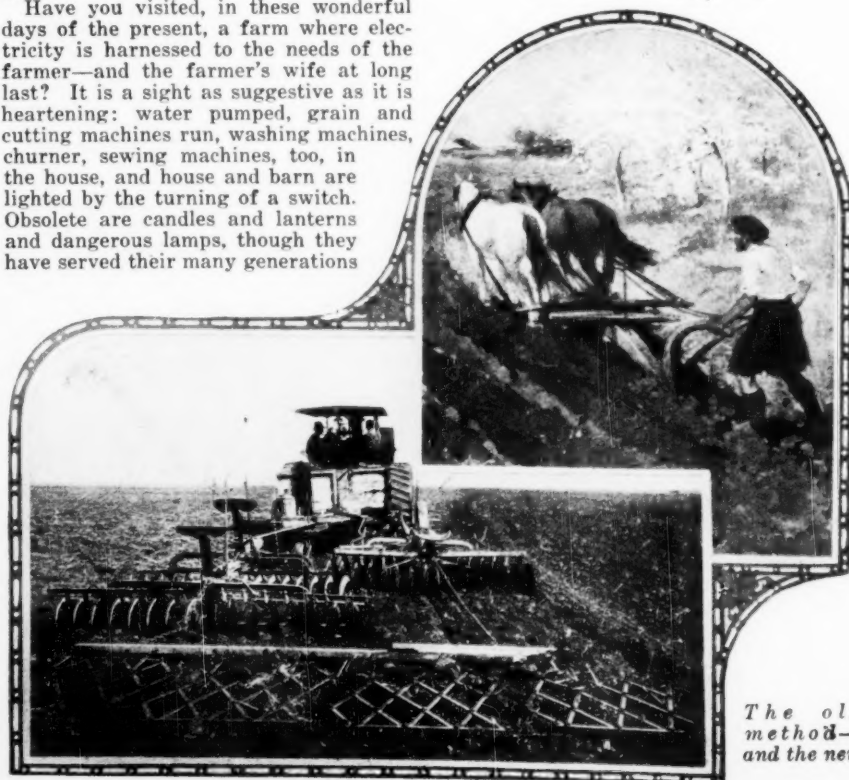
faithfully and well. Truly it is a long way from the candle days, the old oaken bucket and the hand-power machine, and again one is delighted to know that some of the modern improvements are reaching and benefiting the Queen of the Farm.

If he who looked upon Niagara Falls in pre-Confederation days were able to make a return visit from the other or this world, he too would rub his eyes in an effort to take in the changes. Table Rock gone and the old tubular staircase leading there-under. In its place one of the many giant power plants, busy making light and industrial force for towns a couple of hundred miles away. If he could see the maze of tunnels, even under the main river above the Falls, his wonder would be increased tenfold. Yes, Niagara presents one of the most striking contrasts of them all, and the end is not yet.

The houses of our fathers and their fathers were mostly built of one of three materials—wood, brick, stone. But today some structures,—homes, factories, stores,—are made of cement, some as fluid shot on a wall surface through a hose as if it were a fireman's game. In the olden days too a hand-made moveable house was unknown, and now you can order a home in sections and have it shipped and set up over night.

NOTE the contrast in mining methods, especially gold mining. One may still see the original plan in use in mining by hand. Along the upper reaches of the Fraser River the eye catches sight of a lonely figure bending over the water's edge and shaking a pailful of the wet gravel deposits in an old tin basin, for the yellow particles that may represent a good day's pay. "The narrowing lust

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The old method—and the new

The Master Smuggler

The Disclosure of a Conspiracy Against the Government

By J. D. Ronald

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This story is absolutely true in every detail, except in the matter of names, which, for obvious reason, are fictitious. The men who figured in the smuggling conspiracy are probably still following railway construction lines in some part of the continent. In the annals of the Customs Service are stories that equal anything in the more spectacular police branches, and "The Master Smuggler" is a taste of what might be told if the records were given to the public. More articles on Customs operations will appear in coming issues.*



A NUMBER of years ago a band of smugglers, operating from a single point in the United States and directed by one man, worked a scheme to defraud the Canadian customs, a scheme so thorough and clever that the man who conceived and carried it through well deserves the title of the Master Smuggler. The story of this huge swindle has never been told nor did a single word find its way into print when the Canadian customs officers had finally succeeded in bringing the band to time. The secrecy in which the case has been shrouded lends double interest to the telling now.

The centre figure in the narrative is, of course, the Master Smuggler himself. Let us call him Oleson, although that is not his real name. At the time the story opens Oleson was living in Minneapolis, a prominent society man of that city, a member of the most exclusive clubs and a good fellow generally. He was a bit of a high-flier, a *bon vivant* in fact, but a student as well. At that time he was about fifty years of age, and still in the prime of physical condition—standing slightly over six feet and as well-knit and athletic-looking as any man at that age that one would want to see. That he had been a hard worker and a hard liver, that he had seen life in many strange phases and places, was apparent to any judge of physiognomy. There was a grimness to the lines of his face and a suggestion of the hawk in his eyes. He was, nevertheless, mild-mannered and as charming a fellow, when he set about to please, as one would care to meet.

About thirty years before he had landed in America, a brisk, untutored lad of twenty years. He went to St. Paul, as most Scandinavians do, and took a job with a construction gang. But Oleson had no intention of making his living by the sweat of his brow nor of measuring his savings by the calouses on his hands. He soon made up his mind that there was more money in exploiting the worker than in working himself. So he became a pack pedlar.

THE construction of new railway lines through virgin country offers employment for the most part to foreigners. They get good wages and, having no other opportunity to spend their money they are easy prey for the heterogeneous class of camp followers and parasites of all kinds who soon collect. Gamblers, whiskey smugglers and pack peddlers vie for the wages of the ignorant Galician

and the credulous Scandinavian. The railway navy is particularly easy for the vendor of flashy jewelry and it is not hard to induce him to give orders on the paymaster in advance of his earnings in payment for rings, scarf pins and watches. In this lucrative business Oleson did remarkably well. The profits that he could make by himself did not satisfy him for long, however. He started in to organize the business of railway pack peddling. When the time came for him to turn his attention to Canada, Oleson had in his employ a large number of carefully selected men and with characteristic thoroughness was exploiting railway construction camps in Idaho. He was reputed to be worth a quarter of a million; and probably was.

IT WAS the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific that drew Oleson's attention to Canada. In the construction of the Transcontinental Railway from east to west there were employed by the different contractors at seasonable times, upwards of fifty thousand men. At the same time there was under construction in British Columbia, in the Fraser River Valley, branches of the Canadian Northern, and Canadian Pacific Railways. The payrolls representing the earnings of the men employed on the construction of these various lines ran close to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per day. The open season of construction averaged seven months in the year. This represented payment in money for labor, approximately thirty-five million dollars. To exploit and carefully follow the different camps with an organized gang of pack pedlars meant the realization of immense profits by the individual carrying to success such a scheme.

The construction of the Transcontinental began on a big scale in 1903, and some time early that year, Oleson called in his henchmen and planned a big campaign. They met in Minneapolis and one can imagine them squatting around the big mahogany desk in Oleson's office, with a map of Canada spread out before them. There were ten head men, or group leaders, in all, that he summoned. There was Billy Oleson, his brother and right hand man, "Sleepy Ike" Carlstrom, "Red" Cantler and "Black Jack" Anderson, all of whom played parts of some prominence in subsequent developments. They were all countrymen of his own and strong men. They were weather beaten, hardened to rough life; men of the greyhound

type, fleet-footed and tenacious, used to traveling for long distances on snowshoes with dog teams. They all had unbounded faith in Oleson and would, so it was said, go through hell-fire if he said it was necessary.

Together they went over the map and laid out the line of the Transcontinental in ten sections, allotting one district to each group leader. The best methods of reaching central points for supplies and distribution were settled. These ten trustees of Oleson's in turn organized their various territories with distributing agents and in ten months from the time the bill authorizing the construction of the road passed the Canadian Parliament, Oleson and his men were ready to move on the construction camps.

This complete organization, consisting of some four hundred men operated in the most unostentatious way; they created no disturbance, but sold their wares, principally watches, chains and jewelry, in the various camps at noontime, and in the evening around the camp fires, taking in exchange orders on the paymaster which were cashed monthly at the various depots. This was good business; there was no risk.

TO OLESON'S credit it must be said that he handled high-class goods, the very best grade of watches, for instance, gold filled and solid gold cases, running in value all the way from fifteen to one hundred dollars. He did not at any time sell cheap trash under the guise of jewelry, although his prices allowed a big margin of profit; generally as high as 150 per cent. Some pedlars swindled the navvies right and left. Oleson never did. The customer paid a steep price but he got a genuine article.

Oleson's men were very successful. They were all jolly good fellows and made friends. The profits that the organization made were enormous.

BUT OLESON was not satisfied. The Canadian customs duties were a heavy drain. The duty on watches was twenty-five per cent. of their market value, and on the other commodities that his men handled thirty per cent. of their market value in the United States. In addition there was the expense and delay involved in shipping the goods to central points in Canada, entering them at cus-

toms and redistributing them to his head agents.

Oleson looked this matter over, spent a day or two hard thinking and decided in the end that the immense sum which he had to pay in duty on the goods required was worth taking a chance upon. In other words, Oleson decided to smuggle. If caught he could pay up; if he got through free he would so much ahead. A born gambler, he took a gambler's chance.

Accordingly he called his head men together again, and told them what he proposed to do. They all agreed, and the die was cast.

In this way one of the most extensive smuggling operations ever carried on between Canada and the United States was developed.

A DEFINITE plan of campaign was worked out between them. The leaders were to personally undertake the smuggling operations. One man was to work via Seattle and Vancouver, another via the Soo line to Calgary, a third via Emerson to Winnipeg. A fourth was to work in by Fort Francis to the region north of Port Arthur and Fort William, and another via Sault Ste. Marie, distributing from Cochrane east and west. A sixth was to take the St. Lawrence River near Montreal, working in Northern Quebec. Others worked through the State of Maine into Quebec and New Brunswick, covering the construction work in New Brunswick and Eastern Quebec.

The astute Oleson laid his plans well. The Pacific coast operations were entrusted to his brother Billy Oleson. Billy was a smooth fellow with an exceedingly cool nerve. He was likeable enough and generally reliable. But he had one weakness. He was a hard drinker.

For a time Billy Oleson used pack mules through the trails of the Rockies, slipping in with his loads by routes that left him free from all molestation. This, however, was laborious and slow and after a time he merely took the boat from Seattle to Vancouver, carrying two suit cases. One was always filled with clothing without anything of a suspicious nature whatever. All the jewelry would be concealed in the second suit case. He managed to get through on sheer nerve. Walking up to the Customs officer at the boat landing he would cheerfully proffer the first suitcase for examination. "Is that all you want?" he would ask in an off-hand way. The ruse always succeeded. Thus he carried in thousands of dollars worth right under the noses of the officials.

The men entrusted with carrying goods into Saskatchewan and Manitoba took train at Minneapolis and slept across the border in the Pullman car berth with thousands of dollars worth of jewelry under their pillows. It is a standing rule that the customs officials at the frontier do not arouse sleeping passengers, but merely examine the grips left under the berth. By adopting this plan the smugglers took a big risk; but they somehow always managed to "get away with it."

The man on the Fort Francis route smuggled by toboggan and dog sled, cross-



ing the line at points where there was no one to molest him. At Sault Ste. Marie the head smuggler rowed himself across the river under cover of darkness, expressing his goods on to Cochrane for distribution.

In Eastern Canada the head men operated in Quebec and New Brunswick, driving over under cover of night during the summer months and by dog sled when the snow was on the ground. They then caught the C.P.R. and Intercolonial at various points.

These men were equipped with chamois skin vests containing one hundred pockets, which they invariably wore next their bodies when crossing the line. These vests were always filled with watches before they started out, so that each man was sure of getting one hundred watches safely past the customs, whether their packs were taken or not. The work was so well done, however, that not on any occasion was one of them molested.

OLESON directed all the work himself. He was the brains of the organization. He did all the buying and directed the operations from his office in Minneapolis. The plan that he had devised was to have his smuggling emissaries deposit the goods that they carried into Canada with banks and trust companies at conveniently accessible points. The goods remained there until they were distributed to the peddlers starting out for the construction camps. Oleson had arranged with banks and trust companies at various points from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Vancouver. He said himself afterwards, that at various times he had stored in his deposit vaults in various parts of Canada an aggregate of over one hundred thousand dollars worth of goods, all smuggled.

In addition to directing the intricate organization that he had thus built up, Oleson made many trips to Canada himself and he always carried a load of goods. None of his lieutenants worked with the same daring and assurance as the Master Smuggler himself. He, of course, had a vest of many pockets which were always filled in addition to the jewelry that he carried over in his luggage. His colossal nerve carried him through some very tight occasions. Once he crossed the line in broad daylight, sitting in a Pullman coach with ten thousand dollars worth of goods under the seat. When the customs officer came through, Oleson handed his grip over with a cheerful "Good Morning." Pullman seats have a cavity underneath and the use that he made of this space on this occasion proved so successful that he passed the word on to his trusty cohorts.

On occasion, Oleson carried into Canada as much as twenty to thirty thousand dollars worth of goods on a single trip. His *sang froid* was equal to any emergency.

AND NOW starts the second phase of the campaign of fraud. Oleson had built up elaborate machinery to provide underground routes for getting the goods into Canada. The plan had met with won-

derful success. It seemed sheer waste of opportunity, to a man of Oleson's type, to use the machinery the one way only. His agents were coming back into the United States empty handed. Why not use the same method to smuggle goods back into the United States from Canada?

Oleson tackled this new problem with his usual thoroughness and ingenuity. He decided that the most profitable field would be in handling diamonds which enter Canada duty free but are highly dutiable in the United States. Another possible line would be Swiss watch movements, which pay a duty of 10 per cent. entering Canada and 35 per cent. entering the United States.

His first step was to make arrangements with a chain of stores in the United States to handle the goods. Then he went to England and arranged with a diamond house to ship diamonds to him to Canada. Each of his lieutenants in the meantime had established Canadian headquarters, so that Oleson had all these addresses dotting Canada from coast to coast to which the goods could be shipped. He then proceeded to Switzerland and negotiated a contract for watch movements.

Diamonds and watch movements were accordingly shipped out to Canada in large quantities. They were entered at customs in Canada through brokers and then sent on to the addresses of the various lieutenants. The smugglers from that time on, instead of returning to Minneapolis empty handed, used their many-pocketed vests to bring back valuable loads of watch movements and precious stones.

THE business thrived for over six years. So well organized was the whole business that not a question was asked by anyone. The agent, who worked on percentage, waxed prosperous. Oleson himself, who pocketed the profits, grew immensely wealthy.

The plan might have worked indefinitely had not Oleson made one mistake. For the business in which he had engaged, he had not a single flaw; he was cool headed, a born leader, and as silent as the Sphinx. He kept his men well in hand and did not allow his suddenly acquired riches to swell his head. The mistake he made was outside the bounds of actual operations.

Oleson was a ladies' man. His rather handsome face and striking physique had made him very popular with the fairer sex. His career had been punctuated with a long list of "affairs."

One of his lieutenants, a married man with a family, by the way, was madly infatuated with a pretty girl in Minneapolis. The girl, who afterwards proved to be an adventuress of the most dangerous type, was not only beautiful but extremely clever and thoroughly unscrupulous. She used her relations with the infatuated lieutenant as a means of attracting the attention of the wealthy Oleson.

The Master Smuggler became very much enamored. An ardent love maker, it was his custom to brush aside all rivals without counting the cost. Without stopping to figure what the effect might be within his organization, Oleson stole the girl from his underling. He did it quite openly, probably believing that the loyalty his men had always shown him would survive even so severe a test.

The discarded lover made no protest,

but was so bitterly aggrieved that he decided then and there to sell out the Master Smuggler and his whole works. There is a resident agent of the Canadian Customs service in St. Paul. One night this agent was awakened by a late ring at his door bell. Going down he found his visitor to be a man giving his name as Johnson. (This is not the real name, but it is as good as any other for purposes of narrative.)

"I can give you information worth thousands of dollars to the Canadian Customs," said the man.

The inspector hastily invited him in and questioned him further. Johnson told the whole story. His desire for revenge on his chief was so great that he did not even seek to profit in a monetary way from the information he gave. All he wanted was the satisfaction of "getting back" at Oleson. As he had been close to the Master Smuggler in all the operations, he was able to give practically complete details of the smuggling machinery that Oleson had built up.

The customs officer got all the information that he could and promptly wired to Ottawa, advising that a special officer be detailed to handle the case.

TWO days later Special Officer Duncan of the staff of the Chief Inspector of Customs for Canada, called quietly at the office of the Canadian agent.

"My name is Duncan, of Ottawa," he said. "Come down and have dinner with me at the Raddison in Minneapolis, and we'll talk things over." The inspector took his cue and got in touch with Johnson at once.

After dinner the two officers retired to Duncan's room, and in half an hour Johnson knocked at the door and was admitted. He told his story again, giving further details than he had been able to place at the disposal of the Customs Service before. He brought the further information that Oleson was leaving the city that night for Edmonton, Alta., and was taking five thousand dollars worth of goods with him, on which, needless to state, he had no intention of paying duty.

The three men discussed the situation from every angle, and Duncan announced that he was convinced that it would not do to act at that juncture but to wait until it was possible "To sew Oleson up tight." He wanted to get the Master Smuggler into a position where it would be possible to make him settle for everything that had been done during the six years that operations had been under way. He advised Johnson to say nothing and to wait and, above everything else, to retain the good-will and confidence of his chief. After the interview, which lasted three hours, it was mutually agreed that this was the best course and Johnson hurried

away to meet Oleson before the latter left on his trip north.

THIS was early in August, and the only immediate result of the "Leak" was the prompt capture of Oleson in Edmonton. Duncan had wired to the Customs authorities in Edmonton advising them of the likelihood that Oleson would arrive with smuggled goods. Acting on the description that Duncan sent, the officials there met Oleson on his arrival, subjected him to a search and found the jewelry. Johnson's estimate proved correct, and they found that he had five thousand dollars worth concealed in his luggage and on his person. As he could not produce clearance papers he was forced to pay the full duty amounting to over twelve hundred dollars.

This was the first time that such a miscarriage of plans had occurred and Oleson returned to Minneapolis much chagrined and not a little suspicious. However, nothing occurred to confirm his suspicions and he accordingly allowed the full machinery to work along as usual.

In the meantime Duncan had been busy. The day after Oleson's departure for Edmonton he took the train East and commenced an extensive investigation to confirm the information which Johnson had given. He found that the latter, in his desire for revenge, had told not only the truth but the whole truth. By following up the information that Johnson had given, Duncan was able to locate every bank and trust company from one end of Canada to the other where the goods were held in store and also to secure complete knowledge as to the personality and the movements of each of Oleson's agents. In the meantime, he kept Oleson under watch and was advised by wire every day of the movements of the Master Smuggler.

IT TOOK two months to complete the investigation. Duncan then advised all the banks and trust companies that the goods which Oleson and agents had been storing in their deposit vaults were smuggled. He advised the managers confidentially, that when they received instructions from him by wire, they were to hold the goods then in their possession as under seizure by the Customs of Canada. In the meantime Oleson had been lost track of. It transpired that he had gone to Idaho to look up his bibulous brother who had not been heard from for several weeks and who presumably was on an extended spree. He found Billy finally and brought him back to Minneapolis, where he gave him the rest cure for three weeks. At the end of that time Billy emerged in good shape again and was ready for action. Oleson gave him a

supply, chiefly of watches, valued at eight thousand dollars, and started him off for Vancouver via Seattle. This information was promptly wired to Duncan, the name of the boat on which Oleson would sail being given. Duncan promptly wired to a special officer in Vancouver.

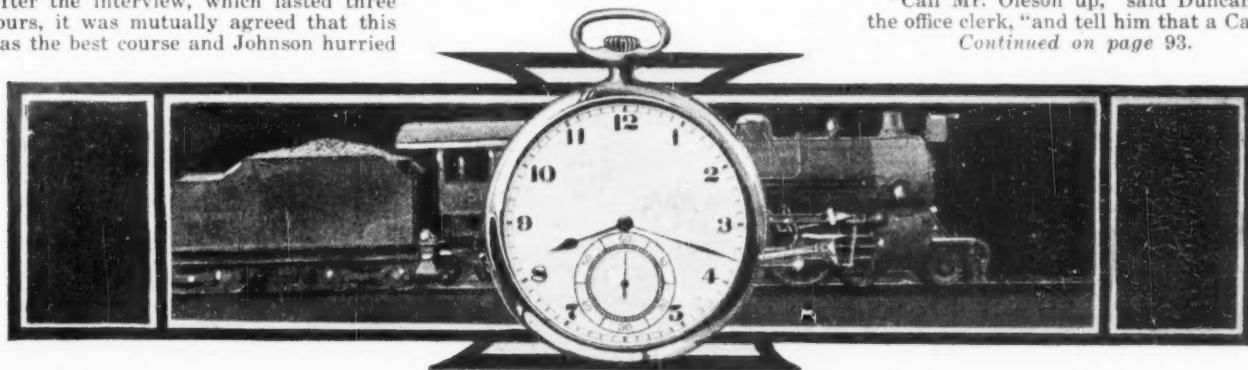
"Place under arrest William Oleson, stocky build, florid complexion, fair hair and drooping moustache, carrying two suit cases, one of which contains jewelry valued at eight thousand dollars. Invoice will be found on his person. Search Oleson to the skin."

Unfortunately the special officer, Christie by name, was absent when this wire arrived and Oleson slipped through the skein of the law safely. Christie arrived back next day, however, and took up the case with great vigor. He first went to the officers of the trust company in Vancouver where the goods had always been stored and found that Oleson had been there the day before. The smuggler had left instructions there that any mail was to be forwarded to him to a small branch on the Canadian Northern where construction work was under way. Christie promptly jumped on a train and reached the town early the next morning. He located Billy Oleson without any difficulty and placed him under arrest. Oleson had his suitcase with him at the time and the full supply of jewelry was found. Christie wired Duncan: "Have Oleson and the goods. Will hold until advised." On receipt of this wire Duncan decided that the time had come to act. His first step was to wire each of the banks and trust companies, holding Oleson's goods, not to deliver any further goods to Oleson's agents and to advise the value of goods on hand. Inside of twenty-four hours he had received advices by wire which showed that he had a total of between fifty and seventy-five thousand dollars worth of goods under seizure. In addition he had Billy Oleson under arrest in Vancouver, caught red handed on a charge which would give him five years in the penitentiary unless all duties and fines imposed on account of the frauds perpetrated against the customs revenue laws of Canada, were promptly settled.

To Duncan this looked like a winning hand for a settlement so he took the first train for Minneapolis.

BEFORE he arrived in Minneapolis Duncan knew that word of his coup had reached Oleson. The head of the smuggling trust was, according to his advice, in a dangerous mood. However, on reaching the city, Duncan went straight to Oleson's office. This was about nine o'clock in the morning and Oleson was not down yet.

"Call Mr. Oleson up," said Duncan to the office clerk, "and tell him that a Canadian
Continued on page 93.



The Captain of the Susan Drew

A Story of the Sea in Two Parts

By Jack London

Author of "Jerry," "Burning Daylight," "The Little Lady of the Great House," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

A SUNSET of gilt and blue and rose palpitated on the horizon. A tapestry of misty rain, draping downward from indefinite clouds, obscured the eastern line of sea and sky. Midway between, slightly nearer to the rain, a painted rainbow reached almost to the zenith. So lofty was its arch that the ends seemed to curve inward to the ocean in a vain attempt to complete the perfect circle. In this triumphal arch, toward the blue twilight beyond, sailed an open boat.

Nor did ever more strangely freighted boat float on the Pacific. In the sternsheets, in the weather side, a stupid-looking Norwegian sailor, in uniform of a quartermaster, steered with one hand, while with the other he held the sheet of the spritsail. From a holster, belted about his waist, peeped the butt of a business-like revolver. His cap lay on his knees, removed for the sake of coolness, and his short flaxen hair was prodigiously rigid over a bruise of recent origin.

Beside the sailor sat two women. The nearer one was comfortably stout and matronly, with large, dark eyes—full, direct, human. Her shoulders were protected against sunburn by a man's light overcoat. Because of the heat, this was open and unbuttoned, revealing the *decolleté* and rich materials of a dinner dress. Jewels glinted in the hair, at the neck and on the fingers. Beside her was a young woman of two or three and twenty, likewise *decolleté*, sun-shielded by a strip of stained oilskin. Her eyes, as well as the straight fine nose and the line of the red curve of the not too passionate lips, advertised the closest relationship with the first woman. In the opposite stern-sheet and on the first cross-seat, lolled three men in black trousers and dinner jackets. Their heads were protected by small squares of stained oilskin similar to that which lay across the young woman's shoulders. One, a youngster of eighteen, wore an expression of deepest yearning; the second, half as old again, talked with the daughter; the third, middle-aged and complacent, devoted himself to the mother.

Amidships, on the bottom alongside the centreboard case, sat two dark-eyed women, as evidently maids as their nationality was, respectively, the one Spanish and the other Italian. On the other side of the centreboard, very straight-backed and erect, was an unmistakable English valet, with gaze always set on the middle-aged gentleman to anticipate any want or order. For'ard of the centreboard and just aft the cast-step, crouched two hard-featured Chinese, both with broken heads

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is one of the last stories that Jack London wrote. His recent death was a sore blow, for London had become a great force in contemporary literature. As a writer of sea stories he was at his best and in "The Captain of the Susan Drew," he tells a typical London story with all his characteristic vigor, frankness and truth. It is an unusual story, despite the fact that it deals with castaways, one of the oldest themes of fiction-writers. Only—this time they do not land on a lonely island and there is a denouement that is new and startling.*



Jack London, whose early death was a distinct loss to literature.

swathed in bloody sweat-cloths, both clad in dungaree garments, grimed and blackened with oil and coaldust.

WHEN it is considered that hundreds of weary sea-leagues intervened between the open boat and the nearest land, the inappropriateness of costume of half of its occupants may be appreciated.

"Well, brother Willie, what would you rather have or go swimming?" teased the young woman.

"A cigarette, if Harrison weren't such a pincher," the youth answered bitterly.

"I've only four left," Harrison said. "You've smoked the whole case. I've had only two."

Temple Harrison was a joker. He winked privily at Patty Gifford, drew a curved silver case from his hip pocket, and carefully counted the four cigarettes. Willie Gifford watched with so ferocious an infatuation that his sister cried out:

"B-r-r! Stop it! You make me shiver. You look positively cannibalistic."

"That's all right for you," was the brother's retort. "You don't know what tobacco means, or you'd look cannibalistic yourself. You will, anyway," he concluded ominously, "after a couple of days more. I noticed you weren't a bit shy of taking a bigger cup of water than the rest when Harrison passed it around. I wasn't asleep."

Patty flushed guiltily.

"It was only a sip," she pleaded.

Harrison took out one cigarette, handed it over, and snapped the case shut.

"Blackmailer!" he hissed.

But Willie Gifford was oblivious. Already, with trembling fingers, he had lighted a match and was drawing the first inhalation deep into his lungs. On his face was a vacuous ecstasy.

"Everything will come out alright," Mrs. Gifford was saying to Sedley Brown, who sat opposite her in the sternsheets.

"Certainly, after the miracle of last night, being saved by some passing ship is the merest bagatelle!" he agreed. "It was a miracle. I can not understand now how our party remained intact and got away in the one boat. And if it hadn't been for the purser, Peyton wouldn't have been saved, nor your maids."

"Nor would we, if it hadn't been for dear, brave Captain Ashley," Mrs. Gifford took up. "It was he, and the first officer."

"They were heroes," Sedley Brown praised warmly. "But still, there could have been so few saved, I don't see."

"I don't see why you don't see, with you and mother the heaviest stockholders in the line," Willie Gifford dashed in. "Why shouldn't they have made a special effort? It was up to them."

Temple Harrison smiled to himself. Between them, Mrs. Gifford and Sedley Brown owned the majority of the stock of the Asiatic Mail—the flourishing steamship line that old Silas Gifford had built for the purpose of feeding his railroad with through freight from China and Japan. Mrs. Gifford had married his son, Seth, and the stock at the same time.

"I am sure, Willie, we were given no unfair consideration," Mrs. Gifford reproved. "Of course, shipwrecks are attended by confusion and disorder, and strong measures are necessary to stay a panic. We were fortunate, that is all."

"I wasn't asleep," Willie replied. "And all I've got to say is, it's up to you to make the board of directors promote Captain Ashley to be Commodore; that is, if he ain't dead and gone, which I guess he is."

"As I was saying," Mrs. Gifford addressed Sedley Brown, "the worst is past. It is scarcely a matter of hardship ere we shall be rescued. The weather is delightful, and the nights are not the slightest bit chilly. Depend upon it, Willie, Captain Ashley shall not be forgotten, nor the first officer, and purser, nor—" here she turned with a smile to the quartermaster—"nor shall Gronwold go unrewarded."

"A penny for your thoughts," Patty challenged Harrison several minutes later.

He started and looked at her, shook off

his absentmindedness with a laugh, and declined the offer.

FOR HE had been revisioning the horrors of less than twenty-four hours before. It had happened at dinner. The crash of collision had come just as coffee was being served. Yes, there had been confusion and disorder, if so could be termed the madness of a thousand souls in the face of imminent death. He saw again the silk-gowned Chinese table stewards join in the jam at the foot of the stairway, where blows were being struck and women and children trampled. He remembered, as his own party led by Captain Ashley worked its devious way up from deck to deck, seeing the white officers, engineers, and quartermasters buckling on their revolvers as they ran to their positions. Nor would he ever forget the eruption from the bowels of the great ship of the hundreds of Chinese stokers and timers, nor the half a thousand terrified steerage passengers—Chinese, Japanese and Koreans, coolies and land-creatures of all, stark mad and frantic in desire to live.

Not all the deaths would be due to drowning, he thought grimly, as he recollected the crack of revolvers and the sharp barking of automatic pistols, the thuds of clubs and boat-stretchers on heads, and the grunts of men going down under the silent thrusts of sheath-knives.

Mrs. Gifford might believe what she wished to believe; but he, for one, was deeply grateful to his lucky star that had made him a member of the only party of passengers that had been shown any consideration. Consideration! He could still see the protesting English duke flung neck and crop from the boat deck to the raging steerage, fighting up the ladders. And there was number four boat, launched by inexperienced hands, spilling its passengers into the sea and hanging perpendicularly in the davits. The white sailors who belonged to it and should have launched it, had been impressed by Captain Ashley. Then, there

was the American Consul-General to Siam—that was just before the electric lights went out—with wife, nurses, and children, shouting his official importance in Captain Ashley's face and being directed to number four boat hanging on end.

Yes, Captain Ashley surely deserved the commodoreship of the Asiatic Mail—if he lived. But that he survived, Temple Harrison could not believe. He remembered the outburst of battle—an advertisement that the boat deck had been carried—that came just as their boat was lowering away. Of its crew, only Gronwold, with a broken head, was in it. The rest did not slide down the falls, as was intended. Doubtlessly they had gone down before the rush of the Asiatics; and so had Captain Ashley, though first he had cut the falls and shouted down to them to shove clear for their lives.

And they had, with a will, shoved

clear. Harrison recalled how he had pressed the end of an oar against the steel side of the *Mingalia* and afterward rowed insanely to the accompaniment of leaping bodies falling into the sea astern. And when well clear he remembered how Gronwold had suddenly stood up and laid about with the heavy tiller overside, until Patty made him desist. Mutely taking the rains of blows on their heads and clinging steadfastly to the gunwale, were the two Chinese stokers who now crouched for'ard by the mast. No, Willie Gifford had not been asleep. He, too, had pressed an oar-blade against the *Mingalia's* side and rowed blisters into his soft hands. But Mrs. Gifford was right.

II.

DAYBREAK found the boat rolling on a silken sea. Half the night had been dead calm. The big spritsail had democratically covered coolies, servants, and masters. It was now thrown aside, and Harrison began doling out half-cups of water. Willie smoking another of the precious cigarettes, looked studiously away when a sip more than the others received was poured for his sister.

A screeched "San-to Cristo!" from Mercedes Martine, Patty's maid, startled them. Harrison nearly spilled the water he was passing to Sedley Brown. The two Chinese had set up an excited chatter. Peyton was turning his head stiffly to see what all quickly saw; a large, yacht-like schooner, with an enormous spread of canvas, becalmed half a mile away. The Chinese were the first to get oars over the side. Peyton delayed, until ordered by Sedley Brown.

"Now, Willie, row—we're saved!" Patty cried.

"Nothing to stop me from getting my drink of water first," replied that imperturbable youth, addressing himself to the forgotten water-bearer and drinking cupful after cupful.

AS THE boat drew near the schooner, they saw several faces peering at them over the rail in the waist of the ship.



There had been confusion and disorder following the sudden crash.

On the poop a large, heavy-shouldered man smoked a blackened pipe and surveyed them stolidly.

Sedley Brown did not know the etiquette of being rescued at sea from an open boat; but he felt that this, somehow, was not the way. It was embarrassing. He resolved to make an effort.

"Good morning," he said politely.

"Good morning," growled the big man in a vast, husky voice that seemed to proceed from a scorched throat, and that caused Mercedes and Matilada to cross themselves. "What luck?"

"Finest in the world," Sedley Brown replied. "We're saved."

"Aw, hell!" was the surprising comment. "I thought you was out fishing."

This was too much for Sedley Brown, who retired from the negotiations.

"We're the sole survivors of the *Mingalia*, sunk in collision night before last," Willie cried out.

"I suppose I'll have to let you come aboard," came the coffee-grinder voice. "Harkins!—throw 'em a line there!"

"You don't seem a bit glad to see us," Mrs. Gifford said airily, as she stepped on deck from the rail.

"I ain't, madam, not a damn bit," was the reply of the strange skipper.

III.

MRS. GIFFORD came up the companion ladder from the stifling cabin, looked vainly about for a deck chair, and collapsed against the low side of the cabin house. Her handsome black eyes were flashing.

"It's atrocious!" she cried. "It is not to be endured. He is an insulting brute. Anything—the open boat—is better than this horrible creature. And it isn't as if he didn't know better. He does it deliberately. It is his way of showing we are not welcome."

"What has he done now?" Patty Gifford asked, from where she stood with Harrison in the shade of the mainsail.

There was no awning, and the pitch oozed from the sizzling deck. From below came the mild protesting accents of Sedley Brown, and squeals and Ave Maria's from the maids.

"Done!" Mrs. Gifford exclaimed. "He has insisted on putting Mr. Brown and me into the same stateroom. They're awful little cubby-holes; no ventilation, no conveniences—"

She ceased abruptly as Captain Decker emerged from the companionway and approached her. Patty shuddered and drew closer to Harrison; for the skipper's brown eyes were a-smoulder.

"You must excuse me, Madam," he rumbled at Mrs. Gifford. "How was I to know? I thought you and the gentleman below was married. But it's all right." His face beamed with a labored benevolence. "I tell you, it's all right. I can splice the two of you legal any time, such bein' a captain's authority on the high seas."

"Go away, go away," Mrs. Gifford moaned.

Captain Decker fixed his terrible eyes yearningly on Patty and Harrison.

"I've pulled teeth," the skipper began, voluminously husky, "and I've buried corpses, and, once I sawed off a man's leg; but damn me if I've spliced a couple yet! Now, how about the two of you?"

Patty and Harrison shrank instantly apart.

"It might make things more convenient down below," the other was urging when Sedley Brown arrived on deck.

Him the captain immediately addressed. "Hey, you; don't you want to get married? I can do it."

Sedley Brown looked involuntarily at Mrs. Gifford and gasped in astonishment.

"No; bless me, no; of course not; certainly not!" he declined with embarrassed haste.

CAPTAIN DECKER'S disappointment was manifest in his coffee-grinder throat.

"All right, my bully. May be you ain't seen the cook yet. I won't say he's clean, but I will say he's a Chinaman. You'll bunk with him." He turned upon Harrison. "You still got a chance. Say the word and I'll tie you up to the girl tighter an' all hell."

"And if I don't?" Harrison demanded.

"Why you'll bunk with—"

At that moment the cabin boy, a grinning, turbaned, moustached Lascar, passed aft along the poop.

"With the cabin boy—that's him," the skipper completed the sentence.

"Then I'll bunk with the cabin boy," Harrison decided.

"Suit yourself," Captain Decker strode to the companionway and shouted down. "Where's that mate? . . . Asleep, hey? Rout him out. Tell him I want him. . . ."

Jump! you black devil, you! Jump!" He turned about to the survivors of the *Mingalia*. "Now, here's the sleepin' arrangements. Down below there's six rooms; two starboard, two port, two after under the deck. You two women'll bunk in number one port; the two dago girls in number two port; the cook and his nibs here in port after-room—"

"I shall not sleep there," Sedley Brown announced. "I shall sleep on the cabin floor."

"You'll sleep where I tell you to!" Captain Decker roared. "Who asked you aboard the *Susan Drew*? I didn't. You'll sleep with the Chink, or I'll know the reason why, or my name ain't Bill Decker. That servant of yours'll sleep on the cabin floor." He now addressed Harrison. "You will bunk with the cabin boy in the starboard after-room— Where's that mate?"

A MOST forbidding individual came up through the companion. He was as large as the skipper and as heavily built. Swarthy skinned and high-cheeked, his features were distinctly Mongoloid, despite cut lips, lacerated ears, a blackened eye, and a monstrously swollen nose. He was perplexed, stupid, and in very evident fear of the captain.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the mate of the *Susan Drew*. He was a beauty once upon a time. He was some man before he run foul of me, which was only yesterday. Look at 'm now. Flat-Nose Russ is his name. An' take it from me that nose was flat before I landed on it. Flat-Nose, you got to take a bunk mate. Where's that young whelp?"

Captain Decker turned and glared at Willie Gifford sauntering aft from the break of the poop, a brown-paper cigarette carelessly stuck to his lower lip.

"Here, you!"

Willie stopped short.

"Take that cigarette out of your mouth when I talk to you!" the skipper bellowed.

Willie hesitated, the skipper sprang to-

ward him, and Mrs. Gifford screamed. The cigarette came out with dispatch, and Captain Decker turned on Mrs. Gifford.

"Madam, is there any reason why you and his nibs oughtn't to be married?"

Mrs. Gifford disdained reply.

"Is there any reason you ought?"

She looked appealingly to Patty, who came to her side. The captain returned to Willie.

"That's right, youngster. Learn to take orders. You see that handsome man by the companionway? That's Flat-Nose. And that's what I do to them I don't love. Throw that cigarette over the side—that's right—and smoke no more of 'em. Take a pipe if you want to smoke like a man. Now, you and Flat-Nose are going to bunk together. Flat-Nose, you're responsible for 'm. If he cuts up any didoes, spank him."

Captain Decker strode the length of the poop and back, studied the cloud-driftage crossing the sky from the north-west, debated a moment, then remarked to the company in general:

"It's mighty hot on this deck. Now, if by chance anybody might want to get married, I guess I could manage to rig up some sort of an awning."

IV.

BELOW, they sat in anxious council. A week had passed, in which everybody had been bullied and variously insulted, while Willie had been rope's-ended twice for smoking cigarettes and then turned to at holystoning the poop and scrubbing the paint-work. Mrs. Gifford and Patty sat at the cabin table, their shoulders and arms at last covered by extemporized shirts of cotton drill. The *Susan Drew* was in violent motion. The surge and gurgle of the water could be heard through her thin sides, and by her long lifts and lunges it was apparent that she was winged out and running before a stiff breeze.

"He is going to Hawaii," Sedley Brown was reporting to Mrs. Gifford. "I charged him with it to his face—told him it must be so, judging by the course he was steering."

"And it is only six days by our steamers from Honolulu to San Francisco," Patty cried joyously.

"But he refuses to land us," Sedley Brown went on. "He gives us no reason. He merely reiterates that we'll neither see hair or hide of the island any more than he will. I can't make out his vessel. There is something wrong about her. But what?"

"Begging your pardon, sir," the valet spoke up, "but I know what. This ship is a smuggler, sir."

"Nonsense, Peyton," Mrs. Gifford reproved sharply. "That's just your imagination. The age of smuggling is past, except among passengers from Europe landing in New York."

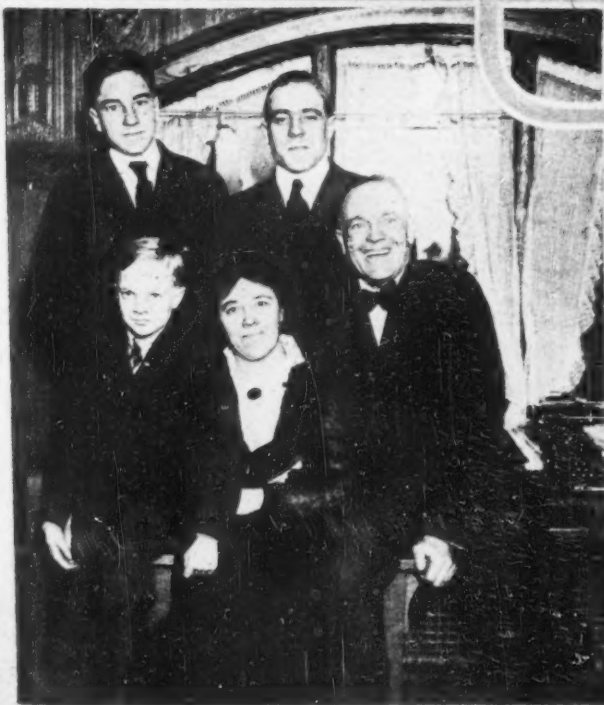
"What could he smuggle?" Patty asked.

"Opium, Miss, begging your pardon," the valet replied.

"By George, that's right!" Harrison smote his leg, loudly. "The new tariff law's been in effect over a year now. Opium is way up. I remember reading about it six months ago in the San Francisco papers."

"But what will we do if he is a smuggler

Continued on page 87.



Left: A "close up," Billy Sunday's latest Right: Billy Sunday, Mrs. Sunday and their three boys.

What I Think of Canada

By Billy Sunday

EDITOR'S NOTE.—About the time that the famous evangelist descended on New York and proceeded to take Gotham along the Sawdust Trail, the editor wrote to Mr. Sunday suggesting that he prepare something for MACLEAN's on "What I think of Canada." Mr. Sunday, although one of the busiest men in Uncle Sam's land, has complied. His message is brief, but right from the heart. It is characteristic in every sense. Read it.



Billy Sunday in action. This is a typical photograph.

I OFTEN speak of Canada as "Our Sister of the North." That is not a mere figure of speech with me. I mean it.

Canada has been our next-door neighbor since first we set up housekeeping here. For all those years our front lawn has joined up with yours for a matter of three thousand miles and there has never been a fort nor a fence between. We have swapped things back and forth; our wives have borrowed and lent; when we got into a family scrap in the Sixties, two or three regiments of you came



He still loves the American national game.



In order to perform so energetically in the pulpit, it is necessary to keep "fit." The evangelist has regular hours with a trainer.

over and helped us settle it; we've sent a big regiment over to help you in your present fight. And now Uncle Sam has taken off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, hitched his belt up a notch or two and is going to pitch in and help you in dead earnest. Thank God that I have lived to see the American Stars and Stripes, the red cross of Britain and the tri-color of France waving from the same staff in all the streets of New York city, and everywhere in this country and in the countries of our common allies.

I know a little about the people of Canada. I have spoken in Toronto, Vancouver and Victoria. I can say without flattery or any mental reservation whatsoever that I like you. You're my kind of folks. You're clean living people, with respect for the Sabbath and a veneration for the things of God, and you know how to fight as well as pray. I tell you I don't believe anyone, not even a Canadian, read with more pleasure and pride than I have done, the accounts of Canadian valor on the battlefields of France and on all the seven seas. My blood tingles at your heroism, and so has the blood of every other man who is free and loves liberty.

The loyalty of Canada to the Mother Country in her hour of trial is one of the most magnificent spectacles that men or angels ever looked upon. Your cause is our cause and we are with you to the last ditch.

Putting One Over

A Story of Love and Rivalry on the Links

By W. Hastings Webling

A SMALL man was J. C. Nutley with a pretty fair opinion of himself. In his profession he had achieved some success, was one of Granville's eligible bachelors and, as a golfer, ranked high in local circles, having won the club championship two years in succession, despite strenuous efforts on the part of his most formidable opponent, one Gilbert Balkar.

So successful indeed was he on the links that fortune at length began to pall, and he had been heard to express a very keen desire to meet someone who could extend him. Balkar overheard this, and his sensitive soul received a fresh shock; for down in his heart he cherished a deep desire to get even.

His repeated attempts to this end, however, were all in vain. He was doomed to defeat. His game was alright, so far as it went, but his physical condition was against him. After their last match, Nutley, who had a biting tongue, had jollied him pretty badly, expressing the opinion that if he, Balkar, would rise earlier, eat less and occasionally give his legs an opportunity to exercise the duties for which they were originally designed, possibly he might be able to negotiate the

course without blowing like a grampus and returning in a state of melting collapse.

The direct force of the above will be more easily understood if the reader realizes that whereas Mr. Nutley was built as we have inferred, on the miniature plan—lean, lithe and active—a firm believer in eternal fitness, Mr. Balkar, per contra, weighed well over two hundred pounds, was inclined to self indulgence and had a very decided objection to physical exertion of any kind, with the one exception of golf. This, it might be remarked, he had only taken up after the repeated solicitations of his anxious mother, backed by Dr. Pilgrim, the family physician. Much to his surprise, he grew to quite fancy himself on the links and to play a fairly passable game. Besides which, Balkar found it put in the afternoon more or less pleasantly, improved his appetite and gave him a thirst that was simply invaluable.

"Blamed little shrimp!" growled Balkar afterwards, reflecting on the personalities of his late opponent. "I'll get his goat yet, one way or the other, believe me!" He also thought of the many withering things

he might have said, if they had only occurred at the psychological moment. But alas, Balkar's brain, like his body, moved slowly. And Nutley was like a pesky mosquito; he stung and buzzed away prepared to sting another day.

BALKER spent considerable time in his den at night, cogitating over schemes to discomfit or otherwise destroy the self-complacency of the elusive Nutley, but in vain. Not being an imaginative man, ideas did not come to him readily; indeed, to be absolutely veracious, our friend suffered somewhat from fatty degeneration of the mind. He smoked endless pipes over this problem, assisted by sundry Scotchies, but the more he thought, the more hopelessly bunkered he became mentally.

It was during the course of these weary efforts that the privacy of his sanctum was invaded one evening by his devoted mother, who rarely disturbed him and only on very special occasions.

"Why, Gilbert, dear," she exclaimed solicitously. "You looked worried about something. Don't you feel well?" It was his fond parent's pet theory that her

only son was very delicately constituted and required the greatest care and attention to protect him against possible breakdown.

"I'm alright, mother," grunted Gilbert. "Sure it isn't your liver, dear?"

"No, no, my liver's alright. What's the trouble? Cook given notice again?"

This as a rule was the only tragedy that disturbed their serene existence, that and the increased cost of porterhouse steaks, for which Gilbert had a very decided weakness.

"Such delightful news," babbled the good-natured Mrs. Balker. "You've heard me speak of Cousin Beth Milliken? She married a clergyman and went to live in England—very nice man indeed, but had a weak chest, you know. Well, their daughter is over here on a visit. Just think of Beth having a daughter old enough to travel alone, and," concluded Mrs. Balker radiantly, "she is coming to stay with us and will be here Thursday."

If Gilbert Balker felt any particular enthusiasm at the prospect of assisting in the entertainment of a half-fledged young English girl, he succeeded admirably in disguising it. However, Mrs. Balker was so wrapped up in plans for the future that she was entirely oblivious of her son's feelings. "It would be such an excellent thing for Gilbert," she decided. "Give him some new interest in life. Possibly, who knows, he might take a fancy to Beth's daughter."

WELL, the eventful day arrived, and with it Miss Millicent Fellowes, who appeared with much luggage, and a very business-like looking golf bag.

"Gee," groaned Gilbert, as he watched the arrival, concealed behind the bedroom curtain, "she's come to stay, alright, alright, and plays golf, dammit." Visions of escorting a novice round the links was more than Gilbert could stand. He took a hurried tub, and made his way to the club at a most unusual hour for him.

It was late in the day when he returned, and he made a bee line for his own room, to put off the evil hour of meeting as long as possible. But, on ascending the stairs, he nearly collided with a tall, good-looking girl, who smiled on his evident embarrassment with frank, humorous blue eyes.

"Are you Cousin Gilbert?" she exclaimed. "I'm Milly Fellowes, and have been waiting all day to meet you. Hope I didn't frighten you away."

"Awfully sorry. Busy in the city, you know—er—glad to meet you. Pardon, must hurry and dress for dinner."

"Righto, Cousin Gilbert. Don't be long. I'm dreadfully keen to know more of my—second cousin once removed," laughed the young lady merrily.

"Certainly—quite so—join you presently." Gilbert retired in evident disorder.

At dinner he sat opposite to Millicent, and from occasional furtive glances, he decided she looked rather nice and fairly easy to get on with. He even suggested taking her out to the links in the morning. He mentioned morning advisedly; there was not likely to be any one around. It would be a good time to try her out before committing himself too far.

THE RESULT of the match was rather disastrous to his *amour propre*. Miss Fellowes simply swept the green with him. She played a different brand of golf to any he had ever seen exhibited

by a mere woman. It was distinctly annoying, yea, it was soul disturbing, and severely wounded his masculine pride. "Thunder!" he muttered to himself, wiping the perspiration from his heated brow. "Beaten six up and four to play by a chit of a girl. Incredible!"

"Forty-four out and forty-five in," remarked Milly, checking up her score. "A bit off to-day—need practice."

"Practice!" bleated Gilbert. "What in time do you want to practice for? What do you expect?"

"Oh, on an easy course like this, one ought to get in under the eighties, don't you think? You can, of course, Cousin Gilbert, when you're on."

"I never made an 80 in my life and never expect to. Nutley's the only man in the club who has beaten 80, and he fluked a lucky two at the tenth. Eureka!" exclaimed Gilbert suddenly. "I've got it."

"Got what?" cried his startled companion.

"I've got an idea at last."

"Good. Hang on to it, dear boy, unless you want to share it with your little coz."

"I do—I will," responded Gilbert promptly. "And I want you to help me out. To put one over."

"Put one over! That sounds splendid, but what precisely does it mean?"

"Why, put up a job on a chap. I've had it in for him for months. Never could get the right idea. He's always joshing me about something, and I want to get back at him, see?"

"I begin to, but how can I help?"

"Haven't worked out the details yet. Got to take time and figure them out quietly at home. But you'll see me through, won't you?"

"Rather!" And they shook hands solemnly on the deal.

"Say, you're alright, little cousin," exclaimed Gilbert gratefully. "We're going to hit it off in great shape." He continued to hold her small hand in his till, catching a glint of amusement in her deep blue eyes, he dropped it abruptly and, flushing a fiery red, excused himself and made hasty tracks for the locker room.

GILBERT worked hard on his scheme. With the details mapped out he waited an opportunity to spring it on the unsuspecting Nutley. It was not long in arriving.

"Hello, my fat friend," greeted Nutley, as they met a day or so after. "What's this I hear? Playing with the girls now?"

"Yes," flushed the easily rattled Gilbert. "My cousin, Miss Fellowes, from England. And, judging from the little I've seen of her play, think she could about eat a little man like you as an appetizer."

"What! The giddy Gilbert indulging in repartee! But on the level, did she trim you very badly? Come now, fess up. Did Lovely Cousin beat the Beefy Balker? Wonders will never cease."

"Yes, she did," snapped Gilbert heatedly. "And what's more, I'll bet the dinners for as many as you like, she'll beat you. Why, say, she'll get your goat before you finish the first nine."

"Really!" drawled Nutley. "Dear, dear! Likewise, tut, tut! What an exalted opinion we have of our little cousin so soon. Has Cupid's dart already penetrated the susceptible heart of my old college chum?"

"Can that stuff, Nutley, and talk business. Are you on?"

"On? Rather, dear old sportsman. I admire your nerve, even if it is inspired by beauty, and we can always rely on your dinners. Like the bootblack, it's where you shine."

"You'll shine when the waiter hands you the check," retorted Gilbert. "Now, when shall it be?"

"The sooner, the better. Make it tomorrow afternoon. I'll leave ordering the dinner to you. Spare no expense. The honor will be yours."

Gilbert returned home, his florid face flushed with excitement.

"I've got him," he confided to Milly, who was alone at the time. "He swallowed the bait, hook, rod and basket. We'll serve him on toast for a fish course to-morrow night."

"Well, you can rely on me to do my best," smiled Milly, after hearing the full details. "But supposing I lose?"

"Lose? Why you can beat that gink on one leg—I mean," stammered Gilbert, "on one foot. Say, you'll make him look like a farmer. We're going to have one great night and Nutley foots the bill, eh, what!"

IT IS not necessary to describe the match, which, by the way, caused quite a little flutter of excitement. There was not much to it, and to the evident enjoyment of all, Milly took the redoubtable little Nutley into camp by a very comfortable margin. Balker simply bubbled over with excitement. He pressed Milly's hand in both of his, his rather bulging eyes beaming unutterable things.

As for J. C. Nutley, he took his defeat mighty well, considering, and after a most excellent dinner, made a neat little speech, proposing the health of the guest of honor, Miss Millicent Fellowes, which rather affected Balker's happiness, he being a man of few words, and those difficult to express on public occasions.

There was a dance afterwards, and possibly the best performers in the room were Miss Fellowes and Mr. Nutley. Indeed, before the evening was over, it was apparent to the most casual observer that J. C. was in probable danger of being a victim for the second time to the fascinating Miss Fellowes, and viewed his fate with entire equanimity.

A FEW days elapsed before Gilbert had the longed-for opportunity of meeting Nutley alone. He had long deliberated over the many scathing remarks he intended addressing to that volatile gentleman, the severity of which had been losing none of its sting from the way Nutley had gradually usurped Gilbert's place as Milly's partner on the links—and elsewhere.

At last they found themselves the sole occupants of the club smoke room.

"Hello," greeted Nutley, looking up from a magazine, as Balker entered. "Where has Mama's little invalid been lately—taking a rest cure?"

"Haw, still feeling a bit sore over your licking? Put one over you that time, eh, what," grinned Gilbert, with infinite relish.

"Forget it, Gil, old chap. You fixed me alright, but believe me, I'm most everlastingly grateful to you. Touch the bell like a good chap. I was just hoping you would drop in. I want to celebrate like the deuce."

"Celebrate? What in thunder for?"

Continued on page 93.



Again and again, the huge, powerful head, weaving back and forth with uncanny rapidity, hurled them aside.

The Outlaw Boar

By Clark E. Locke

Illustrated by Arthur Heming

IT WAS at that hour on a summer afternoon when the oblique rays of the sun strike hottest, and the rocky islets and shores of Georgian Bay, circled by clear water, appeared warped and twisted in the heat haze like great convolutions of black India rubber. The sky was brazen; the water lay, a vitreous sheet of pale green glass, and the stunted pine trees on the shore drooped as if even their hardy weatherwise forms were about to shrivel into flames at a moment's notice.

In a little bottle-necked inlet a quarter of a mile in diameter, the humidity was intensified. It was as if some gigantic unseen hand were holding up a huge lens to concentrate the burning rays in this particular quarter. The whole place palpitated and shimmered with the heat of the tropics. There was no sound at this hour of the day. The last vagrant gull had followed the creek channel far inland, and the querulous notes of the earlier hours were hushed. A pile of drying clamshells on a muddy shoal showed where an industrious muskrat had given

over his task until a cooler season, and the chorus of the frogs in a reedbed had waned into a bronchial murmur. But to one creature at least was the day well-tempered, and the heat pleasing.

A slight crackling occurred in a mass of dried branches, and with a faint rasping of scaly armor along the rocks, a large female rattlesnake of the diamond-back variety, lengthened down from boulder to boulder, and made for the water's edge. The creature was gorged and unwieldy, and plainly travelling through new territory, but even so, wormed along cracks and crevices with marvellous ease. Coming upon a flat table formation, the height of three inches above the brink, she coiled in an attitude of wariness. From side to side the flat, evil-looking head swayed slowly, and the steady, unwinking bead eyes studied the slightest movement in the neighborhood. Apparently satisfied, the head was lowered and immediately the place was peopled with a dozen new

inhabitants. The monstrous jaws opened as if with a spring, a faint, sibilant hiss was heard, and forth from the interior issued a mass of tiny, wriggling serpents, gliding vigorously about and exploring a new habitation. Coiled again, and poising motionless as the limb of a deadfall, maternity watched for the slightest flicker of danger from sea or land. Gradually her caution relaxed as minutes passed, and, coil falling from coil, the heavy rope-like body straightened out, and the whole reptilian family basked in the sunshine.

Five minutes later a scrape was heard on the rocks, followed by the sound of an animal coming to water. In a moment the wriggling midgets had disappeared in the family cupboard, the rattler had coiled into position, and the warning buzzed forth on the quiet air. Around the corner came the intruder, and eyes of mutual distrust crossed on the instant, for surely a stranger pair had not met in the wilderness for years.

It was a huge black boar, maddened with heat and lathered in foam, which

came hastening gingerly across the rocks towards the brink. Sighting the bulk of the coiled adversary in the path, he halted. Suddenly his eyes reddened and his jaws began to champ. Trotting with the peculiar sideswing of the fighting hog he advanced to within a yard's length, and then lunged. At the same moment the serpent struck. Neither blow drove home however. The side sweep of the boar shot him over the reptile, the fangs of which in turn missed by a hairbreadth. In a moment the snake lashed back on a half-coil and the fangs struck in the rough bristled mane of the assailant. The advantage was only momentary as the great jaws of the hog champed like a vise about his middle, and in a moment the vertebra had snapped beneath the grind. The finish was a matter of moments. Infuriated at the interruption, the victor mauled and mutilated the crippled prey into the semblance of a bloody rag, and then with head and shoulders spattered in gore, rushed into the mudflat and wallowed in the murk with great gasps and gurgles of relief. When the sun crawled down to the west, an hour later, he clambered out of the bath, shook himself like a dog on the bank, and turning his massive head inland, trotted briskly into the bushes.

WHEN in the spring of 1913, the Twin Sister Islands of the Point Au Baril region of the Georgian Bay was learned to be harboring innumerable rattlesnakes, and when Cyrus J. McShane of Pittsburgh, who had contemplated coming up in July to erect an eight thousand dollar summer bungalow, heard of the fact, there were many unconventional messages transmitted along wires through sleepy little Canadian towns. Yawning, red-haired operators straightened up with a grin as the contents buzzed into their ears for transmission. When these contents reached their destined party, one Tom Barton, trapper, fisherman, summer janitor and general factotum, there was excitement in the village. The fact was that few people had any idea as to means of getting rid of the plague, and those who did have their own opinions did not believe in them strongly enough to put them to the test. Had there not always been snakes in the district? Moreover, the rattlers in question had never been proved deadly. Naturalists had pretty well agreed that the further north the habitat of a poisonous biter the less dangerous the venom really was. But no one was willing to experiment; one couldn't tell what would happen. In the meantime the wires continued, each one increasing if possible the abusive asperity of the last.

It was an old woman who finally gave a workable suggestion. "I have heard," she said cautiously, "that hawks will kill snakes. In fact some folks says as it was hawks, and no saint, that cleaned up Ireland, and killed and ate every blessed varmint in the place."

"Shall I try hogs?" telegraphed Barton in desperation to Pittsburgh.

"Try anything on earth. Buy a carload if necessary," came the choleric reply.

Thus it came about that fifteen ill-nourished grunters, gathered up at popular prices from neighboring farmers, found a habitation for the summer on the Twin Sisters. Thereupon the rattlers disappeared with marvellous rapidity. No man saw the process of extermination, but it was none the less thorough. When Mc-

Shane ran up in the fall to see the drove gathered in, not a trace of a serpent was found on the place, and the porkers had waxed fat. In the last count, however, one was missing. A promising young boar, remarked upon for his size and strength, could not be found, and the party returned, believing that the animal had come to an end in some way in the woods.

BUT this was by no means the case. As a matter of fact he had made a burst for liberty, and had attained it, unknown to his pursuers. When the drivers had landed on the island and the drove had rushed headlong through the narrows to the pen the taste of liberty which the black pig had enjoyed, spurred him to escape to the distant shores. He had plunged in, and his black, glistening shape, ploughing through the half mile of water, had been missed in the skirmish of the last exciting round-up.

There are days of emancipation in the lives of animals as in those of human beings. The escape of a Barb steed into an American wilderness, or of a circus-trained leopard into a strip of country woodland, is as much an unshackling of elemental forces as the plunge of the old time *courier-du-bois* into the aboriginal freedom of the back woods. So it was with the black boar of the Sister Islands. From the day of the round-up he was one with the creatures of the wild. He was, moreover, a wanderer and a pariah. For him there was no more guzzling at a trough of man-made swilly provender; no more swinish sprawling in mucky barnyards. But there were acorns to be found and berries in abundance. Even an occasional snake could be snapped up if one were but quick enough. Greatest of all, however, was freedom.

It is a strange reflection on animal nature, as on human nature, that successive generations show the cropping out of ne'er-do-wells. By this time it has become well recognized that the race seems bound to produce wild, restless spirits at intervals,—men who chafe at the bonds of conventionality, whose blood is filled with wanderlust, and whose hunger for adventure and freedom from restraint, fills the hearts of mayhap kindly Christian folk with vague alarm and apprehension. Whether these persons represent a sort of harking back to the earlier days of civilization, or whether they are merely born as "freaks," rebelling at their sociological outfit, there may be drawn a strange parallel with the animal kingdom.

Sometimes a horse is born, bigger and more finely developed than his fellows. Great promise is expected at first, but there develops a wild moodiness of temper that nullifies a burst of speed or turn of strength, and he becomes at once the pride and despair of his trainers. Should he escape to the wilds, such a life expands into a chapter of wonderful and inspiring adventure. Harnessed and confined, his services are disappointing and his life is shortened. Such a creature was this black boar of the north. From the midst of a litter of shoats he had developed into an amazing specimen. Even in the pen, his hide had held a gloss that none others could show. His head and shoulders broadened into a symbol of mighty strength, and such tusks had not been seen in a generation. His temper, too, had always been dangerous; no one dared

set foot inside the palings. Now the day of independence had dawned.

AS the pig clambered up on the shore that day and shook his flanks, his one thought was to put as much distance as possible between himself and the distant shouts and thwackings; so he broke for the interior. Scrambling up rocky defiles he blundered along for a couple of miles, struck into a berry patch, and paused to grub around. In a moment, however, he became aware of another presence among the blueberries. A large black bear, moving stolidly about, had noticed the intrusion and halted to watch. Catching sight of him, the boar, with a flash of rage, ground his fangs and lunged at him. The bear, taken unawares by the charge and the unfamiliar apparition, bolted off up the slope in a panic. With a grunt of anger and a feeling of the utmost satisfaction with himself, the new comer returned to his feast. For an hour he guzzled amid the luxurious growth, and then, in the densest part of the patch, sprawled asleep.

The experience was a critical one in the life of the adventurer. For one thing, it established a wonderful self-confidence, an unwarranted appreciation of his strength and fighting ability. It turned the boar from a creature fleeing the thralldom of man into a lord coming into his own country. Henceforth he feared nothing. When the most threatening black creature would bolt from his presence, surely the wild could hold no terrors for him. Moreover, it established an unwise contempt for the bear, a contempt that would some day be modified. Had he but guessed the crushing strength of those hairy arms, or the fearful constrictive power of his hug, his eyes would have twinkled with more of cunning and perhaps less of triumph.

For three days the berry patch held out, and then hunger demanded new fields. Trotting across the rocky slopes the pig discovered himself possessed of a strange facility, little guessed before. His feet did not slip dangerously on the rocks. It was now four months since the drove had been set at large, and, like the gripping caulks of the mountain deer, so the caulks of his hoofs were becoming adapted, and it was with safety, mounting into ease, that he ran up and down declivities.

His frame, too, had taken on a great strength. Born with head and shoulders of unusual power, these had developed in warrings of the herd until they possessed not only a formidable aspect, but constituted a mighty engine of combat. Great slashing fangs protruded from his jaws and an abundance of coarse-grained mane on his muscle-matted forequarters, defied any minor attacks. Only an enemy big enough to break the neck at a sweeping blow, or wary enough to avoid the shock of that battle-scarred shoulder, could hope to escape a mauling from his tusks. And, now, with his lean razor-back frame pulsating with hunger and, grunting angrily at intervals, the hog coursed along the bay shore on the search for food.

SOMETHING flashed up in his path. The lithe, slender form of a marten leaped straight as a die at his throat, and teeth met in a mighty grip on the heavy bristling hide. In a spasm of impatience the hog turned aside and, kneeling, crushed the little adversary to the rock; at the

same time raking him head to toe with his mandibles. He then tore the carcass to pieces and devoured it. This action marked another milestone in the life of the freebooter. From that day he became kin with the flesh-eaters of the woods. A new exultance thrilled his frame and, as he coursed along with hunger somewhat dulled, the last remaining shreds of his old life fell from him, and he became literally a beast primeval. Coming upon another blueberry patch, he fell to devouring with avidity, grinding down the pulpy fruit with great masses of foliage; but somehow, it lacked the former satisfaction. The blood lust had set its grip upon him.

One still noon hour he stood quietly in the shade of a bush on the shore line, gazing stolidly out across the water. He had risen from an hour's nap, following a morning's foraging. Suddenly a ripple started, and the round head of a mink appeared, bearing in its jaws a large pike. Straight to the shore the fisher came, and laid his prey for a moment on the flat rock, while he shook himself. In that moment the boar sprang from the covert with a grunt, and shot down upon him. The nimble weasel, with a cat-like turn, somersaulted into the water, leaving his catch to be crunched by the assailant. This incident was typical of his life. He was a tyrant and a freebooter. Every creature was an enemy, and if not too large, legitimate prey to rob and feed upon.

OCTOBER had lengthened into November, and the north country was growing bleak and bare. Berries had given out; even the cranberry marshes were becoming denuded, and food was becoming scarcer with the frost of every night. The ragged lines of emigrating geese and ducks were growing smaller every evening and, with the approach of the great white season, the little people of the wild developed unusual wariness. Nothing was to be snapped up now save an occasional water snake, gathered in a rush through the cold marsh water. With winter fast coming on, the plight of the boar was growing serious. His frame became leaner and more attenuated, but continued muscular and powerful. Never had his agility been so remarkable nor his endurance power so great, but the pinch of hunger was becoming too frequent; and, when the snow came, the problem of life promised to take on an aspect of desperation. Already the frost had begun to whiten nightly about the rushes, and the nights themselves were so bitter that even burrowing deep into beds of pine needles did not keep out the cold. It was at this time that the pig wandering far afield in his rounds, came in contact once more with civilization, and the occasion spelt for him a great adventure.

Late one evening as he topped a rise, the pungent smell of woodsmoke filled his nostrils, and the sounds of an axe floated up. He froze into an attitude of watchfulness, even as porkers in a barnyard are observed to do. Below in a little valley, stood a shack. Tom Barton, out for his winter's trapping, was setting things in order for the season. His partner, a half-breed, lounged by the door, peeling potatoes for the evening meal. Suddenly the dog, a nondescript mongrel, set up a shrill yapping, and the man looked up.

"What in Heaven's name is that, Tom?" he cried, in affrighted tones, as he glimps-

ed the huge, misshapen figure on the crest of the hill.

"That," said the woodsman, dropping his axe in astonishment. "Why, that's a wild hog, as I live. Wait a minute." And like a rabbit, he dived into the house after a gun. In a moment he appeared, jamming cartridges in his rifle. Two shots rang out; but they were hasty and the animal was on the move. Turning with a snort of terror, the boar had galloped away in the gloom. But hasty as the shots were, one had touched him, and a red weal was scored along his flank. With more pain and terror than he had known since freedom, he raced along the skyline, and vanished up a ravine.

"That's the boar from the Twin Sisters," said Barton, with conviction to his comrade that evening. "And, my, what a beauty. There's enough meat on him to feed a garrison."

IN the morning they hunted for miles around, but the dog could not catch the scent on the rocks. The terror of man had come once more to the vagrant and he was plunging straight into the wilderness in reckless flight.

It was in this mad, hasty trek that the boar came into second contact with a bear, and the encounter which followed, piled on the occasion of his flight from the cabin, chastened his adventurous spirit. He was trotting slowly across one of the little table-lands which frequently occur along the north shore, when a strong animal odor reached his nostrils. He paused, wagged his great head from side to side, and then, advancing around the jutting rock in quick jerky fashion, came to a sudden stop. A lean she-bear, busied in the exploration of an old stump, had not heard his approach. A grunt, however, and she wheeled about. But this time there was no bolting up the hill in a panic. Instead, red passion flamed into her eyes, and she dropped to attack. The hog at once drove at her, half-rearing after the manner of his kind, and slashing out with his fangs. The bear, however, even under the disadvantage of being taken on the turn, was an old experienced fighter. Sidestepping as lightly as a boxer, she evaded the rush, and delivered a tremendous smash of her forepaw. The blow, glancing slightly, landed on the shoulder of the hog and tore open the mane and hide. Only the marvellous strength of his shoulder withstood the cracking of his bones like pipestems. In a twinkling he was on his feet, and in an excess of fury, launched unexpectedly at her, and dodging another sweep, ripped a flaring gash down her side.

The stump in which the bear had been rooting stood on the edge of a gully with a twelve-foot drop, and the contest was now waging near the edge. The last act was partly accidental but none the less final in its conclusion of the fray. Raging with the pain of her wound, the bear dropped again to all fours and attempted to seize the assailant in a strangling hug. In doing so, however, she was perilously near the brink. Had she once got her grip on the boar, his size and strength would have availed little; but, as it was, the impact of his last charge, sweeping down like a thunderbolt, drove her to the summit of the cliff. Slipping steadily with her claws scoring the rocks, her feet gave way and she thundered down the declivity. A last parting blow, however, spun the boar backwards like a top

and he bowled over and over, coming up with a bang against a boulder. This ended the fight. The combatants, one from the foot of the cliff and one on the plain above, lumbered off sullenly in opposite directions.

AFTER a few days' chase the hunters had given up the pursuit. Since the evening in question not a sign had been seen of the animal, not even a spoor to follow, and it became a jest between the two men as to the trick their imagination had played them. A pig in this district! The thing was absurd. At the same time a solemn contract was entered between them that nothing should be said of the adventure, on arriving back in the village. They were not going to be laughed out of countenance as two superstitious old women.

Nevertheless, a month later, their excitement was stirred threefold. Standing one day on the shore of a marshy bay where he had been setting muskrat traps, Barton found peculiar tracks in the sand. "It can't be deer," he argued. "No deer ever had such splay hoofs. Besides it ain't the way a deer walks. By Gum," he ejaculated, glancing hastily around. "It's that pesky hog again. We'll sure get him this time." And bursting with the news he hastened back to camp.

BACK two miles from the trapper's shack, lay a lumber camp. Twenty men had already arrived, and cutting operations were about to begin. Early in the dark hours of the second morning, Sandy, the cook, was aroused by the sound of grunting and rummaging in the garbage pile at the rear. Shortly, too, Caesar, an old hound in the men's quarters, set up a baying. Throwing up his window the cook peered out, and in the faint grey light, detected a large peculiar-shaped creature lumbering off through the clearing. The boar, driven to desperate straits, had come down to forage for garbage.

"Holy saints in Heaven, what was that?" ejaculated the cook, straining his eyes in the dim light. "Looks like a small buffalo or a new kind of bear." It was too cold, however, to do much speculating in the night air, so at the breakfast tables the chopping gang heard highly embellished details of the occurrence, and with the scepticism of the backwoodsman, laughed at Sandy's story as a huge joke specially prepared for their delectation.

Now, Cyrus J. McShane, of Pittsburgh, cheated of his summer's outing on the Twin Sisters, and mightily peeved at the circumstances, had determined in lieu of it, to take a few weeks of northern winter, following out an old ambition of securing some wolf pelts. Acting on the advice of Barton he arranged to put in three weeks at the lumber camp, and was bringing with him two Russian wolfhounds of celebrated pedigree. It happens that he, with a whole outfit of baggage and a small armory of weapons, arrived in camp on the very day of Sandy's story. He was a full-faced man with a keen love of outdoor life and a keen ear for a good story.

"That sounds good to me," he declared, laughing heartily at the excitement of the cook, as he told again his oft-repeated tale of the nocturnal visitor. "Tige and Nero are the very boys for such a job. Just the thing to key them up for a good wolf chase. We'll have a run in the morning."

Continued on page 90.



Jeff Thorpe, barber-capitalist.

Sunshine in Mariposa

A Play in Four Acts

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Small Town," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys



Slyde, one of the villains of the piece.

ACT III.—Continued.

[Enter ANDY.]

[ANDY is heard groping his way and calling.]

ANDY.—Is any one there? (Calling up the stairs.) Norah! bring a light—I can't see.

VOICE OF NORAH.—I'm coming, Andy. Any one hurt? What is it?

ANDY.—I don't know. (Striking a match and lighting the lamp.) Ben! (GILLIS groans.)

ANDY.—Norah, it's Ben Gillis. He's shot!

[Enter NORAH, hurriedly dressed, a light in her hand—she puts it on the table.]

NORAH.—Oh, Andy, they've killed him—he's dying! Who's done it?

ANDY.—I don't know. I can't understand. (Bending over GILLIS, who has opened his eyes.) He's not dead!

[GILLIS groans.]

NORAH.—Andy, his wife, bring his wife!

ANDY.—Where is she?

NORAH.—Here—up-stairs—call to her—she stayed here to-night—they'd had words about his drinking—and she wouldn't go home to him—and, now he's dying—Oh, Andy—call to her—call to her to come. (Sobs.)

ANDY (at the door).—Mrs. Gillis! Are you there? Come down quick.

MRS. GILLIS' VOICE.—I heard, I'm coming. Is some one hurt? Andy, what is it?

ANDY.—It's Ben. Come quick!

[Enter MRS. GILLIS, hurriedly dressed, a shawl about her shoulders—she enters, sees GILLIS against the wall and runs over to him—her arm about his neck.]

MRS. GILLIS.—Ben! Ben! My man Ben! What have they done to you?

GILLIS.—Water!

MRS. GILLIS.—Norah, quick, a glass—of water—there, dear heart, drink it—and speak to me—speak to me.

GILLIS (trying to speak). . . . (His voice is too low to hear.)

MRS. GILLIS (bending down to him).—Yes, yes, Ben—tell me—

GILLIS (faintly).—The money . . . Thorpe's money . . . the bank . . . robbers . . . ah!

MRS. GILLIS.—Quick! He's fainting. Norah, the brandy!

NORAH (getting a glass from the table).—Here, Mrs. Gillis, here!

[They press a glass of brandy to GILLIS' lips. He draws himself up with a convulsive effort to a sitting position—his eyes are wide and glazed—there is death in his face—then with a great voice he says.]

GILLIS.—I'm Gillis—Ben Gillis—Nova Scotia fisher folk—honest!

[He falls back.]

SYNOPSIS.—Jefferson Thorpe, barber, of Mariposa, dabbles in Cobalt mining stocks in order to raise enough money to build a Home for Orphans as a memorial to his late wife. The possession of four hundred shares of Corona Jewel Mining Co. certificates nets him over one hundred thousand dollars and he then decides to go into speculation in Cuban lands at the instigation of two New York men, Harstone and Slyde. He opens a real estate office in Mariposa and puts all his money in the fake concern. Harstone gets word from New York that the police are after them and they decide to steal the funds that Thorpe has collected from his friends before getting away. They try to bribe Gillis, ex-bank messenger, to help them, but he turns on them and in the ensuing fracas he is shot.

MRS. GILLIS (throwing her arms about him).—Ben! Ben!

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II.

SCENE.—The Cellar Vault of the Mariposa Bank. Time—Midnight. It is almost dark. One sees a dim light and hears voices. The figures of HARSTONE and SLYDE can be half distinguished. SLYDE is kneeling in front of a large safe, working with a drill; at intervals he pauses and looks about him; his face, even in the dim light, is pale as chalk with terror. HARSTONE is standing. His right arm is in a sling roughly made with a large handkerchief; in his left he has an electric lantern, the light nearly shut off. At the back of the vault a sheet iron door, behind which (when opened) are steps leading up to the street. To the left of this, at the side of the cellar, a small flight of stairs leads up into the bank above. There is a low basement window on the street level, through which, dimly, the electric lights of the street penetrate. At times the lightning lights it up in a glare. There is heard the sound of the drill and outside, the storm. When the act opens, HARSTONE and SLYDE can hardly be seen—only the little patch of light and the dark figures.

A VOICE (with fear in it).—Turn up that light. I can't work. I'm afraid.

ANOTHER VOICE.—You must work, damn you. You've held us back enough already with your whimpering.

FIRST VOICE.—Turn up that light, I say (with rising terror); it's awful here—it's dark. Turn up the light.

SECOND VOICE.—You fool! They'll see it from the street. Have your own way.

[The light is turned on stronger; the outlines of the place appear more clearly.]

HARSTONE.—NOW work, and be quick, there's no time to lose.

[Sound of the drill—dr-r-r-r-r-r-r.]

SLYDE (stopping).—What was that?

HARSTONE.—Nothing—the storm. Go on—if that dog hadn't smashed my arm, I'd have had that open by this time.

SLYDE.—Hark! What was that—not the storm. . . . There, through the thunder?

HARSTONE (listens a moment. There is heard, behind and through the storm, the ringing of a great bell).—The town bell! I thought so. Damn them. They're sounding an alarm to rouse the town. Work—work! For your life.

SLYDE.—I can't, Harstone. I can't. (Breaking off and turning round.) I killed him! I never saw a man killed before—look (With a half scream) over there—out of the dark—his face!

HARSTONE.—You coward (taking him by the throat and shaking him). Killed him! What if you did? He'd have killed us. Now listen to what I say—stop looking about—listen. (Shaking him). Are you quieter?

SLYDE.—Yes.

HARSTONE.—Then listen. (HARSTONE speaks with hoarse eagerness.) We're safe yet if you can keep your nerve. Gillis is shot, yes, and they'll find him. They have found him. (Ringing of the bell.) That's what that bell is for—but they've no reason to connect him with us—they thought us gone—and they've no reason to think of the bank; we're safer here than in the street. Do you understand?

SLYDE (slightly recovering).—Yes.

HARSTONE.—We can force this thing open—get the money—and be gone before these slow fools are half awake—we've still time; once out of this, we strike for the swamp and down through it to the trestle bridge—get on the train there and before daylight we'll be over the border—and all hell can't find us. . . . Only get yourself together and work quick.

SLYDE (turning the drill, dr-r-r-r-r-r).—I am working—I'm steady now.

HARSTONE.—Wait—let me see—is it deep enough? Give me one of the cartridges. (Slyde takes one from his pocket.) Yes—that'll do. Hush, keep still. There's some one moving upstairs!

[They pause and listen.]

SLYDE (in a low voice).—Can you hear anything?

HARSTONE.—Yes—I daren't fire this thing. It's too big a risk. I must wait for the next clap of thunder—or stop—give me that iron bar again, here—perhaps I can wrench it off. No, curse it—it's too strong.

SLYDE (in terror, clutching at HARSTONE'S arm).—Listen again. There's some one on the stair.

HARSTONE.—Yes. I hear it. We've got to chance it now. It's too late. Shove in that cartridge—so—that's it, right in—stand back. I'll strike it with the bar—that'll fire it. Watch out!

[Blow of the bar—explosion of the cartridge—door of the safe bursts open with the lock broken.]

HARSTONE.—That's done—reach in quick and get the box. Is it there?



Macartney, the curmudgeon lawyer.

SLYDE.—Yes, I've got it! What's this other stuff?

HARSTONE.—Leave it—only litter—old papers—the box, grab that, nothing else—Stop! Keep still!

SLYDE (in a panic-stricken whisper).—There's some one coming down!

HARSTONE.—I hear. It's that accursed young fool. It's young Pupkin. No noise.

VOICE OF PUPKIN (on the stairs).—Is any one down there?

HARSTONE (turns his light low).—Don't answer. Quick, move to the door; cover your face; pull your hat down. (SLYDE stumbles on something and makes a noise.) Quiet.

PUPKIN.—Who's that? Who's there?

[PUPKIN appears in the door—he is fully dressed—in one hand a candle, in the other a poker.]

I'm going to turn on the light. If you're honest men, answer up!

[PUPKIN goes toward the street door and turns on the electric switch that is beside it and puts down his candle. Full light—the broken safe and littered papers appear. HARSTONE and SLYDE are still a little in the shadow so that PUPKIN sees the broken safe first.]

Robbers! The safe robbed! (Then he sees them and recognizes them.) Harstone—Slyde! What's the meaning of this?

HARSTONE (to SLYDE).—Get to the door—quick—let us pass, I say.

PUPKIN.—No, you don't. (Getting between HARSTONE and the door.) If there's robbery here, I'll let no one—

HARSTONE.—Let us pass, I say—Curse you, step out of that or I'll shoot. (Takes revolver from his pocket.)

PUPKIN (planting his back to the door and taking a whistle from his pocket.) You be—

[HARSTONE raises the revolver.]

SLYDE (hysterical, grabbing the revolver from HARSTONE's hand).—No! no! not that—not that. One killed is enough!

HARSTONE (picking up the iron bar that lies on the floor).—This then—

[Strikes PUPKIN across the head and fells him to the floor.]

SLYDE.—Oh! Oh! (Hysterical.)

HARSTONE.—Shut up—he's not dead. (Stoops down a minute and examines.) I tell you he's not hurt—quick, hurry now—no, stop. . . . Wait a minute. . . . This is better. . . . help me lift him.

SLYDE.—What do you want to do?

HARSTONE.—I'll show you. Here, lay him so—now, give me that drill. (Put

ting it in PUPKIN's hand as he lies.) Let them find him so.

SLYDE.—What do you mean? So as to make them think.

HARSTONE.—Exactly. It's thin. . . . but it'll give us time. . . . wait, this is better still. . . . Here, give me the rest of the cartridges!

[HARSTONE takes them and stuffs them into PUPKIN's pocket.]

There! They can find him like that. . . . Come, you gibbering coward. . . . I'll save your skin yet. (He shuts off the light.)

[Exit HARSTONE and SLYDE, carrying the metal box. There is a long silence. Pale light through the basement window on PUPKIN's face—the storm lashes on the pane.]

[Voice of JEFF and voice of ANDY off stage.]

VOICE OF JEFF (outside the street door).—Open the door, here! (Violently shaking sheet iron door from outside.) Open the door! (The door which is only latched opens under JEFF's hand and stands for the moment partly open.)

VOICE OF ANDY.—Don't go down there



Smith, the good-hearted hotel proprietor.

alone, Mr. Thorpe. The robbers may be there and—

JEFF (partly entered; there is a half light behind him from the street, with fitful lightning, enough to frame his figure in the door-way).—Hang the robbers! I'm not afraid of fifty of them! Run for the constable, Andy! I'm going in.

VOICE OF ANDY (as he hurries away).—Wait there till I bring—

JEFF (enters; an ancient gun in his hand).—If there's any one here, speak up, or I'll shoot. . . . There's a light here somewhere. Ah—there!

[Turns on the switch near the door—electric light—and coming forward.]

Peter! (Comes near to look at him.)

Peter! My God, Peter! Killed! (Feeling at his heart.) No, thank heaven! not killed. . . . What does it mean? What's happened? . . . God help us, what's this. . . . a drill. . . . in his hand. . . . the safe open. . . . No, no, it's not possible. . . . the safe rifled. . . . everything gone. . . . Peter!

Peter—what can it mean. . . . what mad idea is this. . . . no, no, it isn't possible. . . . here, wait. . . . I must look first. . . . no one must see. . . .

[Runs to the door and slides a bar across it Just as JEFF does this, there are sounds outside—voices and people and noise—"What's that light

there—open the door there"; sounds of hammering at the door—and voices outside, "What's that light there—open the door in the name of the law."]

VOICE OF MULLINS.—Force in the door, constable, I authorize it. Let drive at it, now together. (Violent blows at the door.)

JEFF (going to the door and opening it).—Stop! It's I, Thorpe. I'm opening the door. . . .

[Door opens—burst of storm and rain—MULLINS and BILL EVANS in waterproofs, with lanterns, the semblance of other people outside, noises and voices.]

MULLINS (turning, after EVANS gets in and holding the door half shut).—No more—stop—keep back there—no one else—bar the door, Constable. . . . No, wait a minute. (As BILL goes to bar the door.) Is Lawyer Macartney there?

[Voice "Here!"]

Let Macartney in—no one else.

[MACARTNEY enters—door barred.] Now, what's all this? What's here? Thorpe, what's the meaning of it? Ha! (Sees PUPKIN as he lies.)

JEFF.—You—you see it for yourself.

MULLINS.—Dead?

JEFF.—No—stunned, I think.

[BILL EVANS has knelt beside him, his hand against PUPKIN's side.]

BILL.—His heart's beating—it's faint but it's beating. . . .

MACARTNEY (who has been examining the safe).—It's robbery. . . . look here, Mullins. . . . the safe's rifled.

MULLINS.—Robbery—I thought so. . . . the safe's broken open. . . . Take notice here, Constable, and you Macartney.

BILL (examining).—The lock's blown out—drill hole and a cartridge—see—powder mark—the shell will be on the floor somewhere—yes (picking it up), here!

MACARTNEY.—A drill! . . . Why, see here, Mullins. . . . in his hand!

MULLINS.—In his hand! Yes. . . . What does it mean? . . . Wait, touch nothing, move nothing—Thorpe, what does all this mean?

JEFF.—How can I know. . . .

MULLINS.—You found him here, like this?

JEFF (angry and agonized).—Look for yourself. See for yourself. What do I know? . . . Don't question me.

MACARTNEY (who has been re-examining the safe).—Papers pulled out—



Gillis, the hard-drinking bank messenger

everything scattered. What papers are these, Mullins—valuable?

MULLINS.—Nothing—old stuff—mere litter.

MACARTNEY.—Is anything of value gone?

MULLINS.—Let me look. . . . Yes, I thought so. . . . clean gone. . . . that was what they were after no doubt.

MACARTNEY.—What?

MULLINS.—Why, the box—the deposit box—Thorpe's money, or his friend's money that he put here—take notice, Mr. Thorpe, this is no responsibility of the bank. . . . You wouldn't deposit it upstairs.

JEFF.—I know it. I hold no one responsible.

MACARTNEY (*eager and anxious*).—What? What? That money here? Mullins, there was a thousand dollars of mine in that box. . . . Do you understand. . . . one thousand dollars.

MULLINS.—Well. . . . it's gone. . . . stolen.

MACARTNEY.—Gone! Stolen. . . . But how! Where? Who's done it?

BILL.—God only knows—they've blown this here safe open—got the box and off with it.

MACARTNEY.—Blown it open! Then, by George, there's the thief that did it. There he lies with the very drill in his hand that did it.

BILL (*shaking his head*).—Couldn't be. . . . he couldn't have blowed it up and then stunned himself and then gone off with the money.

MACARTNEY.—No, but it's plain as day what happened. . . . You don't need a lawyer's brain to see that. . . . He had another with him. . . . They did it together. . . . He got hurt when the safe blew open. . . . Ha! look, see, there on his temple. . . . The mark where it struck him. . . . the other took the money and left.

MULLINS.—No, no, it couldn't be.

MACARTNEY (*with rising excitement*).—Couldn't be! I say it was. . . . Who had access here? Young Pupkin. Who had the keys of that door? He had.

MULLINS.—But what motive?

MACARTNEY.—Motive enough. Six thousand dollars. . . . But for an accident he'd have got away with it, and I could have whistled for my thousand. Constable, I say, arrest him, arrest him, where he lies. . . . Damn him. . . . Jail him till he tells where my money is. . . . I'll have the law, Constable, the law.

BILL.—Mr. Macartney, you can't do this. You can't have him arrested. I admit there's a sort of case, but—

MACARTNEY.—I say arrest him; if he's innocent, let him prove it. . . . I don't believe he's hurt, anyway. He's shamming. (*Bending over.*) Ha! ha! look here, look at that! (*Taking the cartridges from PUPKIN's pocket.*) There are the cartridges that did the job! Now is he guilty? Tell me!

BILL (*examining a cartridge thoughtfully*).—That's bad. . . . bad.

MACARTNEY.—Arrest him.

BILL.—Macartney, you're the boy's friend, or you let on to be, and I'm his friend. . . . you sat with him at the cards not two hours ago. . . . Now, you'd haul him to jail. I'll not do it.

MACARTNEY.—I say you've got to do it. It's your sworn duty. Put him under arrest.

BILL (*wavering*).—If I arrest him, Mr.

Thorpe, you can prove him innocent later.

JEFF.—You can't do it. . . . You daren't arrest that boy for this! You'll ruin him. You'll ruin his name forever. . . . You say he can be proved innocent later. What's that? The thing will stick to him. . . . Arrested for bank robbery—it's ruin, ruin.

BILL.—I'm afraid I can't help it, Mr. Thorpe. He's my friend and yours. But Mr. Macartney's right—it's my duty, Mr. Thorpe.

JEFF.—You can't arrest him. . . . You can't!

BILL.—I've got to. I don't need to take him to the jail. We can take him to the hospital, or to your own house, anywhere you like, but he's got to go under arrest. There's no help for it.

JEFF.—But you see, yourselves, he couldn't have done it—or not alone. . . . the others. . . . who got the money. . . . arrest them. . . . They're the guilty ones. . . . If he opened the safe they must have made him open the safe.

BILL (*shaking his head*).—Show me the guilty party, Mr. Thorpe. . . . Tell me who they are and where they are and I won't arrest Peter.

JEFF (*with an idea*).—Ha! Show you the guilty party, and you won't arrest him?

BILL.—That's what I said. Give me the right man to take to jail and I'll never bother Peter. But as it is—

JEFF.—You won't, you won't, eh? Right, then, I'll give him to you—right here and now.

BILL and MULLINS.—Eh! What.

JEFF.—Constable Evans, get out your handcuffs. . . . Here, these are the wrists for them. . . . If there's ruin and robbery in Mariposa to-night, these are the hands that shall bear the fetters for it.

BILL.—What do you mean?

JEFF.—Constable, take me under arrest. It was I that robbed the bank. . . . I confess.

BILL, MACARTNEY, MULLINS.—You!

JEFF (*his hands out*).—I did it. Take me under arrest and let Peter go. I robbed the bank.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT IV

SCENE.—Time—The next morning, Thorpe's Barber Shop, formerly Thorpe's Mining and Land Exchange. Curtain rises on JEFF THORPE and MRS. GILLIS busily engaged in tearing down all the placards about stocks, shares of the Land Company, etc., and in restoring the place to being a shop as it was before. JEFF has still his sporting suit on, but his coat is off.

MRS. GILLIS (*she talks with sobs in her voice*).—Take this down, too, Mr. Thorpe?

JEFF (*busily working*).—All of it, every last bit. . . . I want this to look the plain, honest place it used to be. I'm done with speculation, done with money. Last night has finished me on it. . . . down with it. . . . out with it! (*As he pulls down a placard.*) Cuba! Cuba! Damn Cuba! . . . (*Fires it out of the side window.*) Have they heard anything of Andy yet? Has he come back to the hotel?

MRS. GILLIS.—Not a word, Mr. Thorpe. . . . Away all night and not back, . . . and there's Norah crying her heart out.

. . . . Do you want me to put out your brushes and the soap and things?

JEFF.—I want everything just as it used to be—plain and honest—the signs of a fair day's work around. . . . Here put these up again. (*He has taken from a drawer a set of placards.*) I took them down when I went into that Cobalt foolery. Back they go!

SHAVE

FIVE CENTS

FIFTEEN FOR ONE DOLLAR

MASSAGE, FIFTEEN CENTS.

ALL HAIR CUTS ARE CASH ONLY.

MRS. GILLIS.—Any more?

JEFF.—That's the lot? There! That feels like home! Now, if they come to arrest me, let it be right here. . . . Plain old Jefferson Thorpe in his barber shop. . . . wait. I'll strop up my razors—if I'm arrested I'll be arrested with sharp razors anyway. Hold on. . . . Is that some one going by? (*Running to window.*)

MRS. GILLIS.—I think so.

JEFF (*going to the door and calling*).—Here! Do you want a shave?

[Voice—"No thanks, JEFF."]

(*Still calling.*) Your hair looks long. (*Returning.*) All right—he's gone. Keep an eye for another, Mrs. Gillis. If I'm arrested, I'd sooner be shaving when they do it.

MRS. GILLIS.—Arrested? What for would they arrest you?

JEFF.—Because. . . . never mind. . . . you'll see. . . . They refused to last night. But I won't take no. . . . They'll have to. (*To Mrs. GILLIS.*) Here, here, what are you crying about?

MRS. GILLIS.—I can't help it, Mr. Thorpe. (*Sobs.*) I'm crying for Ben.

JEFF.—For Ben. . . . Ben's all right. . . . Didn't you tell me yourself that the doctors say they'll pull him through?

MRS. GILLIS.—Yes, Mr. Thorpe, but it's not for that I'm crying. . . . it's for thankfulness, Mr. Thorpe. . . . all night he lay there so white and still and just hover'n between life and death, they said. And this morning he opened his eyes and saw me, and he just gave one groan and fainted dead away again. (*Sobs.*)

JEFF.—He'll be all right. Pshaw! You can't kill a Nova Scotia man just by shooting him.

MRS. GILLIS.—Then presently he came to again and he put out his hand for mine and he spoke, and his voice was weak, but it was that soft and kind—just like it used to be years ago when he was courting me.

JEFF (*blowing his nose*).—No doubt. . . . no doubt.

MRS. GILLIS.—And he said, "Bend over me," and I bent over and he whispered, "Mary, if God spares me I'll never touch a drop o' drink again. . . . Oh, Mr. Thorpe. (*Sobs.*)

JEFF.—Here! here! get out of my shop, woman! Get out of my shop. . . . I can't stand crying in a shop. . . . Get out, go back and sit with your husband. (*Takes her by the arm.*) You're no use here! You'll never be any use again; why is it a woman is only of some use when

Continued on page 95.

Records of Success

A department given over to sketches of
interesting Canadian men and women

A Western Empire Builder

By Norman Lambert

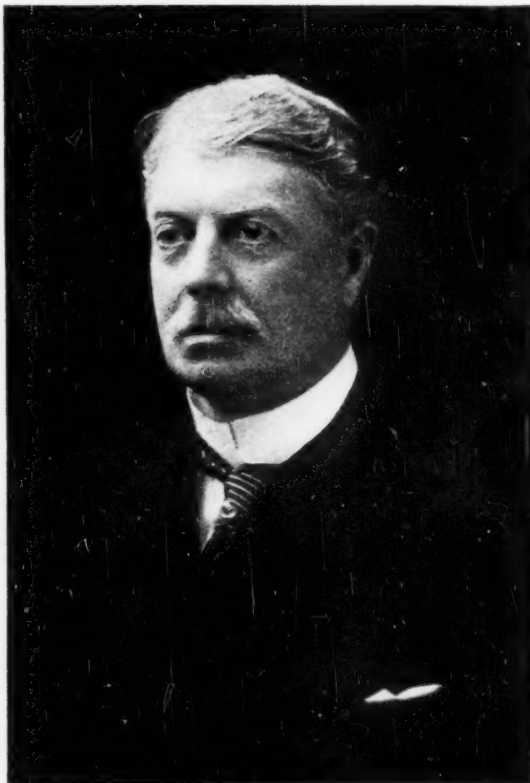
IF politics in Canada had been conducted in the interests of this country instead of party, you would have had that man in a position of responsibility and power at Ottawa to-day."

The speaker was a man who himself had seen something of political life, and whose name would be recognized any place in Canada. He was talking to a group of men in the smoking-car of a transcontinental train, as it wound its way across the wide, sparsely settled prairie of western Saskatchewan. The subject of conversation naturally enough had turned to the question of peopling and developing those idle acres of prairie land. A reference was made casually by one of the group to the work that was being done by Dr. Rutherford through the Natural Resources Department of the C.P.R., and immediately the mention of the name evoked the statement which is quoted at the beginning.

Dr. John Gunion Rutherford, C.M.G., who to-day is in charge of all the agricultural and livestock operations of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in Western Canada, and is known in the parlance of the railway, as Superintendent of Agriculture and Animal Husbandry, endeavored, for sixteen years at Ottawa, to apply a really great constructive mind to the up-building of his country. In 1912, the Government of Canada lost the services of Dr. Rutherford, who, at the personal invitation of the President of the C.P.R., accepted the office which he now occupies. There is no politics to hamper him in his

present position. Efficiency is the ruling passion of this greatest of Canadian corporations, and Dr. Rutherford in the last five years has probably got more and better results from his work than he experienced in fifteen years on Parliament Hill. Herein lies pertinent food for thought on the part of the intelligent electorate of this wide Dominion.

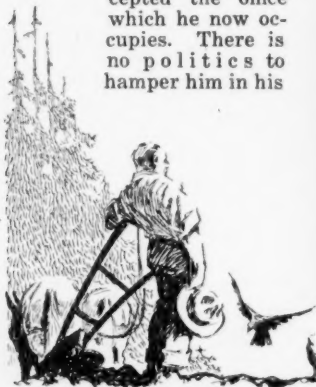
The story of Dr. J. G. Rutherford, like that of so many other men who have left their mark on Canada, begins in Scotland. He was born at Mountain Cross in Peebleshire, the son of a minister, the Rev. Robert Rutherford, M.A. He was educated at Glasgow High School, and while in his early teens studied agriculture in Selkirkshire and at Edinburgh. It is recorded that the father was not wildly enthusiastic over the very evident declaration of his young son, John Gunion, towards a life on the land.



Dr. J. G. Rutherford.

Accordingly, the boy at the age of sixteen was sent off to Canada to work in a bank. He arrived in this country in 1875, and in that same year he managed to persuade his father to permit him to leave the bank, and enter the Agricultural College, which at that time had been recently established at Guelph. After finishing his course at the O.A.C., and after spending some time in practical work on the famous Bow Park Farm at Brantford, under John Hope, one of America's greatest authorities on Shorthorn cattle, young Rutherford decided to specialize in livestock. He entered the Ontario Veterinary College, and in due course, graduated with highest honors, winning a gold medal which was awarded for the best general standing. Woodstock, Ontario, was his first place of practice. Then he went to Saratoga, N.Y., to take charge of one of the largest breeding and racing stables in America. Trotting horses were raised and trained there for a group of New York capitalists who also had another establishment of the same kind in Kentucky. Dr. Rutherford was moved from Saratoga to Kentucky for a time, and he took with him several of the men who had been working for him. One day, one of the owners of the Kentucky farm came down from New York and told Rutherford to discharge his white men, and hire "niggers." The reply he received was: "If you are going to start firing anybody from this place, you had better start at the top and work down." And the spunky young Scot straightway threw up his job, and returned to Woodstock. But he did not stay long in Ontario. The prairies were just beginning to assume a romantic and inviting appearance, and, in 1884, Dr. Rutherford settled in Manitoba, at the rising town of Portage la Prairie.

The West introduced J. G. Rutherford into public life. He had not been long in Portage la Prairie before he was actively interested in the politics of Manitoba. In 1892 he was elected to the Legislature for the constituency of Lakeside. Four years later he received the Liberal nomination for the Dominion riding of Macdonald, and was returned to the House of Commons with the first Laurier Government. The member for Macdonald dropped out after the next election in 1900, and entered the service of the Dominion Government in the new role of special Veterinary Quarantine Officer in Great Britain. He returned to Canada within a year to take the position which he held up till 1912,—namely that of Veterinary Director-General and Livestock Commissioner for the Dominion, with headquarters at Ottawa. In this office, Dr. Rutherford was charged

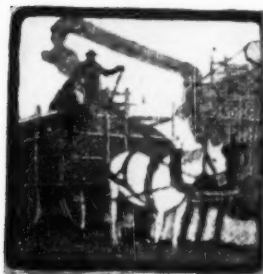


with the administration of the Animals' Quarantine Service involving the control of contagious diseases amongst livestock in all parts of Canada. The operation of the Meat and Canned Goods Act came under his control, and through the Department of Agriculture he had charge of all the work connected with the development of the livestock industry throughout the Dominion. It was as big a job as any man held at Ottawa, but it did not meet with the sympathetic support from certain responsible Ministers that either Rutherford or the job deserved. The result was that the shrewd head of the C.P.R. came along and saw where the experience and ability of Canada's Livestock Commissioner could be

used in a valuable way. Presently, there was a job to let in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

There is probably no man in this country who is so well known to the farmers from one end of Canada to the other as Dr. J. G. Rutherford. That wide range of acquaintanceship, carrying with it a remarkable knowledge of the conditions and needs of agricultural Canada, was one of the compensations of the years spent in the employ of the Government. His position to-day consists in developing sources of traffic for the C.P.R. in the virgin fields of Western Canada. In the five years that he has worked for that railway company, he has been able to apply all the wealth of

his extensive previous experience to constructive enterprises on the Western plains. They are not merely working out for the benefit of the C.P.R., but are helping very materially to place the younger middle Western provinces on a strong and self-sustaining basis. In the important work of increasing production from the land after the war, and thus providing to meet the burdens that are bound to come out of the present conflict in Europe, such minds as that of Rutherford of the Natural Resources Department of the C.P.R., in Calgary, will be found to be a rare national asset. He has the enviable reputation of having been proof against the corroding influence of party politics.



■ Louise M. Carling—"Daughter of the Experimental Farm"

A Sketch of an Interesting Personality

By Madge Macbeth



THEORISTS and statisticians and speculators cry "Back to the land!" They loose a flood of figures over us and try to prove the advantage of country over city life. They glibly speak of intensive farming and its lure—then they sign their lease for another year in town!

The fact is that women are afraid. To the city-bred the thought of a farm conjures up an unpleasant picture of Piers the Plowman, of a field sown with Giant's Teeth, or of some gentle-fierced-eyed-crumple-horned cow at dawn and milking time, and they cling to the self-contained kitchenette six flights from the street as pertinaciously as did our hairy forebears cling to the tallest sycamore trees. A woman who is doing much to eradicate this fear and to put other women on at least a partially familiar footing with bees, berries, melons and poultry, is Miss Louise M. Carling, of London, Ontario. She has been called by one of her friends "The daughter of the Experimental Farms."

Miss Carling is a daughter of the late Sir John Carling, "Father of the Experimental Farms." In early childhood no shadow stretched its length toward agricultural ventures and gave a hint of the part she was to play in Canada's farming future. By her own confession, she was a lazy youngster about gardening, and preferred to see others work rather than do any of it herself. She says, "I can't think of anything unusual about my childhood. I probably cut my teeth in the ordinary manner, and passed through the various stages of infancy in an entirely unspectacular way." This may be so, but it did not prevent Miss Carling's personality from being felt even at an early date. Her ability, her enthusiasm toward the undertaking in hand, and her rare charm all tend to make her a splendid organizer. When Sir John and his family moved to the Capital after his appointment to the Cabinet, Miss Carling threw herself energetically into the life of Ottawa—social, artistic and philanthropic. She

was one of the organizers of the Morning Music Club to which she was elected honorary president for life. The Club is flourishing to-day, after a record of many years' successes, due in no small measure to Miss Louise Carling. Her tastes are catholic and her mind is broad. She encourages all forms of Art, including the dance. This breadth of view has met with disapproval—as upon an occasion when having been asked to arrange an entertainment for the church, Miss Carling varied a programme of singing, playing and recitations by a skirt dance! The horrified clergyman did not scruple to call her attention to the unsuitability of the attraction—but neither did he scruple to accept the funds raised by the entertainment!

When Sir John began his life's most interesting work—the establishment of the Farms—his daughter, too, gave a good deal of time and thought to the study of farming. She used to drive out

to the Ottawa Experimental Farm almost daily and watch the stumps being dynamited and the ground made ready for sowing. Magically, it seemed, under her very eye, houses and barns sprung up where woods and fields had been but yesterday. In her words, "They grew like healthy children, as did the shrubs and hedges in the Arboretum. There were always hundreds of things to draw and hold my attention, and I shall always feel as though that farm were my very own. I look upon it and all the farms as a monument to my dear father's foresight in preparing for the millions of people who will come to this fair Canada of ours. Indeed, the granaries of the North-west are now, as a result of scientific methods, helping to feed multitudes of foreigners during this great war."

Returning to London to live, Miss Carling took up organization work there. She started the Morning Music Club and was elected its honorary president for life, as in Ottawa. She was the founder of the Seventh Regiment Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire; she was, and is, connected with so many other clubs and societies that a list of them would make this sketch look like a catalogue. And because she really worked for the organizations of which she is a member, and she was a member of so many—her health became impaired and she was ordered to take a rest.

That destiny which shapes our ends, led her to a farm—not the farm of the Gilded West, where fields of waving grain stretch away as far as the eye can reach, but an intensive farm of an acre's dimension, operated solely by two young girls.

They raised chickens. The "birds"—as they are called, had paid for the home in a few years and put each of the sisters through Macdonald College.

Miss Carling rested in a sense; at the same time her alert brain was ceaselessly busy with schemes and plans whereby other women, grinding out colorless lives in office or factory, might be assisted to



Louise M. Carling.

the healthfulness and the freedom and the financially successful life of these two young women. She advanced a scheme by which the Government might offer certain small tracts of land to "homesteaders"—women; she made a pretty exhaustive study of small farming, both in theory and practice. She lectured and she wrote. She put herself personally in touch with women who were interested and collected an amazing amount of data. Of course one can find data anywhere. . . . the magazines are pretty well stuffed nowadays with "How I—" articles (500 words and photo—pay on acceptance). We are all familiar with them. . . . "How I made fifty pounds of butter out of a spoonful of milk and a pinch of salt." Or, "How I put my three children through college on one bee." Personally, I have never been inspired with a passion to follow any of these simple methods as a means of livelihood; journalism is so sure and lucrative, one could hardly ask for more—even of a bee. And I venture to say that many another woman is no more convinced than am I, of the desirability of farming, after a reading of these delightful bits of literature. But Miss Carling convinces and helps. She has been the means of establishing several women on farms—and like a good fairy godmother, keeps in touch with her farming god-children.

A Brave Woman of the North

By George Armstrong

THIS war has brought out so many heroes and heroines, and exalted conduct has become so much more the rule than the exception, that it excites little comment or surprise to find women accompanying great and unusual tasks, and the story of the splendid work accomplished throughout Canada by the Daughters of the Empire is too well known to require repetition. But it may interest and stimulate the readers of MACLEAN'S to learn what one woman with few resources and under adverse circumstances, but filled with courage and single-mindedness of purpose, has done.

The beginning of the war found White Horse, Yukon Territory, a little hamlet of four hundred men, women and children, surrounded by half a dozen slightly developed mining properties with less than two hundred miners employed, and our nearest neighbor of any consequence on the Canadian side of the line, Dawson, three hundred miles away. No persons of wealth or influence lived in the district, which depends for a livelihood upon transient travel and trans-shipment of freight to the Klondyke, and upon the aforementioned copper mines as yet in their infancy. But the women of this far northern outpost felt that they must do their share towards the preservation of the Empire that guaranteed the right of unmolested peace, liberty and the pursuit of happiness even away up here under the Polar star. A chapter of the I.O.D.E. was formed, and all of our patriotic women vied with each other in their efforts to raise funds, comforts, etc., for our soldier boys and the Belgian children, and it is with no thought or intention of slurring the efforts of these fine women

Due largely to this practice of hers, combined with a certain definite influence which she possesses, the "Daughter of Experimental Farms" was elected President of the Women's Gardening Association, of London. The object of this organization is to assist women in the most practical ways either to start farming operations, or to give help to those already established on farms. They are given opportunities to hear good lectures, and the Association sells seeds as well as teaches the food value of vegetables.

This part of the work is especially interesting to the President who leans to vegetarianism, and who is a firm believer in the old Mosaic law which forbids us to partake of the flesh of an animal with a cloven hoof. She was speaking one day somewhat forcibly on the subject to an old man who happened to be particularly fond of pork.

He listened attentively for a while and then remarked, "Yes, I suppose pigs ain't just what they used to be, before we caught and tamed 'em—before we put 'em in pens and fed 'em any old mess nothing else would eat. Seems to me they've de-teriorated by associatin' with man—seems to me everything's de-teriorated by associatin' with man—even woman!"

that we pick out one in particular for special commendation.

In the mad rush of '98, wherever a sick man was found on the Teslin trail a prompt visit from Miss Katherine Ryan might be expected, and no rigors of weather or terrors of the trail prevented her from appearing on the scene, and many a homesick youth dates new courage from her first visit.

This intrepid woman drove her own dog team from Teslin to Atlin through a hundred miles of unbroken wilderness, and within six hours of her arrival appeared at the door of the Atlin hospital with a can of jam and several other dainties in her arms. The entire camp, includ-

A Message from Lord Northcliffe

An article written for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE and addressed to the people of Canada is coming from Lord Northcliffe, the great British publisher. This will be a feature of an early issue of the magazine.

ing the hospital, was at this time without fresh meat, eggs, vegetables, canned fruit or canned goods of any kind, and even without sugar or dried fruit—the last refuge of the sick man in the wilderness. Can you wonder that to these poor frozen patients in this big motherly, blarneying sister of mercy looked like an angel sent from heaven? And so it has gone from that day to this; never a sick bed or never a funeral without the helping hand of "Aunt Katie," as she is known throughout the length and breadth of the Southern Yukon.

When the I.O.D.E. was formed, this energetic woman undertook collections from the miners for the Soldiers' Disabling, the Patriotic, and Red Cross funds, and never a month through summer rains or winter snows, on drifted trails at forty below zero, but what Aunt Katie and her dog team visited the mines, and through her unaided efforts more than ten thousand dollars have been added to the cause. No person was overlooked and no means of raising a dollar was allowed to pass by. No matter what effort or inconvenience had to be endured, Aunt Katie met the call. Her house was turned into a salesroom where useless and cast-off things, "rustled" from every possible source, were sold to the Indians, adding another clear five hundred dollars to feed the hungry Belgian children.

And this has been the work of one lone woman, without any supporting male relatives, who earns her own living and supports three orphan nephews, cooking, washing, darning and sewing for these three growing lads, who are bundled off to school with unfailing regularity.

"May her tribe increase."



"Aunt Katie" starting out with her dog team.

The Gun Brand

A Story of the Canadian Northland

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards

CHAPTER IX.—Continued

THOSE were hard years for Bob MacNair; years in which he worked day and night with his Indians, and paid them, for the most part in promises. But always he fed them and clothed them and their women and children, although to do so stretched his credit to the limit—raised the limit—and raised it again.

He uncovered vast deposits of copper, only to realize that until he could devise a cheaper method of transportation, the metal might as well have remained where the forgotten miners had left it. And it was while he was at work upon his transportation problem that the shovels of his Indians began to throw out golden grains from the bed of a buried creek.

When the news of gold reached the river, there was a stampede. But MacNair owned the land and his Indians were armed. There was a short, sharp battle, and the stampede returned to the rivers to nurse their grievance and curse Brute MacNair.

He paid his debt to the company and settled with his Indians, who suddenly found themselves rich. And then Bob MacNair learned a lesson which he never forgot—his Indians could not stand prosperity. Most of those who had stood by him all through the lean years when he had provided them only a bare existence, took their newly acquired wealth and departed for the white man's country. Some returned—broken husks of the men who departed. Many would never return, and for their undoing MacNair reproached himself unsparingly, the while he devised an economic system of his own, and mined his gold and worked out his transportation problem upon a more elaborate scale. The harm had been done, however; his Indians were known to be rich, and MacNair found his colony had become the cynosure of the eyes of the whisky runners, the chiefest among whom was Pierre Lapierre. It was among these men that the name of Brute first used by the beaten stampede, came into general use—a fitting name, from their view-point—for when one of them chanced to fall into his hands, his moment became at once fraught with tribulation.

AND SO MacNair had become a power in the northland, respected by the officers of the Hudson Bay Company, a friend of the Indians, and a terror to those who looked upon the red man as their natural prey.

Step by step, the events that had been the milestones of this man's life recurred to his mind as he tramped tirelessly through the scrub growth of the barrens towards a spot upon the shores of the lake—the only grass plot within a radius of five hundred miles. Throwing himself down beside a low, sodded mound in the center of the plot, he idly watched the

great flocks of water fowls disport themselves upon the surface of the lake.

How long he lay there, he had no means of knowing, when suddenly his ears detected the soft swish of paddles. He leaped to his feet and, peering toward the water, saw, close to the shore, a canoe manned by four stalwart paddlers. He looked closer, scarcely able to credit his eyes. And at the same moment, in response to a low-voiced order, the canoe swung abruptly shoreward and grated upon the shingle of the beach. Two figures stepped out, and Chloe Elliston, followed by Big Lena, advanced boldly toward him. MacNair's jaw closed with a snap as the girl approached him, smiling. For in the smile was no hint of friendliness—only defiance, not unmingled with contempt.

"You see, Mr. Brute MacNair," she said, "I have kept my word. I told you I would invade your kingdom—and here I am."

MacNair did not reply, but stood leaning upon his rifle. His attitude angered her.

"Well," she said, "what are you going to do about it?" Still the man did not answer, and stooping, plucked a tiny weed from among the blades of grass. The girl's eyes followed his movements. She started and looked searchingly into his face. For the first time she noticed that the mound was a grave.

CHAPTER X.

AN INTERVIEW.

"OH, forgive me!" Chloe cried, "I—I did not know that I was intruding upon—sacred ground!" There was real concern in her voice, and the lines of Bob MacNair's face softened.

"It is no matter," he said. "She who sleeps here will not be disturbed."

The unlooked for gentleness of the man's tone, the simple dignity of his words went straight to Chloe Elliston's heart. She felt suddenly ashamed of her air of flippant defiance, felt mean, and small, and self-conscious. She forgot for the moment that this big, quiet man who stood before her was rough, even boorish in his manner, and that he was the oppressor and debaucher of Indians.

"A—a woman's grave?" faltered the girl.

"My mother's,"

"Did she live here on Snare Lake?" Chloe asked in surprise, as her glance swept the barren cliffs of its shore.

MacNair answered with the same softness of tone that somehow dispelled all thought of his uncouthness. "No. She lived at Fort Norman, over on the Mackenzie—that is she died there. Her home, I think, was in the southland. My father used to tell me how she feared the north—its snows and bitter cold, its roar-

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

CHLOE ELLISTON, inheriting the love of adventure and ambitious to emulate her famous grandfather, "Tiger" Elliston, who had played a big part in the civilizing of Malaysia, sets out for the Far North to establish a school and bring the light of education to the Indians and breeds of the Athabasca country. Accompanied by a companion, Harriet Penny, and a Swedish maid, Big Lena, she arrives at Athabasca Landing and engages transportation on one of the scows of Pierre Lapierre, an independent trader. Vermilion, the boss scowman, decides to kidnap the party and hold them to ransom; but Lapierre, getting wind of his plans, interrupts them at a vital moment, kills Vermilion, and rescues the girl. Predisposed in his favor, she accepts him as her mentor in the wilderness, believing all he tells her, especially about one Robert MacNair, another free-trader who Lapierre saddles with a most villainous reputation and the epithet of "Brute." On Lapierre's advice Chloe establishes herself at the mouth of the Yellow Knife River on Great Slave Lake, and starts to building her school, et cetera. Then Brute MacNair turns up and warns her to leave his Indians alone. She defies him, and later starts to his post on Snare Lake.

ing, foaming rivers, its wild, fierce storms, and its windlashed lakes. She hated its rugged cliffs and hills, its treeless barrens and its mean, scrubby timber. She loved the warm, long summers, and the cities and people, and—" he paused, knitting his brows—"and whatever there is to love in your land of civilization. But she loved my father more than these—more than she feared the north. My father was the factor at Fort Norman, so she stayed in the north—and the north killed her. To live in the north, one must love the north. She died calling for the green grass of her southland."

He ceased speaking and unconsciously stooped and plucked a few spears of grass which he had held in his palm and examined intently.

"Why should one die calling for the sight of grass?" he asked abruptly, gazing into Chloe's eyes with a puzzled look.

The girl gazed directly, searchingly into MacNair's eyes. The naive frankness of of him—his utter simplicity—astounded her.

"Oh!" she cried, impulsively stepping forward. "It wasn't the grass—it was—oh! can't you see?" The man regarded her wonderingly and shook his head.

"No," he answered gravely. "I can not see."

"It was—everything! Life—friends—home! The grass was only the symbol—the tangible emblem that stood for life!" MacNair nodded, but, by the look in his eye, Chloe knew that he did not understand and that pride and a certain natural reserve sealed his lips from further questioning.

"Is it far to the Mackenzie?" ventured the girl.

"Aye, far. After my father died I brought her here."

"You! Brought her here!" exclaimed the girl, staring in surprise into the strong emotionless face.

The man nodded slowly. "In the winter

it was—and I came alone—dragging her body upon a sled—”

“But why—”

“Because I think she would have wished it so. If one hated the wild, rugged cliffs and the rock tossed rapids, would one wish to lie upon a cliff with the rapids roaring, for ever and ever? I do not think that, so I brought her here—away from the gray hills and the ceaseless roar of the rapids.”

“But the grass?”

“I brought that from the southland. I failed many times before I found a kind that would grow. It is little that I can do for her, and she does not know, but, somehow, it has made me feel—easier—I cannot tell you exactly. I come here often.”

“I think she *does* know,” said Chloe softly, and brushed hot tears from her eyes. Could *this* be the man whose crimes against the poor, ignorant savages were the common knowledge of the north? Could this be he whom men called Brute—this simple spoken, straightforward, boyish man who had endured hardships and spared no effort, that the mother he had never known might lie in her eternal rest beneath the green sod of her native land far from the sight and sounds that, in life, had become a torture to her soul, and worn her, at last, to the grave?

“Mr.—MacNair.” The hard-note—the note of uncompromising antagonism—had gone from her voice, and the man looked at her in surprise. It was the first time she had addressed him without prefixing the name Brute and emphasizing the prefix. He stood regarding her calmly, waiting for her to proceed. Somehow, Chloe found that it had become very difficult for her to speak; to say the things to this man that she had intended to say. “I cannot understand you—your viewpoint.”

“Why should you try? I ask no one to understand me. I care not what people think.”

“About the Indians, I mean—”

“The Indians? What do you know of my viewpoint in regard to the Indians?” The man’s face had hardened at her mention of the Indians.

“I know this!” exclaimed the girl.

“That you are trading them whisky! With my own eyes I saw Mr. Lapierre smash your kegs—the kegs that were cunningly disguised as bales of freight and marked with your name, and I saw the whiskey spilled out upon the ground.”

She paused, expecting a denial, but MacNair remained silent and again she saw the peculiar twinkle in his eye as he waited for her to proceed. “And I—you, yourself, told me that you would kill some of Mr. Lapierre’s Indians! Do you call that justice—to kill men because they happen to be in the employ of a rival trader—one who has as much right to trade in the northland as you have?”

Again she paused, but the man ignored her question.

“Go on,” he said shortly.

“And you told me your Indians had to work so hard they had no time for book-learning, and that the souls of the Indians were black as—as hell.”

“And I told you, also, that I have never owned any whisky. Why do you believe me in some things and not in others? It would seem more consistent, Miss Chloe Elliston, for you either to believe, or to disbelieve me.”

“But I saw the whisky. And as for what you, yourself, told me—a man will

scarcely make himself out worse than he is.”

“At least, I can scarcely make myself out worse than you believe me to be.” The twinkle was gone from MacNair’s eyes now, and he spoke more gruffly. “Of what use is all this talk? You are firmly convinced of my character. Your opinion of me concerns me not at all. Even if I were to attempt to make my position clear to you, you would not believe anything I should tell you.”

“What defence can there be to conduct such as yours?”

“Defence! Do you imagine I would stoop to defend my conduct to *you*—to one who is, whittingly or unwhittingly, hand in glove with Pierre Lapierre?”

THE unconcealed scorn of the man’s words stung Chloe to the quick.

“Pierre Lapierre is a man!” she cried with flashing eyes. “He is neither afraid nor ashamed to declare his principles. He is the friend of the Indians—and God knows they need a friend—living as they do by sufferance of such men as you, and the men of the Hudson Bay Company!”

“You believe that, I think,” MacNair said quietly. “I wonder if you are really such a fool, or do you know Lapierre for what he is?”

“Yes!” exclaimed the girl, her face flushed. “I do know him for what he is! He is a *man*! He knows the north. I am learning the north, and together we will drive you and your kind out of the north.”

“You cannot do that,” he said. “Lapierre, I would crush as I would crush a snake. I bear you no ill will. As you say, you will learn the north—for you will remain in the north. I told you once that you would soon tire of your experiment, but I was wrong. Your eyes are the eyes of a fighting man.”

“Thank you Mr.—MacNair—”

“Why not Brute MacNair?”

Chloe shook her head. “No,” she said. “Not that—not after—I think I shall call you Bob MacNair.”

The man looked perplexed. “Women are not like men,” he said, simply. “I do not understand you at times. Tell me—why did you come into the north?”

“I thought I had made that plain. I came to bring education to the Indians. To do what I can to lighten their burden and to make it possible for them to compete with the white man on the white man’s terms when this country shall bow before the inevitable advance of civilization: when it has ceased to be the land beyond the outposts.”

“We are working together, then,” answered MacNair. “When you have learned the north we shall—be friends.”

“Never! I—”

“Because you will have learned,” he continued, ignoring her protest, “that education is the last thing the Indians need. If you can make them better trappers and hunters of them; teach them to work in mines, timber, on the rivers, you will come nearer to solving their problem than by giving them all the education in the world. No, Miss Chloe Elliston, they can’t play the white man’s game—with the white man’s chips.”

“But they can! In the States we—”

“Why didn’t you stay in the States?”

“Because the government looked after the education of the Indians—provides schools and universities, and—”

“And what do they turn out?”

“They turn out lawyers and doctors

and engineers and ministers of the gospel, and educated men in all walks of life. We have Indians in Congress!”

“How many? And how many are lawyers and doctors and engineers and ministers of the gospel? And how many can truthfully be said to be ‘educated men in all the walks of life’? A mere handful! Where one succeeds, a hundred fail! And the others return to their reservation, dissolute, dissatisfied, to live on the bounty of your government; you, yourself will admit that when an Indian rises into a profession for which his education has fitted him, he is an object of wonder—a man to be written about in your newspapers and talked about in your homes. And then your sentimentalists—your fools—hold him up as a type! Not your educated Indians are reaping the benefit of your government’s belated attention, but those who are following the calling for which nature has fitted them—stock raising and small farming on their allotted reservations. The educated ones know that the government will feed and clothe them—why should they exert themselves?”

“HERE in the north, because the Indians have been dealt with sanely, and not herded onto restricted reservations, and subjected to the experiments of departmental fools, well intentioned—and otherwise—they are infinitely better off. They are free to roam the woods, to hunt and to trap and to fish, and they are contented. They remain at the posts only long enough to do their trading, and return again to the wilds. For the most part they are truthful and sober and honest. They can obtain sufficient clothing and enough to eat. The lakes and the rivers teem with fish, and the woods and the barrens abound with game.

“Contrast these with the Indians who have come more intimately into contact with the whites. You can see them hanging about the depots and the groceries and rum shops of the railway towns, degenerate, diseased, reduced to beggary and petty thievery. And you do not have to go to a railway town to see the effect of your civilization upon them. Follow the great trade rivers! From source to mouth, their banks are lined with the Indians who have come into contact with your civilization!

“Go to any mission centre! Do you find that the Indian has taken kindly to the doctrines it teaches? Do you find them happy, God-fearing Indians who embrace Christianity and are living in accord with its precepts? You do not! Except in a very few isolated cases, like your lawyers and doctors of the States, you will find the very gates of the missions, be their denomination what they may, debauchery and rascality in its most vicious forms. Read your answer there in the vice-marked, ragged, emaciated hangers-on of the missions.

“I do not say that this harm is wrought wilfully—on the contrary, I know it is not. They are noble and well-meaning men and women who carry the gospel into the north. Many of them I know and respect and admire—Father Desplaines, Father Crossett, the good Father O’Reilly, and Duncan Fitzgilbert, of my mother’s faith. These men are good men; noble men, and the true friends of the Indians; in health and in sickness, in plague, famine and adversity these men shoulder the red man’s burden, feed, clothe and doctor them, and nurse them

back to health — or bury them. With these I have no quarrel, nor with the religion they teach — in its theory. It is not bad. It is good. These men are my friends. They visit me, and are welcome whenever they come.

"Each of these has begged me to allow him to establish a mission among my Indians. And my answer is always the same — 'No!' And I point to the mission centres already established. It is then they tell me that the deplorable condition exists, not because of the mission, but *despite* it." He paused with a gesture of impatience. "*Because! Despite!* A quibble of words. If the *fact* remains, what difference does it make whether it is *because* or *despite*? It must be a great comfort to the unfortunate one who is degraded, diseased, damned, to know that his degradation, disease, and damnation, were wrought not *because*, but *despite*. But in spite of all they can do, the *fact* remains. I do not ask you to believe me. Go and see it with your own eyes, and then if you *dare*, come back and establish another plague spot in God's own wilderness. The Indian rapidly acquires all the white man's vices—and but few of his virtues.

"Stop and think what it means to experiment with the future of a people. To overthrow their traditions; to confute their beliefs and superstitions, and to subvert their gods! And what do you offer them in return? Other traditions; other beliefs; another God — and education! Do you dare to assume the responsibility? Do you dare to implant in the minds of these people an education—a culture—that will render them forever dissatisfied with their lot, and send many of them to the land of the white man to engage in a feeble and hopeless struggle after that which it is, for them, unattainable?"

"But it is *not* unattainable! They—" "I know your sophisms; your fabrication of theory!" MacNair interrupted her fiercely. "*The facts!* I have seen the rum-sodden wrecks, the debauched and soul-warped men and women who hang about your frontier towns, diseased in body and mind, and whose greatest misfortune is that they live. These, Miss Chloe Elliston, are the real monuments to your education. Do you dare to drive one hundred to certain degradation that is worse than fiery hell, that you may point with pride to one who shall attain to the white man's standard of success?"

"That is not the truth! I do not believe it! I *will* not believe it!"

The steel-gray eyes of the man bored



Hour after hour, as the craft drove southward, Chloe sat with the wounded man's head supported in her lap.

deep into the shining eyes of brown. "I know that you do not believe it. But you are wrong when you say that you *will* not believe it. You are honest and unafraid, and, therefore, you will learn, and now, one thing further.

"We will say that you succeed in keeping your school, or post, or mission, from this condition of debauchery—which you will not. What then? Suppose you educate your Indians? There are no employers in the north. None who buy education. The men who pay out money in the waste places pay it for bone and brawn, not for brains; they have brains—or something that answers the purpose—therefore, your educated Indian must do one of two things—he must go where he

can use his education or he must remain where he is. In either event he will be the loser. If he seeks the land of the white man he must compete with the white man on the white man's terms. He cannot do it. If he stays here in the north he must continue to hunt or trap, or work on the river, or in the mines, or the timber, and he is ever afterward dissatisfied with his lot. More, he has wasted the time he spent in filling his brains with useless knowledge."

MacNair spoke rapidly and earnestly, and Chloe realized that he spoke from his heart and also that he spoke from a certain knowledge of his subject. She was at a loss for a reply. She could not

Continued on page 80.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

What Britain Is Doing

A Story of the Immense Part the Empire Plays in the War.

A REMARKABLE article on "What Britain is Doing" appears in the *National Geographic Magazine* from the pen of Sydney Brooks. It puts a new light on the part that Britain plays in the war plans of the Allies, bearing out in marked degree the statement recently made editorially by the *Saturday Evening Post* to the effect that of all belligerents, not even excepting Germany, Britain was playing the most outstanding role. The article reviews Britain's part in naval and army operations, in finance, in manufacture of munitions and supplying of foods and materials and in influence—the potency of her grim determination that the others feel behind them. It is especially interesting to read what is said with reference to sea power:

I like to think of some future Mahan using the history of this war to point the deadly realities of sea-power. He will need no other example. Everything that naval supremacy means or can ever mean has been taught in the past 32 months in a fashion that he who travels may read.

Suppose Great Britain had remained neutral and the British navy had never moved. What would have happened? The German and Austrian dreadnoughts, with a five-to-one preponderance over the combined dreadnought strength of France and Russia, would have held an easy command over the sea. Germany could then have supplemented her land attack by disembarking troops on both the Russian and the French coasts in the rear of the Russian and French armies; she would have shut off all the French oversea trade; she would have captured or destroyed or driven into port practically the whole of the French and Russian merchant marine; France would have been blockaded; with her chief industrial provinces in German occupation, she would have been prevented from importing any food, any raw material, any munitions; while Germany would have been free to draw on the resources of the entire world. In less than six months, for all her magnificent valor, France could not but have succumbed.

That was the Prussian calculation and it was a perfectly sound one; but it fell like a house of cards when Great Britain intervened. Instead of securing at once the command of the sea, Germany lost it at once. Everything that she had hoped to inflict upon France and Russia by maritime supremacy was in fact inflicted upon herself. What has made it possible for us to land some 2,000,000 men on the Continent of Europe, equipped with every single item in the infinitely varied paraphernalia of modern war?

How have we been able to conduct simultaneous campaigns in Egypt, East Africa, the Cameroons, Southwest Africa, the Balkans, and the Pacific? There are Russian troops

fighting at this moment in France and round Salonika. How did they get there?

From all the ends of the earth British subjects in hundreds upon hundreds of thousands have flocked to the central battlefield. What agency conveyed them? What power protected them?

The United States has built up with the Allies a trade that throws all previous American experience of foreign commerce into the shade. But how many Americans, I wonder, stop to ask themselves how it is that this vast volume of merchandise has crossed the Atlantic in the midst of the greatest war in all history almost as swiftly and securely as in the days of profoundest peace?

One by one Germany's colonies have been torn from her grasp—those oversea possessions the children of so many hopes, the nursing plots of such vast ambitions; and not a single blow has been struck in defense of them by the fatherland itself. One and all have had to rely on their own isolated and local efforts.

They have looked in vain to Germany. Germany—paralyzed by what power? Held down in helplessness by what mysterious spell?—has impotently watched her begin-

nings of a world-wide empire shattered beneath her eyes.

How is it, again, that the Belgian army has been rearmed, reconstructed, and reequipped? How is it that the Serbian forces have similarly been rescued and remade? How is it that Russia has been remunitioned, that Italy has been enabled to overcome her natural deficiencies, that France, in spite of the loss of some of her most highly industrialized districts, is still, for purposes both of war and of commerce, a great manufacturing nation, and that all the Allies can import freely what they need from the neutral world?

To what ubiquitous and unshakable power, stretching from Iceland to the Equator and back again, guarding all oceans, girdling the whole world, are these miracles due? They are due to just one thing—the British navy. Because of the British navy, Germany is a beleaguered garrison, her strength steadily, ceaselessly sapping away; her people languishing physically under the stress of the blockade, and financially and economically under the total loss of her foreign trade.

Defeat the British navy and the war is over in six weeks. There lies Germany's nearest road, not only to peace, but to full and final victory. Take away from the Grand Alliance the support of the British navy and the whole structure collapses into nothingness.

Figures on the Melting Pot

Some Interesting Facts With Reference to U.S. Immigration.

IN the course of an article in the *National Geographic* magazine, the following interesting information with reference to immigration in the United States is brought out:

Who can estimate our debt to immigration? Thirty-three million people have made the long voyage from alien shores to our own since it was proclaimed that all men are born free and equal, and liberty's eternal fire was kindled first on American soil! It is as if half the German Empire should embark for America, or all of England except the county of Kent. It is as if all of the population of all of the States of the United States west of the Mississippi, plus that of Alabama, should have come bodily to America.

History records no similar movement of population which in rapidity or volume can equal this. Compared to it, the hordes that invaded Europe from Asia, great and enormous as they were, were insignificant.

Of the 33,000,000 who have come more than 14,000,000 still live among us, and their children and children's children are now in good truth bone of our bone and blood of our blood.

Not long ago America crossed the hundred-million line in the number of its citizens, and it is interesting to note the composition of that population.

To begin with, there are 11,000,000 colored people, including negroes, Indians, Chin-

ese, etc. Then there are 14,500,000 people of foreign birth among us. In addition to these, there are 14,000,000 children of foreign-born fathers and mothers and 6,500,000 children of foreign-born fathers and native mothers, or *vice versa*. When all of these have been deducted from the 100,000,000, only 54,000,000 remain of full white native ancestry.

Yet the 35,000,000 American people who are of foreign stock—that is, foreign born or the children of a foreign-born parent—include some of the most illustrious citizens of our Republic. Even the President of the United States himself has only one ancestor who was born in America, and the list is long and notable of statesmen, captains of industry, leaders of finance, inventors, makers of literature and progress, who have strains of blood not more than one generation on this side of the sea.

An examination of the statistics of American immigration shows that since the foundation of our government the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland have contributed 8,400,000 of her people and Germany more than six million. Ireland, with more than four million; Great Britain, with a little less than four million, and Scandinavia, with something less than two million, have together with Germany, contributed more than half of the total immigration to our shores since the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

When we take the German immigration of the United States between 1776 and 1890 and compare it with that from other countries, a somewhat startling result, and one usually unsuspected, is disclosed. The total arrivals

of aliens in those 114 years aggregated 15,689,000 of whom more than 6,000,000 were British and Irish and 5,125,000 were Germans, which shows that one alien out of every three arriving in America during more than a century of our existence was a German. Only the United Kingdom shows a greater proportion.

Since 1890 the trend has been very different. With more than 17,000,000 immigrant arrivals since that date, only 1,023,000 have been Germans. If from this number a proper deduction is made for those who returned to their homeland and those who have died since their arrival, it will be seen that there are fewer than a million former subjects of the Kaiser in this country who have not been here more than twenty-six years. Of more than 8,000,000 people of German birth and immediate ancestry among us, less than 1,000,000 fail to have the back-ground of birth or long residence in America behind them.

It is interesting to note the other foreign elements that have entered into the make-up of American population since 1776. What a wealth of blood that wonderful little island, Ireland, has given us! More Irish people have crossed the seas to become part of us than have remained behind. It is remarkable that so small an island—smaller, indeed, than the State of Maine—could in a century and a half send us enough people to duplicate the present population of eleven of our States having an aggregate area as large as the United Kingdom, France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary together.

Austria-Hungary stands next on the list of contributors to the immigrant stream that has flowed from Europe to America. Although Austro-Hungarians began to immigrate in considerable numbers only when the arrivals from western Europe had begun to fall off, sufficient have come from the dual monarchy to populate the State of Texas to its present density. Italy has sent us enough of her people to duplicate the population of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, while England's and Scotland's contribution, 3,889,000 in all, together with Ireland's 4,500,000, gives a total of 8,389,000, or plenty to populate all of the States lying west of Texas and the Dakotas. The Russians who have come to our shores number 3,419,000.

They could replace one-half of the population of New England.

Although the people of foreign birth constitute only one-seventh of the country's population, they contribute nearly one-fourth (22 per cent) of the arm-bearing strength of the nation. At the last census many of the States had a greater number of foreign-born men of arm-bearing age than they had of native-ancestry citizens, among them Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota. Taking the States where those of foreign birth and their sons together constitute a major portion of the men between the ages of 18 and 44, it will be found that the list includes the above States and the following: New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Michigan, South Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Washington, and California—in all 20 States. We have considerably over 20,000,000 men of military age in the United States.

Another striking fact of our immigration situation is the unusual preference of the foreign born and their children for the cities. Of the 35,000,000 foreign-stock whites living

in the United States, approximately 23,000,000 live in the cities. In only 14 of the 50 leading cities of the country do the whites of full native parentage constitute as much as half of the total population. Only one-fifth of the population of New York and Chicago is of native white ancestry. Less than a third of the populations of Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Buffalo, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Newark, St. Paul, Worcester, Scranton, Paterson, Fall River, Lowell, Cambridge, and Bridgeport are of native ancestry.

Conditions have played some curious pranks in the distribution of the immigrant population in the United States. More than two-thirds of the Germans live between the Hudson and the Mississippi and north of the Ohio. The same is true of the Austrians, the Belgians, the Hungarians, the Italians, the Dutch, the Russians, and the Welsh.

New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey have 47 per cent of the Austrians, 34 per cent of the English, 30 per cent of the Germans, 54 per cent of the Irish, 58 per cent of the Italians, 56 per cent of the Russians, 34 per cent of the Dutch, and 46 per cent of the Welsh in the United States.

An Exodus to Europe

People in America May Return Across the Sea.

THAT the end of the war will see an exodus of people from the United States to Europe is the opinion expressed by Frederic C. Howe in the course of an article in *Harper's Magazine*. He gives his reason as follows:

The European War has forced many new problems upon us. And one of these is the relation of people to the land. Of one thing, at least, we may be certain—that with the ending of the war there will be a competition for men, a competition not only by the exhausted Powers of Europe, but by Canada, Australia and America as well. Europe will endeavor to keep its able-bodied men at home. They will be needed for reconstruction pur-

poses. There will be little immigration out of France, for France is a nation of home-owning peasants and France has never contributed in material numbers to our population. The same is true of Germany. Germany is the most highly socialized state in Europe. The state owns the railways, many mines, and great stretches of land. In England too the state has been socialized to a remarkable extent as a result of the war. Russia and Austria-Hungary have undergone something of the same transformation. When the war is over these countries will probably endeavor to mobilize their men and women for industry as they previously mobilized them for war. And in so far as they are able to adjust credit and assistance to their people, they will strive to keep them at home.

But that is not all. Millions of men have been killed or incapacitated. Poland, Galicia, parts of Hungary and Russia have been de-



—Cesare in New York Evening Post.
"A Masterful Retreat!"



—Cesare in New York Evening Post.
He Mourns Dear Enemy.

vastated. Many nobles who owned the great estates have been killed. Many of them are bankrupt. Their land holdings may be broken up into small farms. The state can only go on, taxes can only be collected if industry and agriculture are brought back to life. And the nations of Europe are turning their attention to a consciously worked out agricultural programme for putting the returning soldiers back on the land. Not only that, but reports from steamship and railroad companies indicate that large numbers of men are planning to return to Europe after the war. The estimates, based upon investigation, run as high as a million men. Poles and Hungarians are imbued with the idea that land will be cheap in Europe and that the savings they have accumulated in this country can be used for the purchase of small holdings in their native country, through the possession of which their social and economic status will be materially improved.

I have no doubt but that the years which follow the ending of the war will see an exodus from this country which may be as great as the incoming tide in the years of our highest

immigration. Along with this exodus to Europe, Canada will endeavor to repopulate her land. Western Canada especially is working out an agricultural and land programme. Even before the war her provinces had removed taxes from houses and improvements and were increasing the taxes upon vacant land speculation. And this policy will probably be largely extended after the war is over. England, too, is developing a comprehensive land policy, and is placing returning soldiers upon the land under conditions similar to those provided in the Irish Land Purchase Act. It is not improbable that the war will be followed by a breaking up of many of the great estates in England and the settlement of many men upon the land in farm colonies, such as have been worked out in Denmark and Germany. Even prior to the war Germany had placed hundreds of thousands of persons upon the state-owned farms and on private estates which had been acquired by the government for this purpose. Over \$400,000,000 has been appropriated for the purpose of encouraging home-ownership in Germany during recent years.

ready winning laurels as a Red Ribbon Howler.

"11. Afterwards he took a rabid part in a prayer-meeting epidemic; dropped that to travesty Jules Verne; dropped that, in the middle of the last chapter, last March, to digest the matter of an infidel book which he proposed to write; and now he comes to the surface to rescue our 'noble and beautiful religion' from the sacrilegious talons of Bob Ingersoll.

"Now come! Don't fool away this treasure which Providence has laid at your feet, but take it up and use it. One can let his imagination run riot in portraying Orion, for there is nothing so extravagant as to be out of character with him."

How Batteries Are Hidden

Ingenious Methods of "Masking" Guns Behind the Lines.

ALTHOUGH the guns behind the British lines are said to be so numerous that they could almost be placed in a line wheel to wheel stretching from the coast to Switzerland, the fact remains that one may approach the front lines without seeing any trace of artillery in action. In the course of an article in the *Windsor Magazine*, dealing with the work of the British artillery, H. D. Girdwood explains by a description of the elaborate and ingenious methods of "masking" batteries. He says:

It may come as a surprise to many readers to know that as one motors in the firing zone, or, nearer the trenches, proceeds on foot over roads along which it is far too dangerous for cars to go, one rarely spots our guns anywhere. You may walk by a hedge, fence, or a thicket, and never dream that it masks an entire battery.

I have often had the greatest difficulty, even after seeing the flash of a gun, in locating a particular battery. We have all grown accustomed to the many disguises, such as painting the guns to resemble branches and trunks of trees, which were used even here before the batteries went across to France.

Unless one has been in the battle zone, it is impossible to realize how cleverly the guns are masked. To visit a concentration area, after three or four months of work, even to one well trained in topography, is a revelation. Roads and light railways seem to radiate in every direction. Farmyards everywhere in the neighborhood are billeted with gunners and drivers, and the roads teem with long strings of motor lorries.

As the infantryman in the front-line trenches has his dug-outs, to which he proceeds during bombardments, so his brother in the artillery has his own "funk-hole," to which he retires on occasion. Many pleasant hours has the writer spent in these dug-outs while German shells were whistling overhead. These "funk-holes," however, take a lot of getting used to before one can appreciate a rest in them, especially with our own batteries firing at one's very elbows. The earth seems to tremble with each recoil of our guns, rendering sleep well-nigh impossible for the newcomer.

Whether the artillery observation officer is away in some shell-crater in "No Man's Land," or in the fire and assembly trench, or perched aloft, cleverly concealed in some tree or sand-bagged terrace of a ruined building, he is equally valuable as the eye for his battery. Perchance the C.O. may be depending on that tiny speck of an aeroplane over the Boche lines. In any case, the targets having been duly registered during periods of inactivity, the degree of destruction during the terrific bombardment preceding an attack is carefully telephoned or signalled to the gunners at frequent intervals. It is computed that, in the battle of the Somme, some

Mark Twain's Brother

Eccentric Career of Orion Clemens as Told by the Author.

MARK TWAIN'S humor was sometimes shown to best advantage in his letters. *Harper's Magazine* publishes a series of his letters to William Dean Howells, written during the time that the latter was editing the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is impossible to quote other than a mere fragment from them, but one bit stands out as a gem, his description of the career of his eccentric brother, Orion Clemens. He writes to urge that Howells' introduce Orion into one of his books and tells something of Orion's life as follows:

"Observe Orion's career—that is, a little of it: He has belonged to as many as five different religious denominations; last March he withdrew from the deaconship in a Congregational Church and the superintendency of its Sunday school, in a speech in which he said that for many months (it runs in my mind that he said 13 years) he had been a confirmed infidel, and so felt it to be his duty to retire from the flock.

"2. After being a Republican for years, he wanted me to buy him a Democratic newspaper. A few days before the Presidential election, he came out in a speech and publicly went over to the Democrats; he prudently hedged by voting for 6 state Republicans, also.

"The new convert was made one of the secretaries of the Democratic meeting, and placed in the list of speakers. He wrote me jubilantly of what a ten-strike he was going to make with that speech. All right—but think of his innocent and pathetic candor in writing me something like this, a week later:

"I was more diffident than I had expected to be, and this was increased by the silence with which I was received when I came forward; so I seemed unable to get the fire into my speech which I had calculated upon, and presently they began to get up and go out; and in a few minutes they all rose up and went away."

"How could a man uncover such a sore as that and show it to another? Not a word of complaint, you see—only a patient, sad surprise.

"3. His next project was to write a burlesque upon 'Paradise Lost.'

"4. Then, learning that the *Times* was paying Harte \$100 a column for stories, he concluded to write some for the same price. I read his first one and persuaded him not to write any more.

"5. Then he read proof on the New York *Evening Post* at \$10 a week and meekly observed that the foreman swore at him and ordered him around 'like a steamboat mate.'

"6. Being discharged from that post, he wanted to try agriculture—was sure he could

make a fortune out of a chicken farm. I gave him \$900 and he went to a ten-house village two miles above Keokuk on the river bank—this place was a railway station. He soon asked for money to buy a horse and light wagon—because the trains did not run at church time on Sunday and his wife found it rather far to walk.

"For a long time I answered demands for 'loans' and by next mail always received his cheque for the interest due me to date. In the most guileless way he let it leak out that he did not underestimate the value of his custom to me, since it was not likely that any other customer of mine paid his interest quarterly, and this enabled me to use my capital twice in six months instead of only once. But also, when the debt reached \$1,800 or \$2,500 (I have forgotten which) the interest ate too formidably into his borrowings, and so he quietly ceased to pay it or speak of it. At the end of two years I found that the chicken farm had long ago been abandoned, and he had moved into Keokuk. Later, in one of his casual moments, he observed that there was no money in fattening a chicken on 65 cents worth of corn and then selling it for 50.

"7. Finally, if I would lend him \$500 a year for two years (this was 4 or 5 years ago) he knew he could make a success as a lawyer, and would prove it. This is the pension which we have just increased to \$600. The first year his legal business brought him \$5. It also brought him an unremunerative case where some villains were trying to chouse some negro orphans out of \$700. He still has this case. He has waggled it around through various courts and made some booming speeches on it. The negro children have grown up and married off, now, I believe, and their litigated town-lot has been dug up and carted off by somebody—but Orion still infests the courts with his documents and makes the welkin ring with his venerable case. The second year he didn't make anything. The third he made \$6 and I made Bliss put a case in his hands—about half an hour's work. Orion charged \$50 for it—Bliss paid him \$15. Thus four or five years of lawing has brought him \$26, but this will doubtless be increased when he gets done lecturing and buys that 'law library.' Meanwhile his office rent has been \$60 a year and he has stuck to that lair day by day as patiently as a spider.

"8. Then he by and by conceived the idea of lecturing around America as 'Mark Twain's Brother'—that is to be on the bills. Subject of proposed lecture, 'On the Formation of Character.'

"9. I protested, and he got on his war-paint, couched his lance, and ran a bold tilt against total abstinence and the Red Ribbon fanatics. It raised a fine row among the virtuous Keokukins.

"10. I wrote to encourage him in his good work, but I had let a mail intervene; so by the time my letter reached him he was al-

of our guns averaged no less than fourteen thousand rounds during the bombardment which flattened out the Hun's trenches, destroyed his barbed wire entanglements, and maintained such a triple barrage that he was unable to counter-attack. "Ah," said a gunner in a certain battery, "we are only giving the Germans a little of their own back that they gave us in those terrible days at Mons, when we were outmatched by four to one, and my battery had but one gun left, and only two of us to fire it!"

Christians In Society

Can a Consistent Believer Take Part in Social Functions?

CAN A consistent Christian remain in society? This question is often asked and has, in the answering, created much bitterness and dissension. Charles Edward Jefferson, D.D., pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, essays an answer in *Woman's Home Companion* and succeeds in establishing the primary fact that Christianity in society is practicable. He succeeds also in smoothing away certain ideas with reference to the attitude of the Christian who essays to remain in society which have done much to cloud the issue. He then proceeds:

A wise man long ago said this: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." And if the wise man had cared to go on, he could have added that there is a time for afternoon teas, and a time for missionary meetings; a time for receptions and a time for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; a time to pray, and a time to chat and joke with one's friends; a time to sing hymns, and a time to engage in social amusements; a time to read the Bible, and a time to enjoy a sumptuous dinner. We err when we assume that a function is godless because it is not draped in the symbols of religion. We can do all sorts of things to the glory of God, as the Apostle Paul reminds us, even such prosaic and mundane things as eating and drinking.

Nor can society use the methods of Prophets and Apostles to accomplish its ends. A man in society is not under obligation to imitate the methods of Moses or Elijah or John the Baptist. The dinner table is no place for denunciation, nor is the parlor a suitable forum for debate. It is absurd to accuse society of being superficial and worldly because men and women in their social recreations do not discuss problems in theology, and carry on a propaganda or moral reform. The true aim is the same in society and in Church—the enlarging and enrichment of life, the extension of the reign of sympathy and good-will—but what is accomplished in one way in the Church will be accomplished in another way in society. "God fulfills himself in many ways lest one good custom should corrupt the world." For a Christian at a social function to talk to people about their souls would be not only bad manners, but also an exhibition of a lack of common sense. It converts one into a nuisance to act upon the idea that one must always be doing the same thing in the same way. Sundry religious workers would be greatly helped by a few seasons in society. They would lose some of their boorishness—which is not a Christian virtue—and would make advancement in the difficult art of making themselves agreeable. Conduct is not necessarily godless because the name of God is not mentioned. We are in the way of Christian service when we are adding by our spirit and conversation to the agreeableness of life. The world needs a deal of sweetening, and this



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process is carried on by men and women who meet in the exchanges and amenities of social intercourse. Society is not necessarily of the evil one because it pays attention to the outside of the cup and the platter. There is no reason why the outside of life should be allowed to become unkempt and drab. The appreciation and cultivation of the beautiful is one of the Christian duties often neglected. Satisfaction in beautiful houses, delight in beautiful dresses, pleasure in beautiful decorations, joy in beautiful music and paintings — these are not evidences of a heart estranged from God. The love of the beautiful ought to be cultivated as well as the love of the true and the good.

But society, like all the other kingdoms of life, has in it the seeds of corruption. Unless safeguarded and revived it inevitably tends to degenerate. Human nature has a strong lurch in the direction of the physical and the sensuous and the frivolous. Men and women alike easily lose their heads, they readily go to extremes. Some men go half crazy over money, some women go completely crazy over society fads. The stupid-headed and the shallow-hearted are everywhere, and it is in society that they often give the sorriest exhibitions of themselves. There is a constant tendency toward lavish display, and a mighty push toward barbaric extravagance. Society has its rivalries as business has its competitions. These rivalries often lead to fooleries, and finally end in disaster. There are forces in society always working in favor of physical and intellectual dissipation. Excess comes easily. Society in many a city is a wild whirlpool in which multitudes of women are wrecked both in body and in spirit. Society, unless held in check by men of character and women of common sense, is certain to follow the example of the Gadarene swine and rush violently down to destruction.

Here then is an opportunity for a Christian. Here is a piece of the Heavenly Father's business which Christians should attend to. Here is an arena in which one can save his soul by having others. Here is a call for social service. Social service is larger than we think. To many it is teaching poor girls how to sew, and interesting poor boys in taking a bath. But holding the tone of society high—that is social service of the most momentous sort.

Business Morals in Russia

Punctilious Honesty Shown in the New Republic.

AN INTERESTING pronouncement on the score of the business morals of the Russian people is made editorially by *World's Work*. That Russian business men are punctiliously honest is the point made in the following paragraphs.

Bankers who have been in Russia and made careful inquiry about these matters say that the Russian people will never consider defaulting on an obligation; that they do not know the meaning of default or repudiation of debt. They may at times need renewal of credit, but there is never any thought of not paying what they owe. For that reason there is not likely to be any debate in Russia, as there was in this country after the Civil War, regarding the payment of government obligations. Russia is now largely on a paper currency basis because of successive issues of legal tender notes to meet war expenses, and it is evident that it will take time and courage to bring it back to a sound monetary standard. Those at the head of the new Government, however, have already signified their intention to meet all financial obligations.

Our present stake in Russia is a comparatively small one. Since the war started, two external loans totaling \$75,000,000 have been placed here, and American investors are believed to have purchased about \$100,000,000,

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THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

A black and white illustration of a man in a suit sitting at a desk, reading a newspaper. The desk is cluttered with papers and a pen. In the background, there is a window with a view of a city and a bookshelf.

This is the day of "captains." The times call for captains in all lines of endeavor, military and industrial. Behind the captains in the Army and Navy must stand the captains of Industry. In war and in peace our national security is a question of factories and food. The best food for men and women who plan and direct great enterprises is

a food that contains the greatest amount of strength-giving, body-building material with the least tax upon the digestion. In these times of food shortage and the high cost of living, don't be satisfied with anything short of the **whole wheat**—and be sure it is Shredded Wheat—which is the **whole wheat** in a digestible form. Two or three of these Biscuits with milk make a nourishing, satisfying meal. Delicious with berries, sliced bananas, or other fruits.

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spread around the whole length of the horse-shoe, as it is along the crest of the American Fall. Mr. Harper believes that not more than 35 per cent. of the total discharge of the river so distributed would cover the entire precipice at the Horseshoe Fall with a cascade more than twice as deep as that of the present American Fall, and would produce a scenic effect equal in grandeur and greater in extent than the present Fall.

"Mr. Harper is chief engineer of the Hydraulic Power Company of Niagara, and is a member of the American Societies of Mechanical Engineers, Civil Engineers, and Electrical Engineers, and the Electrochemical Society. He makes no suggestion in his pamphlet as to the methods by which the 'invisible current deflectors' which he proposes could be constructed in the bed of the river above the Horseshoe Fall. Those who have visited Niagara and witnessed the wild torrent of water which sweeps down the rapids above the falls can form a conception of the heroic task that would be involved in building any structure in these seething waters which could withstand them.

Japan and Germany

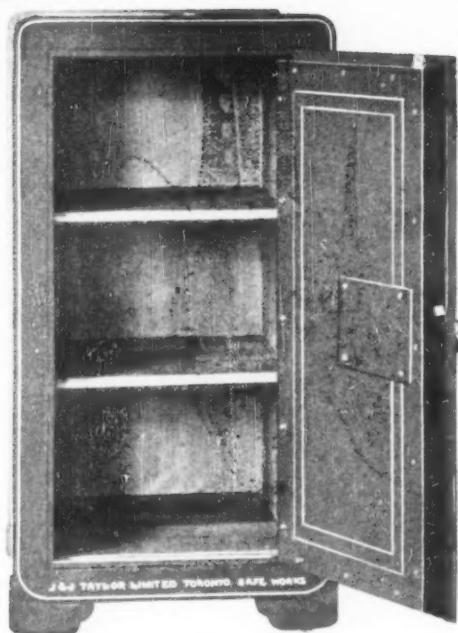
*Will Friendly Relations Between Them
Follow the War?*

MUCH discussion has followed the now famous "break" of Herr von Zimmerman in suggesting an alliance with Mexico and Japan against the United States. The Japanese have repudiated all knowledge of the matter and their denial is accepted unqualifiedly by all who have stopped to consider the position of the Island Kingdom. However, Japanese writers are now freely discussing the position that Nippon will take after the war. Fairly representative of the general opinion is that expressed by K. K. Kawakami in the course of an article in *The Forum*. He reviews the reasons for Japan's hostility to Germany, but it will be observed that in his closing paragraphs he states frankly that this hostility need not continue in the future. It depends, apparently on Germany; also, although this is not suggested, on Britain and the United States. He concludes:

If a German-Japanese rapprochement is to follow the War, the Wilhelmstrasse must entirely abandon the tactics which it has hitherto practised in the Far-East. Fortunately both for Japan and for Germany, there is growing evidence that such a modification of German policies will not be slow in coming. Admiral von Truppel, whom we have already quoted, frankly admits that German work in China can no longer be carried on without taking Japan into consideration."

Once Germany frankly admits her past blunders and shows an earnest desire to "make up" with Japan, there is no reason why the latter would not respond. Indeed, the gradual change of attitude which the German press and publicists have of late displayed in favor of Japan had, until the unfortunate Zimmermann occurrence, been highly appreciated in Tokyo. It is, of course, too early to predict what the post-bellum alignment of the Powers will be, but it is certain that when Germany abandons her political ambitions in China and concentrates her energies in the development of her colonial interests in Africa and other countries close to the Fatherland, Japan will be glad to co-operate with Germany in the commercial development of China. With Japanese tutorage leading China into the path of progress and higher civilization, Germany will find a large new outlet for those machineries and manufactures stamped with the German mark.

This seems obvious from Germany's experience in Japan, where her export in the past fifteen years rose from practically nothing to the sum of \$34,197,000.



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The shoes you are buying to wear this Summer, your dealer ordered early last Fall or Winter. At that time our factory capacity for producing Neolin soles was

limited. As a result most merchants were able to obtain only a small percentage of their stock with Neolin soles.

That condition has been overcome. Shoe manufacturers' recent orders from dealers for shipment next Fall call for Neolin on half the shoes. Realizing the superiority of Neolin, many merchants are now ordering big portions of next Fall's stock on Neolin. At that time you will be able to obtain Neolin-soled shoes at any good store.

But you want Neolin right away. So to make it easy for you to find it, we have offered shoe merchants the ticket illustrated here. They are on shoes in the windows. You can find Neolin-soled shoes

by merely looking for these tickets in shoe store windows.

Neolin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities, it is replacing leather for shoe soles. Neolin's appearance can be imitated. But Neolin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.

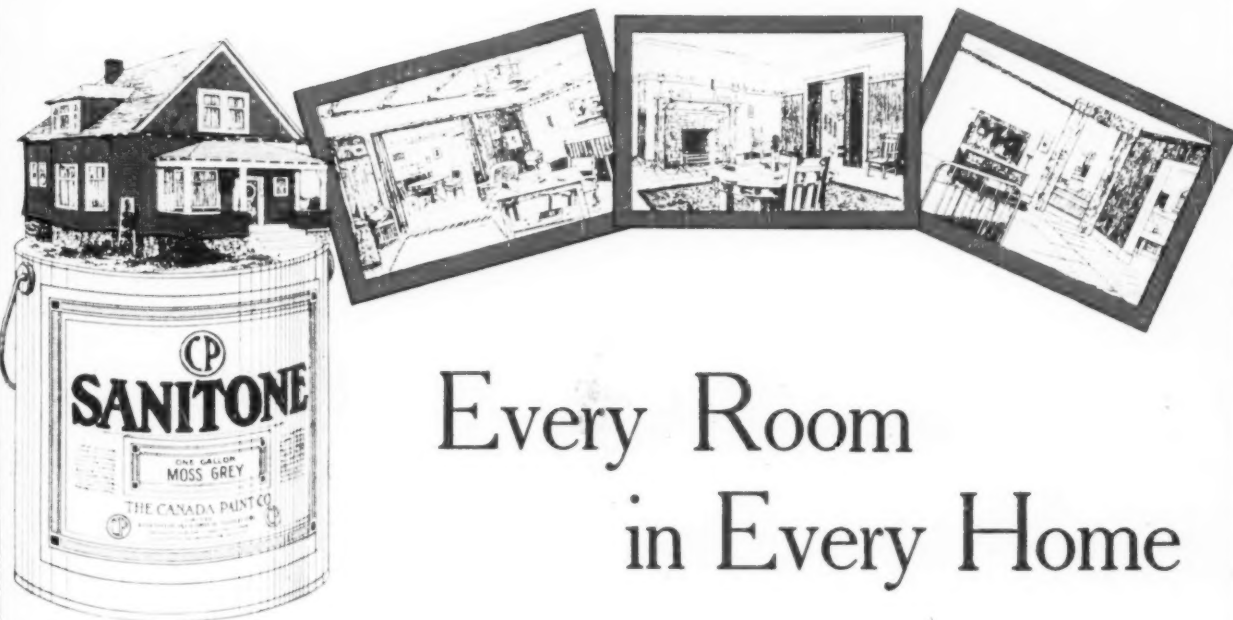
Now there are other soles that look like Neolin. But there is only *one* Neolin—and every pair of soles is branded with the trademark shown on this ticket.

To be sure of the genuine Neolin—*mark* that mark, stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neolin, with the accent on the "O"—**Neolin**—the trade symbol for a quality product.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of
Canada, Limited

Neolin

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.



Every Room in Every Home

should have walls and ceilings covered with a durable sanitary finish that can be washed---

SANITONE

is a durable oil paint that dries with a flat velvety finish. It is a much more durable wall covering than wall paper. It is absolutely sanitary, and can be washed with soap and water without injury. It will not rub off and will last for years.

SANITONE is made in white and twenty-four beautiful shades and can be applied on any surface.

Our Decorative Department is entirely at your services free of any charge or obligation. Let us draw up color schemes and suggestions for interior and exterior painting.

*Ask your dealer or write direct
for descriptive color card.*

THE CANADA PAINT CO

LIMITED



Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg

Calgary

Halifax

THE TRIUMPHS OF IDEALS

CHRISTIE, BROWN & Co. LIMITED

1850

1917

LIMITED



Capt. R. J. Christie, President

WHEN William Christie began the making of biscuits in Toronto in 1850—well on to seventy years ago—he set himself a rigid and exalted standard—highest quality. It became and remained a passion with him to produce biscuits of super-excellence, and this same standard, his watchword of "Quality First," has always been the guiding principle of this fine old firm.

Years and years ago, before the days of creameries, when butter was made on farms, and not so well made as a general thing as now, Christie, Brown & Co., Limited, had all-the-year round contracts with the prize-winning butter-makers, at prices frequently double that of the market.

A Factory Where Cleanliness Dwells.

If you could go into the factory of Christie, Brown & Co., Limited, and through it, you would have overwhelming evidence of their passion for excellence. Every ounce of fruit, lard, butter, molasses, chocolate, flour, spice or any other ingredient used, is the finest obtainable. It is never bought on a price basis. The first and ultimate demand is for quality. Price is entirely secondary. So one does not wonder that the supremacy of Christie biscuits in dealers' and in the public's esteem has remained undisturbed throughout the years.

The factory and the workers in it are kept up to the highest level of efficiency and cleanliness.

Floors, passage ways, walls, utensils,—everything is kept in the cleanest possible condition. Workers are likewise required to be dressed in spotless white. Commodious and well equipped wash-rooms and shower baths are maintained for employees. A fully equipped laundry is contained in the building where outer clothing, caps, aprons, handkerchiefs and towels, are cleansed; and the severe demand on workers to use clean cloth-

ing and accessories of cleanliness is never relaxed.

Welfare Work.

Even the health of workers is under inspection, and is a matter of real concern to the management. A first-aid room is maintained on the premises, a physician's services are engaged, and when hospital care or treatment becomes necessary, the management cares for afflicted workers at the Company's expense.

The company has also taken thought for the employees' general comfort by providing comfortable rest rooms for the men and also for the women, for use in their hours of relaxation.

An Unswerving Course.

The management of the Christie business has experienced few changes in the sixty-seven years of its history. So long as the founder, William Christie, lived, he was the energetic and much-loved chief executive. When he passed away in 1900, he was succeeded by his son, Mr. R. J. Christie, with whom his father's standards and ideals remain undimmed.

More than most large businesses in Canada—in the world, for that matter—the firm of Christie, Brown & Co., Limited, has been but little affected by or concerned with the menace of competition. Other biscuit-makers have arisen in Canada, and have attained notable success, but always Christie, Brown & Co., Limited, have gone their own way, animated by no lust of power or dominance, but wholly swayed by the steadfast purpose

to make the best biscuits human ability can produce, leaving it to the public to discover after many trials whose biscuits satisfy best. The pre-eminent superiority of Christie biscuits has been attested to times and occasions without number. One interesting tribute was paid by Capt. Bernier who conducted an expedition into the Arctic regions some years ago. He specifically required that the biscuits to be taken should be those made by Christie, Brown & Co., Limited.

A New Building.

Recently—in 1914—the company erected a large addition to its former extensive premises. The new structure faces on King St. East, cornering Frederick St. Here the executive offices are placed—very fine, indeed; and here also the sample rooms, and club rooms of the staff. The upper floors are used for manufacturing. Walls are tiled, floors are of concrete—the purpose being hygienic and sanitary. Abundant light—itsself a cleanser and health-giver—floods the factories and offices.

To tell the story of the hundreds upon hundreds of different biscuits made by Christie, Brown & Co., Limited, to take time to follow the course of these delicious products from the stores department into the mixing room, through the stamping and cutting machines into the giant ovens and on to the packing and shipping rooms, would be a fascinating labor, as would to detail the growth of this immense business through the 70 years of its uninterrupted success. But these are details.

Rather is the present object to outline afresh some of the factors that have contributed and continue to contribute to the growth and distinction of the business of Christie, Brown & Co., Limited—this for the informing and assurance of that very wide and choice public which remains loyal to Christie's Biscuits, and which like Christie, Brown & Co., Limited, ever place

QUALITY FIRST

Mention MacLean's Magazine. It will identify you.

A German Republic?

*If the Teutons are Turning Democratic
Let Them Prove It.*

IN THE course of a vigorous editorial pronouncement, *Collier's Weekly* deals with the outward semblance of democracy that Germany has professed and puts forward the suggestion that the world demands proofs and not protestations. The editorial reads:

It may be that the Allies are in a bad state, that England is starving, France exhausted, Germany victorious all along the line. We have no sources of exact information, but are forced to go for the hardest facts to newspapers that destroyed England by means of Zeppelins two years ago and surrendered Paris to Von Kluck as early as September, 1914. On the other hand, faith in these assertions is sometimes shaken by intimations from German sources that would seem to indicate anything but a victorious feeling or even a remote hope of victory. Imagine a triumphant Germany suggesting peace! Yet the German peace propaganda in this country has started even earlier than *Collier's* predicted. This Government had hardly warmed up to the war, there had been scarcely time to make contracts for submarine chasers, before friends and agents of Germany began to talk of "peace arrangements agreeable to the interests of both nations." In New York there are a number of pro-German newspapers. There is one in particular which was so distinctly in the propaganda that it became a public nuisance. After war was declared against Germany it was quiet for a few days, probably from a judicious regard for its own safety. Then it crept out of its hole to propose an immediate peace "based on an alliance between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States"—an exquisite idea, but not one that conveys a note of triumph.

Abroad there are other signs that while victory is sweet there can be too much of it. It is palling on this meek and Christian dynasty. It seems as if they would almost welcome the homely fare of defeat. Nothing is more certain than that the autocracy has as firm a grip as ever on public opinion in Germany. What is published in the papers is published by permission. What is discussed in the Reichstag is agreeable to the men who control the military policy of the Government. Why has absolutism softened? Why are unheard-of constitutional reforms openly discussed? Why is Maximilian Harden permitted to denounce the Government and call for radical reorganization? Why is a socialist sent on a Government mission to confer with foreign socialists and when he returns appointed to the head of the Constitutional Committee of the Reichstag? Why are the editorial rooms of *Vorwärts* no longer in the county jail?

Germany, the Germany of blood and iron, of rule or ruin, has suddenly gone democratic. The Kaiser, in effect, is saying to the democracies of the world: "Look, I am no longer supreme. I have seen the error of my ways. I withdraw from power, or, if you like it better, I have been forced out by a great upheaval of popular sentiment, for which instructions have been issued through the customary police and journalistic agencies. You refuse to discuss terms of peace with me? Very well, then, I no longer speak for the German people. They will speak for themselves through my Reichstag. It is an admirable instrument of public thought. I know, for my glorious and invincible ancestors made it themselves and I have added a few inventions of my own. It is composed, as you see, of lawyers, merchants, journalists, socialists—just the sort of honest fellows who make up the House of Representatives at Washington. There will be no longer a question of an autocrat imposing his will on the world, but democracy shall speak to democracy—a republic in everything but name to her sister republic in nothing but name. These two democracies have a common culture, and surely the land of Karl Marx and Beethoven can address the land of Washington and Sousa? You say you

Don't Take a Trip With a Corn



DON'T handicap yourself
in a business way or socially with a painful corn.
There's no need to keep your mind on your corn.

Blue-jay—the easy way—brings instant relief from pain. And your corns are gone in 48 hours. That is, the average corn. Some very stubborn cases require a second or third treatment.

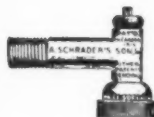
Millions upon millions of corns have been removed the Blue-jay way. Millions of families keep a supply on hand, and they never have corns. You, too, can be freed now and forever.

Paring corns brings only temporary relief. And harsh liquids are dangerous. Blue-jay is the scientific way.

BAUER & BLACK
Limited
Toronto, Canada
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns
Instantly Quickly

For Sale by
All Druggists.
Also Blue-jay
Bunion Plasters



**Schrader
Universal
Pump
Connection**

Facilitates Pump-
ing and Testing of
Tires. Air pressure
can be ascertained
without detaching
connection from valve.

Price 50c

**Schrader
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**Tire Pressure
Gauge**

Measures the air in your
tires. Tires maintained
under the correct inflation
last twice as long as tires
run on haphazard pressure.
A "Schrader Universal"
Gauge means Tire Insur-
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Valve
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A Four-in-one Tool for
Quick Repair of Dam-
aged Cap threads of
Tire Valves; Removing
Valve Inside; Reaming
Damaged Valve Seat;
Retapping inside thread.
Of value to all Motorists
and Garages.

Price 35c



Make Your Skin Clear, Smooth, Soft.

Thousands of girls and women have become discouraged because of facial disfigurements or the fading of a once lovely complexion. They have come to us in their trouble and have gone away with a new light in their eyes, a new hope and a new joy in their hearts. Skin blemishes, such as pimples, blackheads, redness, superfluous hair, moles, warts, wrinkles, blotches, etc., seemingly incurable, need discourage women no longer. In twenty-five years we have scarcely met a case we could not cure or, at least, very greatly improve. Our preparations are harmless and their efficacy has been proved by years of experience. They are sent carriage paid to any address in Canada on receipt of the price.

If You Have Any Skin Blemish, Consult Us At Once.

If you will outline your case by letter, we will be glad to correspond with you without charge, until we accurately determine what treatment you require. Write to-day.

FREE Our 32-page Booklet **D** describes methods and treatment for face, hands, feet, for reducing flesh and increasing plumpness; it also explains the wonderful Electrolysis Process for removing superfluous hair. Send 5c in stamps for a free sample of Princess White Rose Cream.

Dear Reader:—
If you prefer, you can write me personally about your skin troubles. All letters confidential.
Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) DOROTHY HISCOTT

The Hiscott Institute Limited
59F College St., Toronto

feel no hostility to the people of Germany. Then there can be no obstacle to an arrangement for peace. Let the democracy of Germany and the democracy of the United States of North America embrace!"

To the casual observer it sounds a good deal less like a note of triumph than an acknowledgment of defeat. There was no talk of "German democracy," "constitutional reforms," or a "constitutional monarchy" after the peace of Versailles. If the German people wish to treat for peace as a republic, they should not overlook one small preliminary. They have only to become a republic.

Finance in Paraguay

A View of Money Conditions in This Easy-Going Republic.

IN THE course of an interesting description of the South American Republic of Paraguay, J. O. P. Bland writes in the *Edinburgh Review* as follows:

The present condition of the Republic is fairly reflected in its currency, which consists entirely of greasy paper. The Paraguayan dollar (*peso fuerte*) is worth, as I have said, between three and four cents gold, as times go. The average peon laborer can earn ten of these dollars (say, eighteen pence) a day. The bare necessities of life, including house-rent, are comparatively cheap, but everything of the nature of imported or manufactured goods is extremely dear. Boots, for example, are beyond the means of the working class; so that men, women, and children—every one, in fact, except politicians and policemen—go barefoot. Eggs cost fifteen dollars a dozen; a ride in a tramcar a dollar. Even largesse to a beggar or a bootblack must take the form of a bank-note. Every Indian market-woman, in exchange for her fowls, fish, or fruit, goes home with a fat wad of this paper, to which each day's use adds its tale of ragged greasiness. The lowest note value is fifty centavos—roughly, three farthings. For the printing of these notes the Government has gone to the American Bank Note Company of New York, and acquired a very creditable specimen of steel engraving. It has probably never occurred to any market-woman, or indeed to any patriotic legislator, to inquire what proportion the cost of printing bears to the purchasing value of these scraps of paper, or to trace the connection between this sort of frenzied finance and the chronic insolvency of

Continued on page 75.

COMING FEATURES

A narrative of circus life in Canada, by L. B. Yates, the famous writer of race horse and circus stories, and creator of "Paragon Pete" and "The Singin' Kid." L. B. Yates is a Canadian.

A strong article on the granting of titles in Canada by a well-known public man.

Some remarkable narratives from men at the front.

It's Time You Ended Garage Rent!



Paying out cold cash every month to fatten some garage keeper's purse was always a wasteful way of keeping up a car, and more particularly now, when

PEDLAR'S "PERFECT" METAL-CLAD GARAGES

bring right to your door the conveniences of a beautiful, durable garage all your own. Pays for itself twice over in no time. Clean, sanitary, fits any car. Comes in sections made of sheet metal, portable, easily erected. Let your garage rent go to beautify your home grounds with a Pedlar Garage. As low in price as will buy a good garage.

Write for the Perfect Garage Booklet M. M.

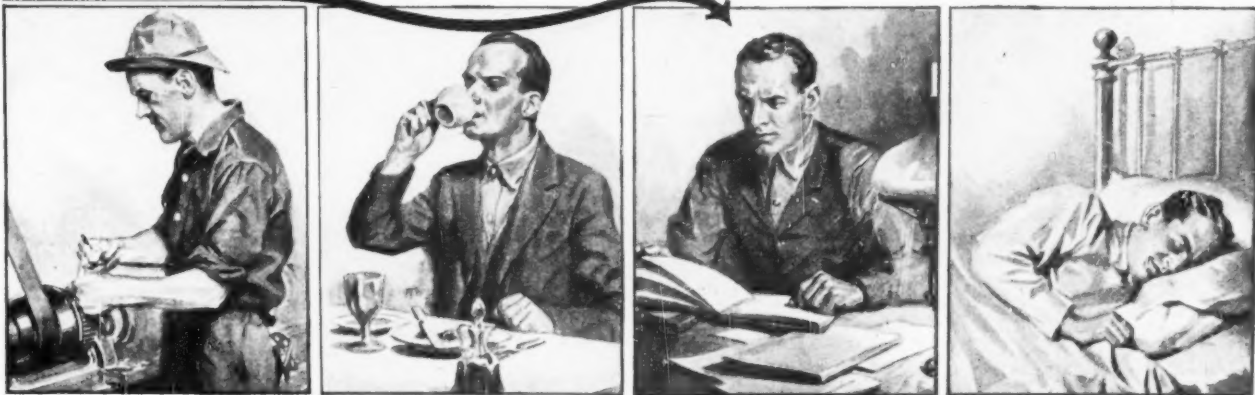
THE PEDLAR PEOPLE, LIMITED
(Established 1861)

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Branches: Montreal - Ottawa - Toronto - London - Winnipeg



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These Are The Hours That Count



MOST of your time is mortgaged to work, meals and sleep. But the hours after supper are *yours*, and your whole future depends on how you spend them. You can fritter them away on profitless pleasure, or you can make those hours bring you position, money, power, *real success* in life.

Canada needs trained men. Never were opportunities so great. Thousands of splendid, good-paying positions are waiting in every field of work for men *trained to fill them*. There's a big job waiting for *you*—in your present work, or any line you choose. Get ready for it! You can do it without losing a minute from work, or a wink of sleep, without hurrying a single meal, and with plenty of time left for recreation. You can do it in one hour after supper each night, right at home, through the International Correspondence Schools.

Yes—You Can Win Success in an Hour a Day

Thousands upon thousands of Canadians have proved it. J. F. Parker, of Winnipeg, climbed from a \$40 a month job to a \$6,000 a year income as a contractor. Wm. T. Griffiths advanced from carpenter to superintendent of construction for Lyall & Sons, Ottawa. These and hundreds of other architects and contractors climbed to success through I. C. S. help. E. H. Monroe, chief engineer of the Dominion Textile Company, Windsor, and hundreds of other engineers won their way to the top through I. C. S. spare-time study. Many of Canada's foremost sales and advertising managers prepared for their present positions in spare time under I. C. S. instruction.

For 25 years men in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads all over Canada—in all lines of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S. Since 1891, 115,200 men in the Dominion have been helped to bigger careers by the I. C. S. plan. More than 6,500 are getting ready *right now* for the bigger jobs ahead.

Your Chance Is Here!

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to *you*. No matter what your handicaps, or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply written, wonderfully illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 280 I. C. S. Courses will surely suit *our* needs.

Make Your Start Now!

When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means—can you afford to let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste? Make your start right now! This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

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Dept. A, 745 St. Catherine St., W. Montreal, Can.

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING MAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Car Running | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Expert | <input type="checkbox"/> Outdoor Sign Painter |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATOR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> DESIGNER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgist or Prospector | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigator |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |

Name _____

Occupation _____

& Employer _____

Street _____

and No. _____

City _____ Province _____

If name of Course you want is not in this list, write it below.



The Smile That Won't Come Off

Light Fours

Touring	- - -	\$975
Roadster	- - -	\$950
Country Club	- - -	\$1110

Model 85-Fours

Touring	- - -	\$1250
Roadster	- - -	\$1230
Coupe	- - -	\$1750
Sedan	- - -	\$2030

All prices f.o.b. point of shipment. Subject to change without notice.

What is her smile worth to you? Probably nothing you could do would bring quite so much gladness into her life as to drive home some afternoon and say "How do you like your new car?"

It would mean her liberation—and a bigger, broader, healthier, happier life for the whole family.

Isn't that worth far more than it costs? In the Willys-Overland line of motor cars is the car of her heart's desire which you can buy for her and still keep on

friendly terms with your pocketbook.

Huge production enables us to distribute costs over a larger number of cars and to produce every type of car with virtually the same proportionate saving as though our entire production was centered on the one model of your selection.

See the Willys-Overland dealer and make your selection now so that she may begin without delay to wear "the smile that won't come off."

Catalogue on request.

Willys-Overland, Limited

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons.
Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ontario

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

Light Sixes

Touring	- - -	\$1435
Roadster	- - -	\$1415
Coupe	- - -	\$1940
Sedan	- - -	\$2220

Willys-Knights

Four Touring	-	\$1950
Four Coupe	-	\$2310
Four Sedan	-	\$2730
Four Limousine	-	\$2730
Eight Touring	-	\$2730

All prices f.o.b. point of shipment. Subject to change without notice.

Continued from page 72.

the treasury. Such things are nobody's business. The little groups of gesticulating citizens, that discuss politics with such eloquent fervor on the sidewalks, allot their praise or blame to public men entirely by results, assessed in terms of loaves and fishes.

In a community where the "emerged tenth" looks frankly to the State, expecting to be maintained in dignified ease from the public funds, it were churlish to reproach the general body of citizens, either for their habits of cheerfully improvident indolence, or for their destructive methods of remonstrating with the powers that be, whensoever there are not enough loaves and fishes to go round. You cannot persistently inculcate the modern socialist doctrine of rights without corresponding duties, and then expect a lively sense of public service in the electorate. But, to give him his due, your Paraguayan, even when he sets out to wreck public buildings, as a protest against the words and works of public men, preserves something of the manners of a gentleman and a philosophic quality of urbanity. It is chiefly this quality, together with the humblest peon's complete lack of snobbery, which somehow compels one to a sneaking sympathy with him, even though we may know that he treats his womanfolk as beasts of burden and pawns his thirsty soul for *cana*. As you saunter through the streets of the sleeping town at midday (it takes its *siesta* from 11.30 to 2.30, be the weather hot or cold), gradually the earnestness of all our hustling, bustling civilization, our cult of machinery and Mammon, seems charged with futility, and this people almost justified, if only because its individual soul (for what it may be worth) is still its own. In such an atmosphere as this, it is not possible to maintain grimly protestant moods of moral superiority. Easier far, and possibly wiser, to let oneself drift uprooting on the placid tide of *manana* and *mas o menos*.

This facile descent, this process of adaptation to environment, is frequently rapid, but rarely complete. A Chicago "drummer" never attains to it, and a Frenchman seldom. Irishmen achieve it best, especially in the life of the "camp," because of the elementally human quality in the philosophy of the Celt—that something which enables him to sympathize instinctively with his primordial Paraguayan brother; and also because he himself has never wittingly yielded to the tyranny of the Time machine.

German Colonies Must Be Kept

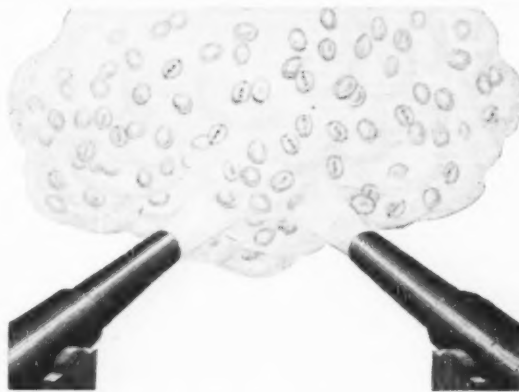
*Reasons Why the Conquered Territories
Should Not be Returned.*

GERMANY'S colonies are practically all in the hands of the Allies now and will unquestionably weigh in the consideration of peace terms. In the course of an article in *The Contemporary Review*, however, John H. Harris advances the opinion, first, that these colonies are worthless to Germany and, second, that for reasons which he outlines they should be retained. It is interesting to quote:

There are three cardinal facts which should be borne in mind in connection with Germany's Colonial Empire. First, almost the entire areas of these colonies are incapable of white colonization; secondly, and this, I repeat, is of immense political importance, Germany knows that without the conquest or the annexation of populous Asiatic or other African territories, her colonies were doomed to ultimate bankruptcy; finally, that the value of any of these colonies, if they should come under the flag of England, France, or even Portugal, would be increased tenfold for the simple reason that either of these Powers could do what Germany cannot—namely, populate them.

When we turn to the potential assets of the German colonies, a vision of incalculable wealth confronts the eye. Happily there is very little gold, the frantic searching for

Continued on page 77.



No Fancy Food This Bubbled Wheat

Make no mistake about these airy tidbits—these flimsy, flaky bubbles—puffed from wheat and rice.

They are no mere food confections.

Their inventor is Prof. A. P. Anderson. And they represent the utmost in scientific foods.

Their nut-like flavor comes from terrific heat. The grains are all shot from guns. They are puffed by a hundred million steam explosions, caused in every kernel.

The purpose and result are to blast every food cell, so digestion is easy and complete. Thus every atom of the whole grain feeds. And the foods don't tax the stomach.

These are delightful dainties. They seem, perhaps, like a breakfast garnish. But they are really the greatest foods ever created from wheat or rice. The better you know them the more you will serve them. Every ounce is an ounce of clear nutrition. Many foods are toy foods in comparison.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Each 15c Except in Far West



Float In Milk

The grains are crisp and toasted, and four times as porous as bread.



Eat Like Peanuts

Douse with melted butter for children to eat at play.

These are all-day-long foods in July. Keep plenty of each on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Sole Makers

Saskatoon, Canada

1624

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

Canadian Government Railways

HELP! We can help you to select

A Summer Tour
A Summer Resort
A Summer Fishing Trip
A Summer Canoe Route

in

New Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces

Send for:—Bras d'Or Lakes, Cape Breton; Abegweit-Prince Edward Island; Storied Halifax; La Baie de Chaleur; Notes by the Way Montreal and East; Notes by the Way Quebec and West; Out-of-Door Quebec and the Maritime Provinces; Out-of-Door in Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario; Summer Excursion Fares.

C. A. HAYES,
General Traffic Manager.

H. H. MELANSON,
General Passenger Agent,
MONCTON, N.B.



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Continued from page 75.

which is not merely the root of all evil, but, economically, is the "scarlet woman" of the financial world, whose chief function appears to be the dissipation of capital. Vegetable oils and butters—the Consols of the tropics—abound, edible butters from coconuts, ground nuts and oil palms for the production of salad oils and "nut butter at popular prices," cocoa-butter from the cocoa beans for delectable pomades, and the healing ointments of medical science. After vegetable butters come a host of commodities jostling each other for pre-eminence — cocoa, rubber, cotton, sisal, mahogany, diamonds, and spices.

The areas capable of largest productivity are the Cameroons and Togoland. These two colonies, which had a pre-war export of vegetable butter products of £300,000, have a combined area of 225,000 square miles, while the neighboring British territory of Nigeria, only half as large again and with approximately the same "butter" productivity, has an export of £5,000,000. It would be perfectly safe to calculate that after ten years of British rule the butter exports of Togo and the Cameroons would exceed £3,000,000. But it is doubtful whether Germany, unless she controls new and populous areas either in Asia or Africa, could raise the export much beyond the £300,000.

The same arguments apply to cocoa. Togoland, the Cameroons and the British Gold Coast, all commenced the production of cocoa approximately at the same period. The Gold Coast and Ashanti measure only 80,000 square miles as compared with their sister German colonies of 225,000 square miles. The cocoa production of the smaller British territory was, prior to the war £2,500,000, as compared with only £220,000 for the larger German territories with similar productive capacity. The production of cocoa in the British areas was £30 per square mile, as compared with a fraction less than £1 per square mile in German territory. It should not be difficult task for an Administration adopting British principles to raise the cocoa export of the German territories from £220,000 to something over £3,000,000. German East Africa and the South Pacific Islands are also capable of producing an enormous quantity of vegetable butter. Copra, the flesh of the coconut, one of the most nutritious and, at the same time, germ-proof ingredients of the best margarine, represents already 90 per cent. of the Pacific exports.

Whilst vegetable oils and butters constitute the major exports of the German colonies, they are only exported to-day to the veriest fraction of their capacity. There are other subsidiary possibilities of large and increasing value. Besides vegetable butter, the Cameroons abound in African mahogany, and there are still large supplies of virgin rubber possessing some market value. In Togoland, there are possibilities of cotton in three large provinces, and ground nuts once had a phenomenal export which would have been maintained but for the folly, to say nothing of the crime, of killing off the producers. German South-West has diamonds which will find a good market when it so pleases Kimberley, but copper and the cultivation of cotton have to ask nobody's permission to come into more energetic activity, providing the countless Herreros could either be called back to life or be replaced from other parts of the world. German East Africa not only produces some vegetable butter, but has a good chance of ultimately capturing the sisal markets of the world and a certainty of so doing if the upheaval in Mexico should lead to the liberation of the slaves of the henequen kings of the Yucatan.

The one supreme consideration, the bed-rock fact which explains the stunted economic growth of the German colonies, is that in spite of all her expenditure of money and energy, the colonies were not what Germany so sorely needed—namely, areas capable of absorbing her surplus population. This cardinal fact has never been grasped by British or any other public opinion. A territory to be colonizable must be suited to the domestic life of a white race; it must permit the birth, education, and up-bringing of white children. In the million square miles of the German African and South Pacific Colonies, there were, prior to the outbreak of war, less than

The Common-sense Thing To Do

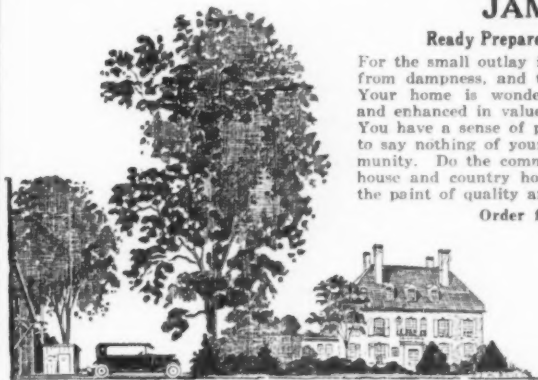
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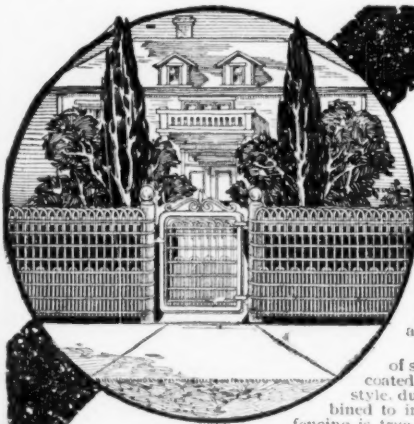
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9,500 colonists, which implies a total immigration from the Mother Country of less than 1,000 men per annum! Every student of Colonial affairs can appreciate what this means, can appreciate the chagrin of the German nation which it was realized that the colonies were not, and could never be, rendered colonizable by Germany.

The natural unwillingness of the Germans to emigrate with their families and expose themselves to the ravages of malaria was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Tropical and sub-tropical territory can be developed by the white man, providing he has an adequate population to draw upon, and here again the German administrators found themselves in a hopeless position. In Togoland, Germany possessed three natives to one square mile, but they crossed the borders in a continuous stream to trade and labor in the British Colony of the Gold Coast. In German South-West Africa the sparsity of population was still worse—three natives only to ten square miles!

The political significance of this should be carefully noted, for when it was realized that Germany could not colonize the territories she possessed, her statesmen had but one of two courses before them: (a) to obtain a labor supply from other Powers, or (b) to obtain by diplomacy or force control of a densely populated area in Africa or Asia. Failing either solution, there was nothing but Colonial disaster before Germany; this was beyond question a contributory cause of that German political irritability which has for years set Europe by the ears, and has at last culminated in a world-wide catastrophe.

Germany at first attempted to secure a labor supply from British territory, but the atrocious treatment at Wilhelmstal of immigrant natives from the South African Union put an end to this current of labor. Then an attempt was made to obtain British permission to recruit Indian labor from British India, which permission was promptly refused. The failure of these and similar efforts, coupled with the ever-increasing rate of native depopulation in the Colonial territories, left Germany with the single alternative of obtaining control over some fairly densely populated territory elsewhere, but when German statesmen cast about for such territory, they were confronted everywhere with doors bolted and barred against them. German statesmen were too late, the older Colonizing Powers had, for good or ill, divided up and entered into the inheritance of the more densely populated areas of the world.

The future of the German colonies must, of course, depend almost entirely upon the ultimate military situation. There are those who argue with a good deal of political force, but very little thought for the native inhabitants, that for many reasons peace terms should permit the return to Germany of all her conquered territories. There are no conceivable circumstances under which such a return could be made, those who have any doubts upon that should bear in mind three indisputable facts. First, for political reasons Germany cannot, as a result of the war, return either to the Far East, the South Pacific or German South-West Africa. Secondly German statesmen may have shown themselves fools in many directions, but they are not so foolish as to desire a return of their African colonies unless with the return of those colonies there are coupled other Colonial territories capable of white settlement, and an arrangement by which adequate labor forces can be obtained for the development of the tropical and sub-tropical zones. Finally, there is one sheet-anchor to which British public opinion must hold fast—no British territory in any part of the Colonial Dominions occupied by colonists or tribes with whom we have contracted obligations, can be surrendered either to enemy or Allied Powers as a result of the war, without first securing the sanction of the British Parliament and the occupants of the territories concerned—this in view of certain suggestions now being made in connection with one at least of Britain's oldest colonies. If Germany is to rise again as a Colonial Power, the interests of permanent peace and of the Colonial territories themselves demand that she should only do so

providing she is prepared to regard Colonial expansion as an opportunity for service, and not that the territories should only be exploited in the interests of the Mother Country.

No 'Supermen in this War

The Conflict is too Great to be Dominated by Single Figures.

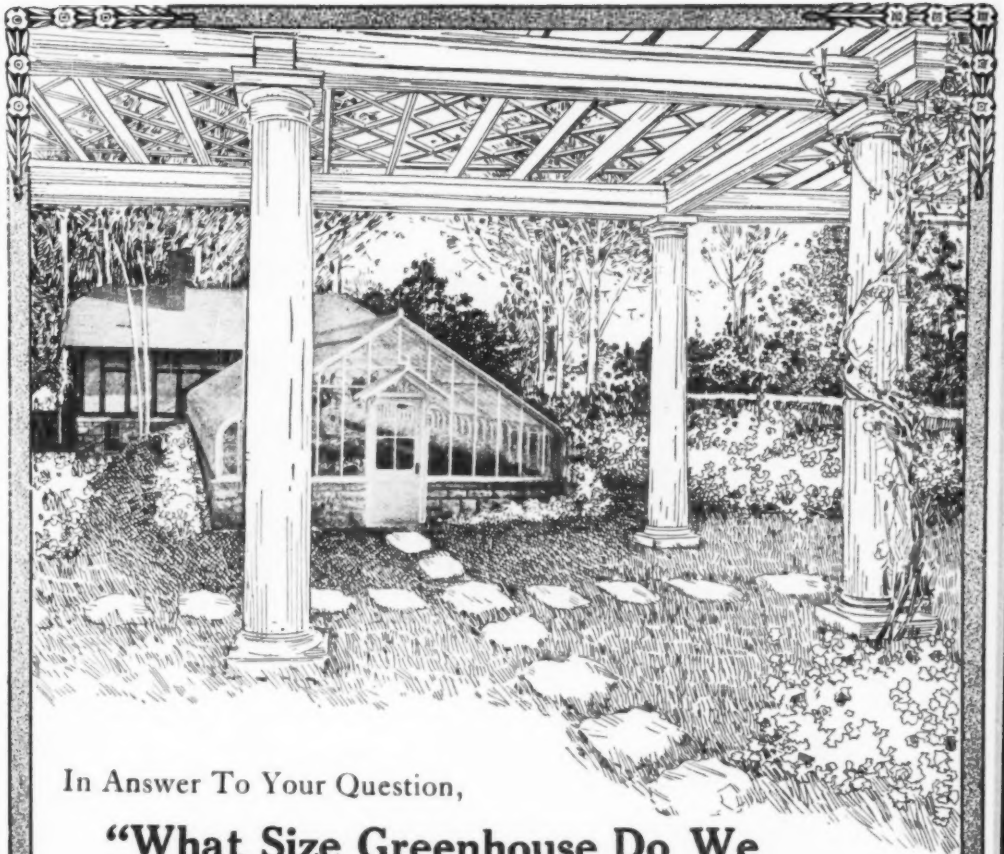
SIDNEY LOW writes in *The Fortnightly* an extremely able treatise on "The Passing of the Superman," showing that the war has not produced figures which dwarf the stage as in the great wars of the past. It is perhaps that the present war is too great, too all-embracing, to allow any one figure, no matter how powerful, to monopolize any single phase of it. Mr. Low discusses this interesting subject, in part, as follows:

The greatest of all wars has so far thrown up no supremely great personality. We have got rid of what Mr. Wells, with one of his irradiating flashes of insight and description, calls the Effigy: the great, caracoling, threatening, overbearing figure that looms so large in the foreground of all the wars and conquests of the past. Always when you turn back to these things the interest centres dramatically round an individual. The Man has so overshadowed the Event that most often we have forgotten the latter and remember only the former. It is of Rameses or Sesostris, Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, Attila, Charlemagne, Genghis Khan, Charles XII., Peter the Great we think rather than of the kingdoms they devoured, the empires they founded or destroyed, the hosts they led to the slaughter. History flattens out before many minds a rather dull, level expanse, like the plain of Thebes with the Colossi towering above it to catch the sunbeams. It is the big man who often gives his name to the epoch: the age of Augustus, the age of Mohammed, the Napoleonic period, the Bismarckian era, and so forth.

But this marvellous stretch of time through which we are passing will not, it seems, be known as the Age of Anybody. We have no Effigy really worth a show-case in the historic museum, though several of the nations engaged have made some well-intentioned efforts to create one. We have felt somehow that we "want a hero," like Byron when he started upon "Don Juan." The research after this object of desire has not been conspicuously successful. The Germans do their best with Hindenburg; but it is surmised that the strategy and battle-schemes are really worked out by Ludendorff and other useful subordinates, and that Hindenburg himself may be only a clumsy wooden image, "made in Germany" to order and scale. In France there was at first some disposition to cast Joffre for the part; but that modest, methodical, painstaking, and unimaginative commander is not of the stuff whereof effigies are made, and he showed an absolute disinclination to appear in this role. Among ourselves a conscientious endeavor was made for a time to find what he wanted in Kitchener, the strong, silent man, the organizer of victory. But, alas! the Dardanelles report is out; and whatever may be said of that inconvenient, and inconveniently timed, document, it must be acknowledged that it makes sad havoc with the Kitchener legend.

And the Effigy-Statesman is apparently as obsolete as the Effigy-Warrior. We look in vain for the Cromwell, the Lincoln, the Cavour, the Chatham, even the Choiseul or the Alberoni, of the Great War. We are still conscious of the old tradition which tells us that when great things are being done there should be a Great Man somewhere to see to the doing of them. So we are hoping that the Prime Minister may fill the void.

We have no hero; but a superabundance of heroes. We live, as Mr. Wells says, amid a torrent of heroism. But it is the heroism of the common unregarded human being, the man who was just food for powder or food for pikemen in the olden wars.



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The Importance of the Eastern Front

Britain Should Have Concentrated on the War Problems of the East.

UNDER the heading "A Criticism of Allied Strategy," H. Sidebotham contributes a remarkably interesting article in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He adopts the view that Britain should have concentrated on the east rather than throwing her great weight against the western front. France, he claims, could have maintained a successful defensive. Then the following plan could have been followed out.

If the danger caused by the entry of Turkey into the war were to be regarded through British spectacles, the area indicated was clearly Syria, with or without Mesopotamia. When Turkey became an enemy the foundations of our whole Eastern policy suddenly gave way. For more than a century we had supported her, because an independent and friendly Turkey was supposed to be necessary to the safety of our Indian Empire. Turkey was the buffer state between that Empire and Russia, and the first and main effect of her hostility, so far as England was concerned, was that the communications through Egypt were endangered. The surest way of defending Egypt and the communications with India was by attacking the communications of Turkey with the East. Turkey has only two routes to the East that matter—one along the northern shores of Asia Minor leading to Armenia, which was clearly the concern of Russia; the other through the Cilician Gates into Syria, and this was clearly our concern. A quite small military effort, made as soon as Turkey declared against us, would have given us Alexandretta and prevented Turkey from using the Bagdad railway and from reinforcing Syria with troops or munitions. Under these circumstances a serious attack on Egypt would have been quite out of the question. There might have been two supplements to this plan. If Akabah had been seized, we should not only have secured this flank of Egypt against attack but we should have cut Turkey's communications with Arabia by the Hedjaz railway. It might also have been convenient to seize the head of the Persian Gulf up to the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates; but this campaign had no urgency. Can it be doubted that the cutting of Turkey's railway communications with the East would have been infinitely more useful, not only to ourselves, but to the cause of the Allies as a whole, than, say, the dubious victory of Neuve Chapelle?

A second alternative would have been the forcing of the Dardanelles and the capture of Constantinople. If the first of the plans that are now being outlined would have insured the safety of Egypt and of the communications with India, and the defeat of Germany's Bagdad railway schemes, the success of this second plan, by opening communications into Russia and breaking the blockade under which Russia was suffering, might perhaps have saved her from the heavy defeats of 1915, and would in any case have dealt a fatal blow at Germany's ambitions in Turkey—a blow that would have been a dramatically just retribution for the criminal folly of the General Staff in invading Belgium. Begun early and without the distraction of a premature offensive in the West, this enterprise would not have been impossible of accomplishment; and success would also have saved Serbia by preventing Bulgaria from taking the side of Germany.

A third alternative—though much more difficult of accomplishment—would have been so to strengthen Serbia that she not only could have resisted invasion, but might have developed an offensive against Hungary. This plan would have fitted in with the Russian strategy of concentration against Austria; it would have been invaluable if Roumania had come in early; and if our positions had been well established, it would have saved Roumania when she did come in. But the practical difficulties might very well have been insuperable, and this alternative cannot compare in attractiveness with the first and second.

The paradox of the whole business is that, while any one of these alternatives would have served and accomplished results far greater than any which were obtained on the West, and at far less cost, we should have tried all three in succession and each in a way that could not succeed. The first alternative we adopted in the form of a campaign in Mesopotamia which did not protect Egypt, and, so long as Turkey was free to reinforce her local troops by the Bagdad railway, was most unlikely to reach any decisive results. The Dardanelles campaign, again, was ruined partly by bad management, but mainly by a strange lack of appreciation of the great prize for which we were working. Mr. Churchill was one of the very few Englishmen who realized that the logical sequence of the Marne victory was, first, the defense of Belgian Flanders, and after that a vigorous offensive, not against the strongest part of the enemy's defenses, but against the weakest point at which victory would have given decisive results. This was, undoubtedly, Constantinople. Such a prize, once we had entered for it, was worth every man that we could spare after the defence of our lines in the West had been made secure.

Finally, after the failure of the second alternative, the third was tried under circumstances that insured failure from the very outset. It would have been at least an intelligible though not a wise policy to refuse at the outset to have anything to do with an Eastern campaign of offence and to confine all our offensive efforts to the West. It would have been equally intelligible, and productive under wise direction of immensely important, perhaps decisive results, to confine ourselves on the West to a strict policy of defence, and to throw ourselves with all the vigor of which we were capable on the weak easterly wing of the hostile coalition. But the policy actually adopted, of attempting simultaneous offensives on both East and West fronts, was doomed to failure from the outset. Either West or East

—East rather than West, because not only was the offensive less difficult there, but success would bring us nearer to decisive results—but not both East and West at the same time.

It is interesting to speculate as to what would have happened if England had waged this war on the lines of Chatham's strategy, which was to avoid taking part in the main clash of European armies, except to supply money and munitions; to use the power of the fleet to the utmost; and to use the army only as an adjunct to the fleet in colonial operations or in such military enterprises on the Continent as were peninsular in character and could be waged on a system of strictly limited military liability. Some modification of this system would clearly have been necessary in view of pledges given by England in the military conversations with France that continued for years before the war; and as things were we had no alternative until after the battle of the Marne. But when that battle had been won, there were no valid objections to a reversion to Chatham's principle of strategy.

These principles would probably have dictated a defensive campaign for Antwerp and the Belgian coast, because our naval problems were greatly complicated by their loss. They would certainly have dictated a war against Germany in Turkey, like Chatham's wars against France in India and Canada. It is not impossible that, had this policy been adopted, the year 1915, or at least 1916, would have been as great in English history as 1757, the year of Plassey, or 1759, which saw the fall of Quebec. The element of doubt is whether France, if she had not had the British reinforcements that went to her in 1915 and 1916, would have been able to hold her defensive lines. The strong probability is that she would, though under such circumstances there could be no question of her attempting the offensive. But did she in fact gain anything by the premature offensives of 1915 and 1916? Were these not in fact an extravagant use of her man-power? There were many Frenchmen who thought so.

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 59.

dispute him, for he had told her not to believe him; to go see for herself. She did not believe MacNair, but in spite of herself she was impressed.

"The missionaries are doing good! Their reports show—"

"Their reports show! Of course their reports show! Why shouldn't they? Where do their reports go? To the people who pay them their salaries. Do not understand me to say that in all cases these reports are falsely made. They are not—that is, they are literally true. A mission reports so many converts to Christianity during a certain period of time. Well and good; the converts are there—they can produce them. The Indians are not fools. If the white men want them to profess Christianity, why they will profess Christianity—or Hinduism or Mohammedism! They will worship any god the white man suggests—for a fancy waistcoat or a piece of salt pork. The white man gives many gifts of clothing, and sometimes of food—to his converts. Therefore he shall not want for converts—while the clothing holds out!"

"And your Indians? Have they not suffered from their contact with you?"

"No. They have not suffered. I know them, their needs and requirements, and their virtues and failings. And they know me."

"Where is your fort?"

"Some distance above here on the shore of this lake."

"Will you take me there? Show me

these Indians, that I may see for myself that you have spoken the truth?"

"No. I told you you were to have nothing to do with my Indians. I also warned my Indians against you—and your partner Lapierre. I cannot warn them against you and then take you among them."

"Very well. I shall go myself, then. I came up here to see your fort and the condition of your Indians. You knew I would come."

"No. I did not know that. I had not seen the fighting spirit in your eyes then. Now I know that you will come—but not while I am here. And when you do come you will be taken back to your own school. You will not be harmed, for you are honest in your purpose. But you will, nevertheless be prevented from coming in contact with my Indians. I will have none of Lapierre's spies hanging about, to the injury of my people."

"Lapierre's spies! Do you think I am a spy? Lapierre's?"

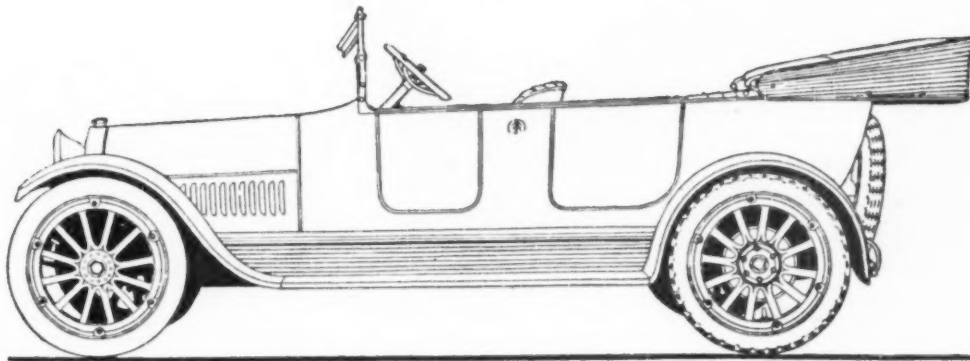
"Not consciously, perhaps—but a spy, nevertheless. Lapierre may even now be lurking near for the furtherance of some evil design."

Chloe suddenly realized that MacNair's boring, steel-gray eyes were fixed upon her with a new intenseness—as if to probe into the very thoughts of her brain.

"Mr. Lapierre is far to the southward," she said—and then, upon the edge of the tiny clearing, a twig snapped. The man whirled, his rifle jerked into position, there was a loud report, and Bob MacNair

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FOUR Landau Roadster	-	-	1635
FOUR Every-Weather Car	-	-	1675

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sank slowly down upon the grass mound that was his mother's grave.

CHAPTER XI.

BACK ON THE YELLOW KNIFE.

THE whole affair had been so sudden that Chloe scarcely realized what had happened before a man stepped quickly into the clearing, at the same time slipping a revolver into his holster. The girl gazed at him in amazement. It was Pierre Lapierre. He stepped forward, hat in hand. Chloe glanced quickly from the dark, handsome features to the face of the man on the ground. The gray eyes opened for a second, and then closed; but in that brief, fleeting glance the girl read distrust, contempt, and silent reproach. The man's lips moved, but no sound came—and with a labored, fluttering sigh he sank into unconsciousness.

"Once more, it seems, my dear Miss Elliston, I have arrived just in time."

A sudden repulsion for this cruel, suave killer of men flashed through the girl's brain. "Get some water," she cried, and dropping to her knees began to unbutton MacNair's flannel shirt.

"But—" objected Lapierre.

"Will you get some water? This is no time to argue! You can explain later!" Lapierre turned, and without a word, walked to the lake and, taking a pail from the canoe, filled it with water. When he returned, Chloe was tearing white bandages from a garment essentially feminine, while Big Lena endeavored to staunch the flow of blood from a small wound high on the man's left breast, and another, more ragged wound where the bullet had torn through the thick muscles of his back.

The two women worked swiftly and capably, while Lapierre waited, frowning. "Better hurry, Miss Elliston," he said, when the last of the bandages were in place. This is no place for us to be found if some of MacNair's Indians happen along. Your canoe is ready. Mine is farther down the lake."

"But this man—surely—"

"Leave him there. You have done all you can do for him. His Indians will find him."

"What!" cried Chloe. "Leave a wounded man to die in the bush!"

Lapierre stepped closer. "What would you do?" he asked. "Surely you cannot remain here. His Indians would kill you as they would kill a *carcajo*." The man's face softened. "It is the way of the north," he said sadly. "I would gladly have spared him—even though he is my enemy. But when he whirled with his rifle upon my heart, his fingers upon the trigger, and murder in his eye, I had no alternative. It was his life or mine. I am glad I did not kill him." The words and the tone reassured Chloe, and when she answered, it was to speak calmly.

"We will take him with us," she said. "The Indians could not care for him properly even if they found him. At home I have everything necessary for the handling of just such cases."

"But my dear Miss Elliston—think of the portages and the added burden. His Indians—"

The girl interrupted him—"I am not asking you to help. I have a canoe here. If you are afraid of MacNair's Indians you need not remain."

The note of scorn in the girl's voice was not lost upon Lapierre. He flushed.

and answered with the quiet dignity that well became him: "I came here, Miss Elliston, with only three canoemen. I returned unexpectedly to your school, and when I learned that you had gone to Snare Lake, I followed—to save you, if possible, from the hand of the Brute."

Chloe interrupted him. "You came here—for that?"

The man bowed low. "Knowing what you do of Brute MacNair, and of his hatred of me, you surely do not believe I came here for business—or pleasure." He drew closer, his black eyes glowing with suppressed passion. "There is one thing a man values more than life—the life and the safety of the woman he loves!"

Chloe's eyes dropped. "Forgive me!" she faltered. "I—I did not know—I—Oh! don't you see? It was all so sudden. I have had no time to think! I know you are not afraid. But we can't leave him here—like this."

"As you please," answered Lapierre, gently. "It is not the way of the north; but—"

"It is the way of humanity."

"It is *your* way—and, therefore, it is my way, also. But let us not waste time!" He spoke sharply to Chloe's canoeman, who sprang to the unconscious form, and raising it from the ground, carried it to the water's edge and deposited it in the canoe.

"Make all possible speed," he said as Chloe preceded Big Lena into the canoe; "I shall follow to cover your retreat."

The girl was about to protest, but at that moment the canoe shot swiftly out into the lake, and Lapierre disappeared into the bush.

There was small need for the quarter-breed's parting injunction. The four Indian canoemen, evidently keenly alive to the desirability of placing distance between themselves and MacNair's retainers, bent to their paddles with a unanimity of purpose that fairly lifted the big canoe through the water and sent the white foam curling from its bow in tiny ripples of protest.

Hour after hour, as the craft drove southward, Chloe sat with the wounded man's head supported in her lap and pondered deeply the things he had told her. Now and again she gazed into the bearded face, calm mask-like in its repose of unconsciousness, as if to penetrate behind the mask and read the real nature of him. She realized with a feeling almost of fear, that here was no weakling—no plastic irresolute—whose will could be dominated by the will of a stronger; but a man, virile, indomitable; a man of iron will who, though he scorned to stoop to defend his position, was unashamed to vindicate it. A man whose words carried conviction, and whose eyes compelled attention even respect, though the uncouth boorishness of him repelled.

Yet she knew that somewhere deep down behind that rough exterior lay a finer sensitiveness, a gentleness of feeling, and a sympathy that had impelled him to a deed of unconscious chivalry of which no man need be ashamed. And in her heart Chloe knew that had she not witnessed with her own eyes the destruction of his whisky, she would have been convinced of his sincerity, if not of his postulates. "He is bad, but not *all* bad," she murmured to herself. "A man who will fight hard, but fairly. At all events, my journey to

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Suddenly the very last words she had spoken to him flashed into her mind—"Mr. Lapierre is far to the southward"—and then Chloe closed her eyes as if to shut out that look of mingled contempt and reproach with which the wounded man had sunk into unconsciousness. "He thinks I lied to him—that the whole thing was planned," she muttered, and was conscious of a swift anger against Lapierre. Her eyes swept backward to the brown spot in the distance which was Lapierre's canoe.

"He came up here because he thought I was in danger," she mused. "And MacNair would have killed him. Oh, it is terrible," she moaned. "This wild barren wilderness, where human life is cheap; where men hate, and kill, and maim, and break all the laws of God and man; it is all *wrong!* Brutal, and savage, and wrong!"

The shadows lengthened, the canoe slipped into the river that leads to Reindeer Lake, and still the tireless canoemen bent unceasingly to their paddles. Reindeer Lake was crossed by moonlight, and a late camp was made a mile to the westward of the portage. The camp was fireless, and the men talked in whispers. Later Lapierre joined them, and at the first grey hint of dawn the outfit was again astir. By noon the five-mile portage had been negotiated, and the canoes headed down Carp Lake, which is the northmost reach of the Yellow Knife.

The following two days showed no diminution in the efforts of the canoemen. The wounded man's condition remained unchanged. Lapierre's canoe followed at a distance of a mile or two, and a hundred times a day Chloe found herself listening with strained expectancy for the sound of the shots that would proclaim that MacNair's Indians had overtaken them. But no shots were fired, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that the girl welcomed the sight of her own buildings as they loomed in the clearing on the evening of the third day.

That night Lapierre visited Chloe in the cottage, where he found her seated beside MacNair's bed, putting the finishing touches to a swathing of fresh bandages.

"How is he doing?" he asked, with a nod toward the injured man.

"There is no change," answered the girl, as she indicated a chair close beside a table, upon which there was a tin basin, various bottles, and porcelain cups containing medicine, and a small pile of tablets. For just an instant the man's glance rested upon the tablets, and then swiftly swept the room. It was untenanted except for the girl and the unconscious man on the bed.

"Lefroy, it seems, has improved his time," ventured Lapierre as he accepted the proffered chair and drew from his pocket a thick packet of papers. "His complete list of supplies," he smiled. "With these in your storehouse you may well expect to seriously menace the trade of both MacNair and the Hudson Bay Company's post at Fort Rae."

Chloe glanced at the list indifferently. "It seems, Mr. Lapierre, that your mind is always upon trade—when it is not upon the killing of men."

The quarter-breed was quick to note

the disapproval of her tone, and hastened to reply. "Surely, Miss Elliston, you cannot believe that I regard the killing of men as a pleasure; it is a matter of deep regret to me that twice during the short period of our acquaintance I have been called upon to shoot a fellow man. 'Only twice! How about the shot in the night—in the camp of the Indians, before you left for the southward?' The sarcasm of the last four words was not lost upon the man. 'Who fired that shot? And what was the thing that was lifted from your canoe and dropped into the river?'"

Lapierre's eyes searched hers. Did she know the truth? The chance was against it.

"A most deplorable affair—a fight between Indians. One was killed and we buried him in the river. I had hoped to keep this from your ears. Such incidents are all too common in the north land—"

"And the murderer—"

"He escaped. But to return to the others. Both shots, as you well know, were fired on the instant, and in neither case did I draw first."

Chloe, who had been regarding him intently, was forced to admit the justice of his words. She noted the serious sadness of the handsome features, the deep regret in his voice, and suddenly realized that in both instances Lapierre's shots had been fired primarily in defence of her.

A sudden sense of shame—of helplessness—came over her. Could it be that she did not fit the north? Surely, Lapierre was entitled to her gratitude, rather than her condemnation. Judged by his own standard, he had done well. With a shudder she wondered if she would ever reach the point where she could calmly regard the killing of men as a mere incident in the day's work? She thought not. And yet—what had men told her of Tiger Elliston? Without exception, almost, the deeds they recounted had been deeds of violence and bloodshed. When she replied her voice had lost its note of disapproval.

"Forgive me," she said softly, "it has all been so different—so strange and new, and big. I have been unable to grasp it. All my life I have been taught to hold human life sacred. It is not you who are to blame! Nor, is it the others. It is the kill or be killed creed—the savage wolf creed—of the north."

THE girl spoke rapidly, with her eyes upon the face of MacNair. So absorbed was she that she did not see the slim fingers of Lapierre steal softly across the table-top and extract two tablets from the little pile—failed also to see the swift motion with which those fingers dropped the tablets into a porcelain cup, across the rim of which rested a silver spoon.

The man arose at the conclusion of her words, and crossing to her side rested a slim hand upon the back of her chair. "No, Miss Elliston," he said gently, "I am not to blame nor, in a measure, are the others. It is, as you say, the north—the crushing, terrible, alluring north—in whose primitive creed a good man does not mean a moral one, but one who accomplishes his purpose, even though that purpose be bad. End, and not means, is the ethics of the lean, lone land, where human life sinks into insignificance, beneath its immutable law of savage might."

His eyes burned as he gazed down into the upturned face of the girl. His hands

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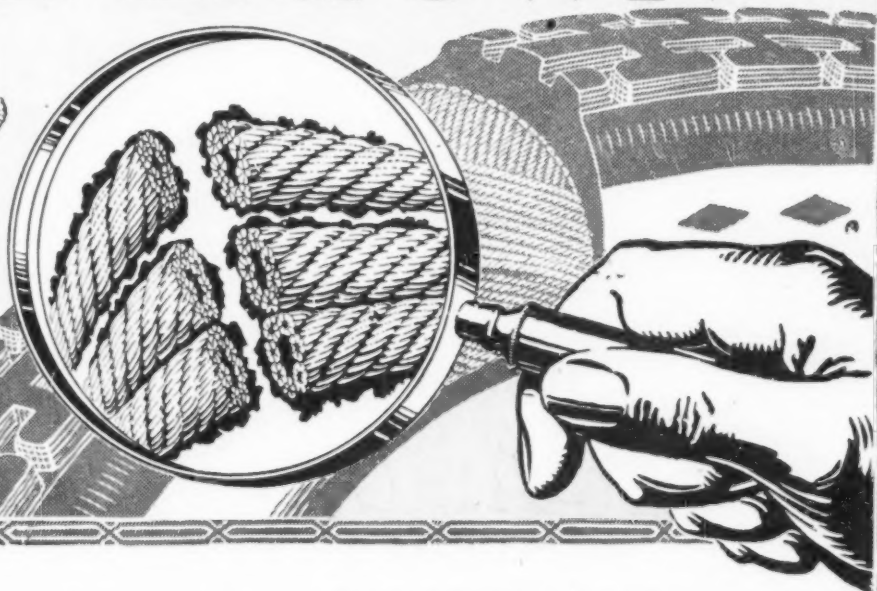
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stole lightly from the chair back and rested upon her shoulder. For one long, intense moment, their eyes held, and then, with a movement as swift and lithe as the spring of a panther, the man was upon his knees beside her chair, his arms were about her, with no thought of resistance, Chloe felt herself drawn close against his breast, felt the wild beating of his heart, and then—his lips were upon hers, and she felt herself struggling feebly against the embrace of the sinewy arms.

Only for a moment did Lapierre hold her. With a movement as sudden and impulsive as the movement that embraced her, the arms were withdrawn, and the man leaped swiftly to his feet. Too dazed to speak, Chloe sat motionless, her brain in a chaotic whirl of emotion, while in her breast outraged dignity and hot, fierce anger strove for the mastery over a thrill, so strange to her, so new, and so intense that it stirred her to the innermost depths of her being.

Swiftly, unconsciously, her glance rested for a moment upon the lean, bearded face of MacNair; and beside her chair, Lapierre noted the glance, and the thin lips twisted in a smile—a cynical sardonic smile, that faded on the instant, as his eyes flashed toward the doorway. For there, silent and grim as he had seen her once before, stood Big Lena, whose china-blue eyes were fixed upon him, in that same disconcerting, fishlike stare.

THE hot blood mounted to his cheeks and suddenly receded, so that his face showed pallid and pasty in the gloom of the darkened room. He drew his hand uncertainly across his brow and found it damp with a cold, moist sweat. Was it fancy, or did the china-blue, fish-like eyes rest for just an instant upon the porcelain cup on the table? With an effort the man composed himself, and stooping, whispered a few hurried words into the ears of the girl who sat with her face buried in her hands.

"Forgive me, Miss Elliston; for the moment I forgot that I had not right. I love you! Love you more than life itself! More than my own life—or the lives of others. It was but the impulse of an unguarded moment that caused me to forget that I had not the right—forget that I am a gentleman. We love as we kill in the north. And now, good-by, I am going southward. I will return, if it is within the power of man to return, before the ice skims the lakes and the rivers."

He paused, but the girl remained as though she had not heard him. He leaned closer, his lips almost upon her ear. "Please, Miss Elliston, can you not forgive me—wish me one last *bon voyage*?"

Slowly, as one in a dream, Chloe offered him her hand. "Good-by!" she said simply, in a dull, toneless voice. The man seized the hand, pressed it lightly, and turning abruptly, crossed to the table. As he drew his Stetson toward him, its brim came into violent contact with the porcelain medicine cup. The cup crashed to the floor, its contents splashing widely over the whip-sawed boards.

With a hurried word of apology he passed out of the door—passed close beside the form of Big Lena, into whose cold, fishlike eyes the black eyes stared insolently, even as the thin lips twisted into a smile—cynical, sardonic, mocking.

To be Continued.

The Captain of the Susan Drew

Continued from page 44.

and won't put us ashore?" Mrs. Gifford demanded.

All stared hopelessly. No suggestions were offered.

"Very well, then," she said firmly; "I shall speak to this brute myself. I shall pay him to land us. I shall——"

A pair of feet and legs appeared on the companion ladder, and Captain Decker descended.

"Look here, sir," Sedley Brown gallantly sprang into the breach. "We've been discussing the situation——"

"What situation?" demanded the skipper.

"We all know about this ship," Mrs. Gifford said sternly. "We know you are smuggling opium into Hawaii, and that is why you refuse to land us. But I will pay you to land us. I will pay you five thousand dollars."

"I wouldn't if you made it fifty thousand," was the gruff rejection.

"I do make it fifty thousand. I will pay you fifty thousand dollars to put us ashore anywhere on the Hawaiian Islands."

CAPTAIN DECKER gave her a searching glance, and seemed convinced that she meant it. But the effect upon him was contrary to what they expected. His smooth-shaven face, harsh and savage, set obstinately.

"You can't walk over me with your money," he sneered. "Bill Decker ain't a pauper. Fifty thousand ain't no more to me than a piece of shavin' paper. Yes; the *Susan Drew* is a smuggler, and I don't give a rap who knows it, an' I'll see to it none of you get ashore in Hawaii to spread the news. Fifty thousand! Huh! Me and my partners make enough of this one run to retire. I got fifty tons of the dope below. It's worth fifteen dollars a pound. Think I'd risk a million an' half just to please you? Why, I'd give fifty thousand myself to get rid of you, if there was any way. But there ain't. Take it from me, madam, I ain't stuck on you."

V.

THE DAYS came and went. In vain Harrison and Sedley Brown scanned the sea-line for land. They knew the high peaks of the Hawaiian Islands were often sighted a hundred miles away; but Captain Decker was true to his word and raised neither hide nor hair of them. His rendezvous was a matter of pre-arranged latitude and longitude in the ocean waste far off from the traveled steamer tracks. One day, after the morning observation, he shortened sail and hove to. Though days and nights of fresh winds blew the *Susan Drew* drifted idly. After each morning observation, he would put on sail, regain the lost position, and heave to again.

"Of course—the fox—he is too cunning to venture in to land," Harrison remarked to Patty. "This is the meeting place, where he will tranship the opium. He's made a good passage and is ahead of his time, that is all."

Captain Decker grew more insufferable. He had little manners and less courtesy.



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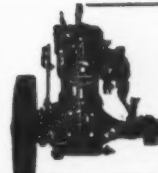
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He dominated any conversation he engaged in, and rudely broke in upon any conversation in which others chanced to be engaged. His table conduct was abominable. He could never keep out of paint or tar. He was stronger than any two of the sailors; and it was a splendid sight to see him swinging on a halyard with a turn under a pin, throw himself back and down till his broad shoulders almost touched on the deck. But the effect on his hands of this inveterate sailorizing was not nice—at least, for those who sat with him at table. His hands, skinned and scarred, gnarled and calloused, filthy with dirt grimed deep into the texture of the skin, were anything save appetizing to contemplate. Furthermore, he insisted on serving, and did so with those same members, upon which, during the performance, every eye was glued. Stewed prunes was a prime favorite of his, and graced the table three times a day. When he began on his full saucer, all conversation died away. Every person at the table gazed fascinated at the prunes disappearing into his mouth. But no pits came forth. Toward the end, he would solemnly bow to the empty saucer and spit out the accumulation in one single, heroic effort.

MRS. GIFFORD he made especially uncomfortable. He would gaze at her for long periods in a curious, speculative way. They even knew him to break off in the middle of a sentence to gaze at her, with dropped jaw and puzzling eyes.

"No, you are not my style," he remarked emerging from one such brown study. "I never did see anything in stout brunettes. Besides, it wouldn't be legal. A sea captain can splice anybody but himself. He's like a lighthouse that way."

"A lighthouse?" Patty asked, boldly striving to divert the conversation.

"A lighthouse? Oh, a sky-pilot, a parson!" was the answer. "When a parson wants to get married, he has to get some other parson to do the job. Same with sea captains. Any way, blondes is what I run to."

With her daughter and Temple Harrison very much occupied in aiding each other to pass the time, Mrs. Gifford was driven more and more by Captain Decker's persecution to accept the attentions of Sedley Brown.

"Now, don't worry," she told Patty, who had twitted her. "I haven't the slightest intention of marrying Sedley. He is too much like your dear father. No, no, nothing invidious—your father was a dear; but he was too good, too sweet, too mild. I never understood it, either, how such a gentle, non-assertive man could so successfully wield the immense financial power that was his. Of course, Old Silas laid the foundation and built the structure, but your father ably realized all that Silas had planned and not yet achieved. And he did more. The Caladonia and North Shore was entirely his own idea; and in the face of their calling it 'Gifford's Folly' for years, look at what it is to-day."

"But I don't object to Sedley Brown," Patty hastened to disclaim.

"But I do—as a husband," Mrs. Gifford went on. "I know all you would say—our financial interests are so similar, Asiatic Mail, Carmel Consolidated and all the rest; but . . . well, I couldn't bring myself to marry him, that's all. He's a dear, kind friend. As such, I adore him. But as a husband—Patty



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dear, if I ever marry again it shall be a man, a big, strong man."

"But father was big and strong," Patty defended. "He played football at college. Sedley Brown says so, and says that he weighed nearly two hundred pounds. I scarcely remember him myself. I wasn't more than four or five years old at the time."

"You've seen photographs and portraits of him though. Don't you remember that ridiculous beard of his?—and on so young a man! Don't you see, Patty? That beard tells the whole story. He hid his face from men's eyes. He was not aggressive. He could never nerve himself to walk over the face of things rough-shod. He was an adept at finding peaceful ways around. If ever I marry again, it will be a human man, with spunk, who can raise his voice and swear at least once in a while, and fly off the handle; and if he does play the fool, play it with strength. I could even forgive such a man for drinking too much on occasion. Your father, my dear, was too perfect for a commonplace mortal woman like me. But it is all beside the question. I shall never marry. There is no proof of your father's death—"

"But the law?" Patty interposed.

"Oh, of course, it is legally established for business purposes! But I want moral proof."

"Yet, there was his hat, picked up off Yerba Buena a week after his disappearance," Patty argued. "In my mind, in everybody's mind, there isn't the slightest doubt but that he was drowned in San Francisco Bay—"

THROUGH the open skylight from below came squeals of terror from Mercedes and Matilada, the servile tones of Peyton, and the roaring huskiness of Captain Decker's whiskey-corroded throat.

"Begging your pardon, sir, I don't understand," Peyton was apologizing.

"Then I say it again," rasped the skipper. "There's the two skirts. Cast your lamps over 'em. Which'll you have? The Dago or the Eyetalian?"

More squalls and Ave Marias from the two maids, and reiterations on the valet's part of non-understanding.

"By the tarpaulins of Tartarus!" cursed Captain Decker. "Ain't it plain as the nose on your face? Ain't you a man? Ain't these here women? Ain't I goin' to marry you to one or the other?"

"But you can't, sir—"

"Can't! Maybe you don't know the authority of a captain on the high seas? I can do anything! I can mast-head you; I can keel-haul you; I—and I will, if you don't pick one of them skirts, an' damn lively about it!"

"But I won't be a bigamist, sir, begging your pardon," Peyton wailed. "I've a wife, sir, home in England—"

Further explanations were cut short by a snort of rage from the skipper.

"I always thought there was something underhanded about you—you, with your lick-spittlin' and cringin'. An' a married man all the time!"

"Begging your pardon, sir," Peyton stammered. "Mr. Brown, my employer, sir, knows that I am married. You ask him, sir. He knows I send regular remittances home, sir. He can tell you—"

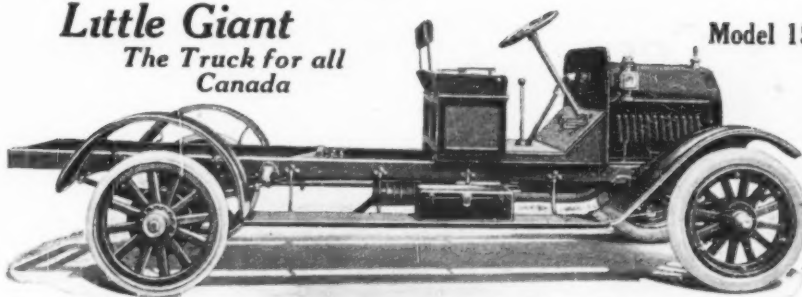
"Ar-r-r-r-g-g-g!" Captain Decker's inarticulate disgust was as a coffee-grinder in violent eruption. "Shut up! What are you making all the noise about?"

To be Continued.

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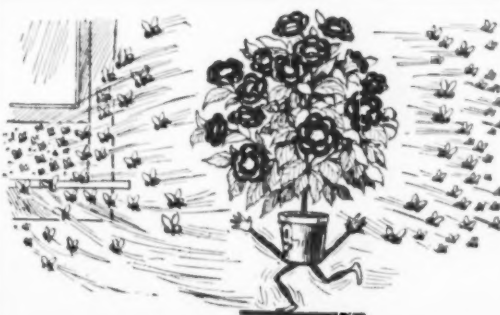
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The Outlaw Boar

Continued from page 50.

AT TEN o'clock the party issued forth. It was a fine late fall day. The air was crisp and bracing. The rocks rang like metal to the footsteps, and a film of frost had spread over all the evergreen boles and foliage. Barton had come over early to see if the American had arrived and little persuasion was required to press him into the hunt.

Not ten minutes after leaving the shanties did the old hound, leading the pack, break into a deep-voiced bay and dash off through the underbrush. In the desire to make the hunt as interesting as possible, every dog in camp had been requisitioned, and a nondescript pack issued forth. Old Caesar was brought along because of his excellent trailing propensities, and in addition to the wolfhounds, Smart, a snappy bull-terrier, and Jo, a mongrel collie, were now trailing out in the chase.

"We'll never catch them," panted McShane as he labored along. "Those dogs will run for miles." Suddenly, however, a distant clamor was heard, and the noise grew stronger. The chase, whatever it was, had turned, and was coming nearer.

"There they are. My God, what's that they're chasing?" burst out McShane, pointing to an elevation a quarter mile away. Along the plateau, racing at top speed, was the boar, and stretching out far behind him came the wolfhounds, hound, and collie in order.

"They'll corner him in three minutes," shouted Barton. "Come over this way and we'll see the finish." And, cutting across diagonally, the men joined the pursuit.

SURE enough, the prey was cornered in a few moments. In a small pocket gully, the black boar wheeled to face his foes, and when the hunters rushed up, the fight was on in terrible earnest.

The clamor at first had been tremendous, the wolfhounds opening out their deep voices at the sight of the creature at bay. This, however, soon died in the stress of a fearful combat. It was a veritable vortex of animals which the men witnessed from the top of a neighboring boulder. When the hounds, roaring around the corner in full tongue, had come suddenly upon the great black beast, standing chop-chopping in the shadow of the rock, they had piled on him even as a wave piles on a half-submerged reef. The sheer weight of attack would have seemed to overwhelm him. But in a moment the charge was scattered. As the dogs were hurled off, a fearsome gash ran red on the flanks of one. The collie, leaping fearlessly to the attack, as such dogs do in the first flush of valor, cannoned off the battle-scarred shoulder, unharmed, escaping by the merest inch a sweep of razor-edged fangs.

Again the pursuers rushed like an avalanche, and once again were shaken off. The big hounds could not gain a grip on the coarse, heavy throat, and again and again the huge powerful head, weaving back and forth with uncanny rapidity, hurled them aside, bleeding and torn.

There was something devilish in the last stand of the big outlaw. Crouching, with head lowered and slaver streaming from his chopping jaws, he met every rush of his foes with a vicious nimbleness of

movement that was amazing. His little red eyes, gleaming from the bloody, scarred face, seemed fixed in a straight gaze, but the great head was faced to meet every attack.

THE battle was going hard with the hounds. The big pedigreed brutes, fagged with the chase on the rocks and baffled by the fearful sidelong sweeps and nimble drives of the boar, were sobbing in their throats, as they launched themselves again and again at the foot of the rock. The collie with two great body gashes was nearly out of it, and the foxhound, never a fighter, was stepping cautiously about in the background, seeking an opening.

But the day of the outcast had come. The fight had gone even harder with him. The muscles of a foreleg had been stripped in a chance grip of the collie, and his head and shoulders were a mass of bleeding wounds. Then, too, the appearance of the men in the background filled his soul once more with that vague dread which had always been with him since the shot in the dusk had seared his shoulder.

It was strategy, however, which hastened the end of the combat; the cunning of lesser assailants pitted against the stronger, and backed up with a last tremendous avalanche of energy. Like a white streak, the terrier, thirty pounds of daredevil recklessness, hurled himself at the throat of the boar. At the same moment the old foxhound, long-used to harrying deer, stole from the rear and snapped the tendons of his quarters. With a roar the two big dogs leaped in, and even the mangled collie dragged in for the finish. For the first time the prey was down, but the fight waged none the less furiously for the time. But the last few moments were destined to be brief. Above the din of the scrimmage, the sharp, clear crack of a rifle rang out. In a minute all action was stilled. The body of the boar relaxed, and the assailants drew off. Tom Barton, from the crest of the rock, lifted his smoking rifle, and scrambled down to join the rest of the hunters. The hounds were whimpering and comforting their sores, and the American was solicitously examining them for serious injuries. But Barton stood gazing at the frame stretched out and stiffened in death.

"Poor old devil," he said, looking down at the massive head and shoulders. "So I was right after all. Couldn't make the grade, could you, old chap? But you're the gamest fighter of them all." And he took off his hat in respect.

WHENEVER Georgian Bay is mentioned in the home of Cyrus McShane, of Pittsburgh, he has a story to tell, and, grasping the visitor gently by the arm, he will propel him into his den, where, on the walls hangs a remarkable boar's head. Somehow the expression of the eyes is that of a captured outlaw, bold, hard, defiant, and yet with something of a wistful straining after freedom. McShane relates his story very well; the trapper in the north country could tell it even better; but to the keen observer, the eyes on the wall read out their version, which is more graphic than their all.

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

Fifty Years of Business Expansion

Continued from page 36.

were under \$13,000,000 in value, then the growth becomes all the more remarkable. For, in 1916, Canada's trade amounted to nearly a billion and a half dollars; her exports of manufactured products to \$242,000,000, and her exports of agricultural products to \$250,000,000. Her mineral exports in the same period jumped from \$1,800,000 to nearly \$67,000,000, and the products of her fisheries from \$3,500,000 to over \$22,000,000.

The development of trade has been graphically reflected in the expansion of the financial institutions of the country, notably the chartered banks and the insurance companies. There were as a matter of fact, more banks doing business in 1867 than there are to-day, but the banks of the Confederation year were very much smaller and, in several cases, they were in a notoriously shaky condition. In all there were twenty-six of them in existence, with a paid-up capital among them of approximately thirty millions, or about a quarter of the paid-up capital of the twenty-one institutions now operating under Dominion charters. There were about 120 branches doing business, the large majority of which were located in the Upper Provinces.

Since 1867, sixteen of the twenty-six chartered banks on the list in that year have disappeared, either through failure or amalgamation, leaving but ten of their number to carry on the traditions of the pre-Confederation days. The survivors, in point of age, are the Bank of Montreal, Bank of Nova Scotia, Bank of British North America, Bank of Toronto, Molson's Bank, Bank Nationale, Merchants Bank, Banque Provinciale, Union Bank and Canadian Bank of Commerce. Eleven new banks have been established, bringing the present total up to twenty-one.

To-day Canadian banks have over 3,000 branches in Canada alone, not to mention agencies in the United States, the West Indies and elsewhere. Their assets have grown since 1867 from seventy-five millions to well over two billions; their liabilities from forty millions to over eighteen hundred millions. They have deposits of over fifteen hundred millions, as compared with twenty-five millions fifty years ago, and their circulation has expanded in the half-century from nine millions to over \$132,000,000.

Life insurance was the smallest of Canada's financial institutions in 1867. Only one Canadian company,—the Canada Life, which had been organized in 1847,—was operating, and the total insurance in force of all companies, including British and American did not exceed \$30,000,000. Progress in this one business alone has been little short of phenomenal. Company after company has been organized until to-day no fewer than twenty-six domestic companies are reporting annually to the Dominion Department of Insurance, not to speak of fifteen British and sixteen American companies.

By the end of 1916, the insurance in force on the lives of Canadians amounted to nearly a billion and a half dollars, of which nine hundred millions was carried by our own Canadian insti-

Continued on page 92.

Jamieson Loses a Hat

White and Jamieson are two engineers. White has the modern mind—goes in for cost-study. Jamieson is old-fashioned—goes in for production and efficiency, as applied to the mechanics of his department, but has little liking for the arithmetic of business.

White was arguing for the economy of an oil filter—for a Tracy Oil Filter in particular, since he was familiar with this device. He claimed that it was sheer economy to spend \$60 or so on a Tracy Oil Filter, by which lubricating oil could be filtered and re-used, rather than to get along without a device of this sort.

Jamieson contended that such a contrivance was just a bit of extravagance, and was not worth the money, and that it wasn't possible to cleanse oil after it had once been used. His whole attitude of mind was one of negation—of denial. Conservative, capable, cautious and canny, he responded but little to the enthusiasm of salesmen who sought to sell him this equipment and that.

"Jamieson," said White, "I'll just bet you a new hat that you'll change your mind about this matter, if you have the honesty and courage to put the matter to the test. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll put a Tracy Oil Filter in your engine room and supply my choice of lubricating oils, and give you three months to try it out. You are to keep a close account of the oil consumption. Then run your engine the old way for an equal period with your choice of oil. Then we'll match costs, and you can compare experiences."

Rather reluctantly, Jamieson consented.

Six months went by.

"Well, old man, what's the verdict?" said White.

"You win," said Jamieson. "Man, I am beaten. And I'll be honest with you. I hated like Sam Hill to return to the old way when the three months of use of the Tracy Filter, and your choice of oil, were up."

On Jamieson's engine was a Rochester Automatic Force Feed Lubricator. Jamieson had long ago been persuaded to use this method for lubricating the cylinders of his engine, for he knew from one source and another and from actual personal experience that Automatic Force Feed Lubrication is really the only correct method for lubricating the cylinders of all types of engines, pumps, ice machines and compressors, so the Rochester Lubricator on his engine was there as a matter of experience and established belief.

But it was the further step—the adoption of the allied device, the oil filter, that Jamieson had balked at.

Now he's a convert. He knows that the value of consumed oil is not necessarily taken away; that even though it may be dirty and contain particles of metal, gum, dirt and acid, all of these contaminations can be removed without subtraction from the lubricating quality of the oil. He has convinced himself that the Tracy Oil Filter enables him to save 75% on former oil bills; and this in turn enables him to use higher grades of oil, and still be far below former costs. Jamieson's experience in this matter has done him a world of good. He paid a new hat for it, but it was cheaply

bought experience. White finds him more open-minded, and together they are making faster progress in the direction of efficiency in its arithmetical aspects.

Tracy Oil Filters cost from \$30 to \$120, according to size; and Rochester Automatic Force Feed Lubricators from \$18 to \$150, according to size. Both these devices are sold by Darling Brothers, Limited, Steam Appliance Experts, Montreal, who will be glad to give further information.—Advt.



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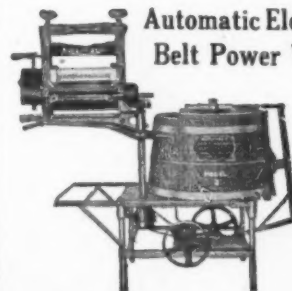
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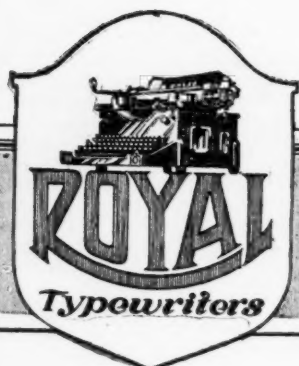
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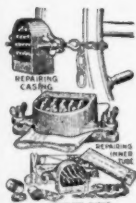
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tutions. The latter, whose assets in the year of Confederation were a mere bagatelle, now show accumulated wealth approximating three hundred million dollars; their annual income runs to over sixty million dollars; while they disbursed last year to policyholders or to their beneficiaries nearly twenty-five million dollars in cash.

The business of fire insurance has enjoyed a similar expansion. Our Canadian companies, then few in number and unimportant, had at risk in 1867 about fifty million dollars, on which they were receiving premiums of somewhat less than half a million dollars and paying losses of from a quarter to half a million dollars a year. Last year, the domestic fire companies had \$663,758,129 at risk, on which they were receiving premiums of nearly five million dollars, while they met losses during the year of over half that amount.

One might proceed and produce figures bewildering in their detail to demonstrate how far Canada has progressed in every department of business activity since 1867. The tremendous expansion of agriculture due to the opening up and settlement of the West; the development of mining, which is placing Canada in the forefront of the mineral-producing countries of the world; the growth of the fisheries; the extension of hydro-electric power in industry; these and a hundred other matters might easily be referred to as affording means of gauging the country's fifty years of progress. However, enough has been written to give a faint idea of the Canada of fifty years ago and with this in mind it is not difficult to picture mentally the extent of development.

Some Canadian Contrasts

Continued from page 38.

for gold," in Tennyson's expressive phrase has seized upon this white or yellow or red men in the heart of the wild hills, where no staking out is required and the only equipment is the old basin.

Now go to the Yukon and see the difference where hydraulic mining has largely superseded all other methods and where the impact of the waters, thrown with titanic force against the hillsides, does the work of a hundred men in a trice of the time. It is mining by wholesale instead of retail away up in this northwestern jumping-off place of Canada.

It is moreover interesting to note the change in costume, even during the last generation. Study, for example, the Harris painting of the Fathers of Confederation as to the dress of that famous coterie of statesmen, or gaze upon any ancient daguerro type to realize the extraordinary styles then in vogue. The ponderous white hats of the men are matched by the voluminous skirts of the women. Contrasted with Canada to-day, the country is not standing still in the matter of styles and costumes.

Thus measured by contrasts, how remarkable and how comparatively rapid has been Canada's development! A century has brought to pass a revolution, even the half century since Confederation has witnessed no less startling changes. And if this is the tale of a hundred or half a hundred years, what will be the story of the coming decades as more contrasts will be created and new advances made?

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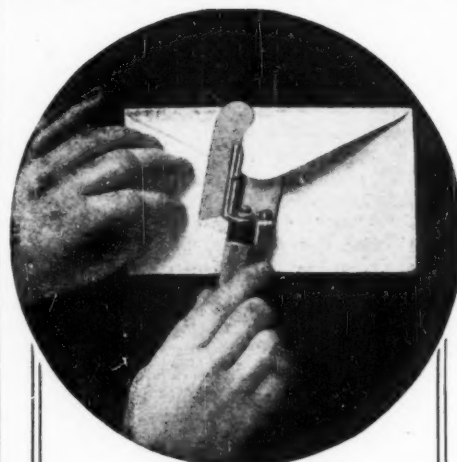
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Putting One Over

Continued from page 47.

demanding Gilbert, following instructions, in an absent minded sort of way.

"Come and sit right down, old chap. I'm the happiest man alive." Nutley's countenance radiated with deep-lit joy as he drew Balker to his side.

"What's the answer?" enquired Gilbert nervously, as he gingerly took a seat. He began to think Nutley was showing signs of mental aberration, or semi-intoxication.

"You're one of the family, Gilbert—it will soon be out anyway. Milly and I are engaged. What do you think of that my bonny boy?"

"Engaged!" gasped Gilbert, half rising. "Ridiculous! You've only known her a week. Absurd!"

"A day is a lifetime," replied Nutley rapturously, "a week an eternity."

"But look here, I say," floundered Gilbert desperately. "I expected—my mother suggested—why, I was going to propose myself."

"Too late, old chap," he heard Nutley say, as in a trance. "You should rise earlier in the morning, and by the way, it looks very much as if the last one is on you — what? Never mind, Gil, old bucko, you are my first choice for best man."

"Dammit," groaned Gilbert Balker, as he again pressed the button, with quite unnecessary force.

The Master Smuggler

Continued from page 41.

dian Customs Officer wishes to see him at once."

The clerk looked startled and promptly called up one of the big hotels where he got in touch with Oleson.

"He wants you to go over to see him," the clerk said after a brief colloquy with his chief. He named one of the prominent hotels.

Duncan went right over and Oleson met him in the rotunda. The Master Smuggler was quite unruffled and cheerful.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "Are you looking for me?"

"I guess so," replied Duncan. "You look like Oleson to me."

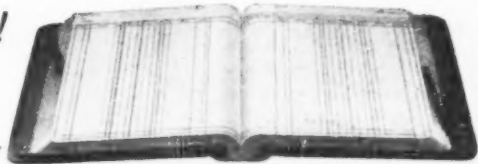
"That's my name," said Oleson.

THEY sized each other up, for a moment, both smiling and apparently unconcerned. It might have been a meeting between old college chums for all the people scattered around the rotunda could have told. "This man is going to be a good loser," said Duncan to himself. Jocularly, he asked: "Do you play poker?" He knew as a matter of fact that the Norwegian was a wonderful player of the American national game. Oleson had played "stud" in the mining and railway camps and "draw" in the fashionable clubs of Milwaukee where stakes ran high; and his perfect nerve and coolness had made him a sure winner everywhere.

OLESON now led the way to the elevators and they shot up to his room on the tenth floor. He opened the door and Duncan passed in. Oleson followed,

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closed the door and locked it with a quick turn of the wrist and slipped the key into his pocket. Duncan heard, but never turned his head. Instead he walked to the table and drew up a chair in which he seated himself, ready for the conference.

Oleson placed his own chair so that he sat at the end of the table, thus manoeuvring so that the table was *not* between the two of them.

"I suppose you know what I am here for?" asked Duncan, to start the ball rolling.

"Yes, damn you!" replied Oleson, with a show of anger that appeared a little forced. "I've known you were after me for some time. I've heard, too, that you are going to hold a charge of murder over my head."

THIS was sheer bluff; and they both knew it. The incident to which the Norwegian referred had occurred a couple of years before and had created some newspaper talk. Oleson and one of his men had been crossing the Skeena River in British Columbia with a suitcase in which had been packed a valuable store of jewelry on which not a cent, of course, had been paid. It was in spring and the ice had not cleared off entirely so that the passage was a dangerous one. In the course of the trip over the boat upset and Oleson's companion sank. Oleson himself clung to the overturned boat until rescued, and the story ran that, when the other man tried to cling to the same unstable support, he was unmercifully pounded back into the yeasty waters. However, Oleson came ashore—and brought the suitcase with him!

This story Duncan had heard in the course of his investigations. It might be true or it might not. At any rate it had no particular concern for the customs service; and Oleson knew this.

AS OLESON spoke he took from his pocket a large clasp knife which he kept snapping open and shut after the practice of bushmen. His attitude was very threatening. His hard, piercing eye was fixed on Duncan with an intentness that aimed at intimidation. But the Canadian never batted an eyelash. He looked smilingly at Oleson and proceeded to "call" his bluff.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I haven't charged you with *anything* yet. Please don't make yourself appear the bad man you say you are. Up to the present I've been forming a rather good opinion of you. You look like a *man* to me, so please let's talk business—rationally."

"In the first place," he went on, "we don't deal with murder charges. They are handled by the North West Mounted Police. I guess you know them well enough to feel that they'll do their duty. If there was anything in this murder charge you'd have heard of them before now. You know, as the Blackfoot Indian says, 'Dey have damn big eyes and long ears.'

"So much for that matter. We'll drop it there, if you are agreeable. I want you to distinctly understand that we deal neither in threats nor hearsay. Our work is handled on the basis of facts, and facts alone. Now then," and Duncan's fist came down on the table to emphasize the fact that he had come to his point, "what I wanted to ascertain from you first hand are the facts about your smuggling! We

know that you smuggled and caused to be smuggled large quantities of watches and jewelry into Canada during the past six years."

Oleson did not say anything. But that he appreciated the time for bluffing was passed, was evidenced by his closing up the knife and putting it away.

"In the first place, do you deny that you have smuggled goods into Canada?" asked Duncan, looking Oleson squarely in the eye.

Oleson thought hard for a minute and then replied:

"No, I guess I won't deny it."

"Well, then," said the Canadian official, "all that remains to be done is to go through your books and determine the value of all the goods you have smuggled into Canada. Then we can fix the amount of duty which you owe thereon and arrive at a basis of settlement."

OLESON was a little taken aback at this suggestion. He had probably anticipated a demand for settlement on a fixed amount. The idea of paying on all the tremendous volume of stuff that had been shipped across the line probably took his breath away. And yet, at the very moment he had a clerk in his office busily burning invoices and covering the trail generally.

"How much is this thing going to cost me?" he asked.

"That depends upon the value of the goods you've smuggled," replied Duncan.

"If it is too much, I'm likely to tell you to go to the devil," said Oleson.

"My good fellow," replied Duncan, "that will be up to you. I suppose though you know your brother is under arrest in Vancouver? Do you want him to go to jail for five years? How much does he make for you in a year? I suppose you are likewise aware that we have every dollar's worth of goods you have stored in the banks and trust companies in Canada under seizure?"

"Yes, I know," replied Oleson. "I've had nothing but damn telegrams raining on me for two days. My brother Billy is scared stiff in Vancouver and has been burning up my money on the wires ever since they caught him. What the devil do you want, anyway? You have pretty nearly everything that I own now."

"I want to go through your books and invoices," replied Officer Duncan, "and establish to my satisfaction the value of the goods you have smuggled. Then we can talk turkey. In the meantime, as we appear to understand each other, let us go to your office and get busy."

Oleson yawned sleepily as if a load had been removed from his shoulders, got up, unlocked his door and led the way out of the hotel and down town to his office.

AS THEY walked in, a man with a shoebox under his arm was walking out of the office. Duncan afterwards learned that it was "Sleepy Ike" Carlstrom, one of the trustiest lieutenants of Oleson. He appeared a little uneasy at seeing them and hesitated a moment. Oleson nodded to him to return and the three stepped into the office together. At a further nod from his leader, "Sleepy Ike" laid the shoebox on the desk and quietly vanished. He stayed not on the order of his going. In fact he seemed anxious to go.

"Just to show you that I am playing fair," said Oleson, opening the box. It

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was filled with watches. "That pile is worth \$2,700. My man was starting out for Canada with it. And he would have made the grade too."

However, he had not played as fair as he desired to make out. The invoices were a pile of ashes down in the furnace. It was impossible, therefore, to arrive at a correct estimate of the total amount of the operations and the matter of settlement became one of force. The officer used the weapons in his hands to bring the head of the organization to time. And he finally succeeded.

THAT evening Oleson and Duncan dined together at the Radison and the following day lunched at the same place. In the afternoon of the second day, Oleson handed Duncan a New York draft for the amount settled upon. To raise the money Oleson had been forced to realize on a substantial block of G.T.P. bonds that he held. They shook hands and parted on friendly terms.

"Come down to the office, Duncan," said the Master, "I'd like to give you a little souvenir—one of the finest watches I carry. You can pay the duty on it when you cross the line."

"Good-bye, Oleson," said Duncan.

And the amount of the cheque? The customs authorities refuse to tell. But it was, in Duncan's words, a "whopper."

Sunshine in Mariposa

Continued from page 53.

you treat her badly? . . . Out, out, you go!

[He hustles her out. Enter BILL.]

JEFF.—Arrest me, arrest me!

BILL.—Good morning, Mr. Thorpe.

JEFF.—Arrest me! I robbed the bank, I confess it. . . . Arrest me!

BILL (sitting down and shaking his head).—Can't be done, Mr. Thorpe. (Yawns.)

JEFF.—Why not? I've confessed.

BILL.—Sorry, you didn't rob it.

JEFF.—But I say I did. I broke in at night. I blew open the safe. I took the money. I meant to run off with it to spend it on horse races . . . dog fights . . . anything!

BILL.—Sorry. We know you didn't. We can prove it.

JEFF.—You can't.

BILL.—Yep. First you weren't there at the time.

JEFF.—I was.

BILL.—Second (yawn) you was somewhere else.

JEFF.—I was not.

BILL.—You was, and third, young Pumpkin has come to and told all about it.

JEFF.—Peter come to!

BILL.—Yep! He ain't much hurt. Head a bit cracked. (Yawns.) A constable's head would think nothing of it.

JEFF.—That's a different kind of head . . . but . . . he's better, that's one relief . . . one big relief.

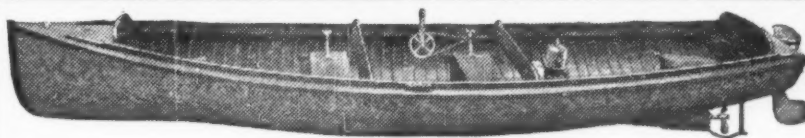
BILL.—Yep . . . out in two or three days, doctor says.

JEFF.—And who did rob the bank. . . . What's the truth of it all?

BILL.—Well, here's Mr. Mullins coming . . . he'll tell you all about it. I've got to go and help hunt for Andy Claggett.

[Exit BILL. Enter MULLINS.]

MULLINS (comes with his hand out to-



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wards JEFF).—Mr. Thorpe, may I shake your hand? I owe you an apology for the boy's sake . . . for Pupkin's. . . You needn't try to shield him any more. There's nothing to shield.

JEFF.—Shield him? I wasn't trying—

MULLINS.—Come, come . . . we've got the whole story now. . . Young Pupkin has come to and told us all that happened in the bank. I've telegrams here from New York and from Toronto that give us the rest. They say they'll have the robbers caught any minute now . . . they can't escape . . . the trains are watched . . . at the border. They'll never get clear . . . we should have known it was them right away.

JEFF.—I don't understand . . . who?

MULLINS.—Harstone and Slyde . . . your precious friends. Your New York promoters . . . Harstone and Slyde.

JEFF.—Harstone and Slyde!

MULLINS.—I have it all here in black and white. (*Showing telegrams.*) There's a man Olson in New York that was arrested yesterday and has turned state's evidence. The whole thing is out now. Harstone and Slyde and their land company and all the rest of it was just a plan, Mr. Thorpe—just for your money.

JEFF.—For my money!

MULLINS.—Nothing else. And they got word they were to be arrested and cleared out.

JEFF.—But they left town before the robbery. We saw them go.

MULLINS.—No, we didn't. They never went near that eleven-thirty at all!

JEFF.—Where are they then?

MULLINS.—We don't know. They got out of town somehow, later . . . no train till six this morning . . . that was searched . . . they weren't on it . . . they can't get far.

JEFF.—And Peter? What was Peter doing in—

MULLINS.—Peter! By gad, Thorpe, the boy's a hero. You'll have a son-in-law to be proud of. He heard them there in the vault, came down and, single-handed, he fought them—fought the two of them—saved the bank. But for him they might have had a try at the big safe, the real safe upstairs. Thorpe, there was a hundred thousand dollars in currency, grain money, in that safe last night—and he's saved it for us. . . I've been talking on the 'phone to the head office; they'll do something big for Peter, mark my words, something big. Our bank knows how to be generous.

JEFF.—Thank God, thank God! I knew it, Mr. Mullins, that he was innocent, but all the same this is the greatest news and — (*Runs and strops a razor violently.*)

MULLINS.—Well, it's good news . . . but I'm afraid it's not all good news. I've got some pretty bad news for you, too, Thorpe, your money's gone.

JEFF.—Gone! I knew that. Six thousand dollars there was in the box they took, but I can make that good easy enough. My fortune can stand it.

MULLINS.—You don't understand, Mr. Thorpe. . . . Your fortune's gone.

JEFF.—Gone! It's in New York. You sent it there yourself.

MULLINS. (*shaking his head.*) — The gang got it before the arrest, and cleared with it. It's gone.

JEFF.—My money—is—gone? Do you mean that I have no money to make good what my friends have lost? . . . Peter's two thousand? Norah's money . . .

Johnson's Macartney's
everybody's? Mr. Mullins, it can't be.
MULLINS.—What money have you here
in the office?

JEFF.—Here, in the shop? (*Looking in
a till.*) That (*shows it in his hand*)—
only two—four dollars and eighty cents.

MULLINS.—And at your house?

JEFF.—Nothing.

MULLINS.—I'm sorry to say it, Thorpe,
but what you have here is all you have in
the world.

JEFF (*leaning against the chair where
he was stopping the razor*).—It's ruin
. . . all that I had . . . robbed . . .
gone . . . not for myself—I don't
mind that. . . . My friends. . . .
I've ruined them.

[*Enter MACARTNEY, in great excite-
ment.*]

MACARTNEY.—Mullins! Is it true—
what they're saying in the street? I
hadn't realized it! Is this man's money
gone—his fortune gone?

MULLINS.—It has.

MACARTNEY.—Do you mean that he
can't repay . . . can't make restitution
of the thousand dollars that he took from
me?

JEFF.—Macartney, I'll pay you . . .
every cent of it . . . give me time . . .
I'll work, I'll get it back. . . . No one
shall lose—I'll work.

MACARTNEY (*angry and excited*).—
Work! Har! This tuppenny, ha'penny
barber business—to pay back a thousand
dollars . . . thousands of dollars . . .
that you *robbed*, by Gad! That's the
word! That you've *robbed* from your
fellow townsmen.

JEFF.—I only say, give me time. . . .
It's all I ask . . . time.

MACARTNEY.—Time! I'll distraint on
him, Mullins, I'll seize his store, I'll take
his fittings—I'll seize his soap. I'll have
his premises. (*Walking up and down.*)

MULLINS (*shaking his head*).—Can't
do that, Macartney, it's all rented. . . .
It's Smith's.

MACARTNEY.—Then I'll—

JEFF.—Macartney. . . . This has
come as a hard blow. . . . I'm an old,
old man. . . . It hits me hard . . .
but I'm not beaten. . . . You give me
time.

MACARTNEY.—Time!

JEFF.—I'll pay it all. I'll start over.
I'll work here again . . . night and day
. . . I'll pay it all, and I'll get money
enough to found the Home again. That's
all I care for—that's the only part that
touches me. . . . To have lost that!
but—

MULLINS.—Why, that's not lost, Mr.
Thorpe!

JEFF.—What!

MULLINS.—The Home you founded?
That's right where it was.

JEFF.—How do you mean? That money
went to New York, too. That's gone.

MULLINS.—No—draft left yesterday;
cancelled by wire before arrival. . . .
Here's the telegram, "Draft for sixty
thousand, stopped payment as ordered."
We bankers are not so slow after all. . . .

JEFF (*overjoyed*).—Why, Mr. Mullins,
Mr. Mullins—this is glorious—this is all
I ask. . . . This is *everything* to me.

MULLINS.—Yes, we still have the sixty
thousand . . . in trust for the Martha
Thorpe Home for Destitute Children . . .
as sole trustee your cheque is good at our
bank this minute—for anything up to
sixty thousand—as trustee, of course.

MACARTNEY (*who has listened with*

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growing interest and change of expression).—Ah, then, Thorpe, our whole position is altered . . . I congratulate you—er—my dear Thorpe—most heartily—everything can be paid now. Luckily, as sole trustee you can—er—practically—use this money as you like—pay your creditors—all or single—pay me, for instance.

JEFF.—Pay you?

MACARTNEY.—Yes, certainly.

JEFF.—Out of the Home money?

MACARTNEY.—Assuredly . . . nothing easier, my dear Thorpe. We need, of course (he laughs) some sort of small legal fiction, har! har! A bill of charges of \$1,000 against the Home for such and such services—purely imaginary—but—har! har! luckily there's no one to question it. I'll just sit down and draw it up.

JEFF.—Stop! You mean you want me to take a thousand dollars of the money that's in trust for the children to pay my debt to you. Is that it?

MACARTNEY.—Quite so, Mr. Thorpe, har! har! Simple as . . . now . . .

JEFF (striking his hand on the table). Then, Macartney, before I do that, I'll see you—

MACARTNEY.—YOU what?

JEFF.—I'm no financier but I understand clearly enough that that money is deeded in trust for destitute children and there's no court and no law can alter it. There it is and, William Macartney, there it stays.

MACARTNEY.—Ar—r? Is that it? I'll have the law on you for misappropriation of my funds. . . . You shall see the inside of a jail, Jefferson Thorpe.

MULLINS.—Come, come, Macartney, you're getting—

JEFF.—Macartney, this is my shop. . .

[Enter BILL.]

BILL (entering).—Say, what's all this, Macartney? I could hear your voice a block away . . . what's 'matter? (Yawn.)

MACARTNEY.—Matter, matter enough.

JEFF.—Stop. I'll tell him. Bill, that money you gave me, that two hundred and fifty dollars, is lost . . . every cent of it.

BILL (yawn).—Lost, eh? You don't say so?

JEFF.—Lost! Gone!

BILL.—Well! Well! (Yawn.) Ain't it a caution the way money gets lost . . . beat's all. (Yawn—then more energetically.) Say, Jeff, did you lose yourn, too?

JEFF.—Bill, I have lost every cent I had in the world . . . that's why I can't pay . . . I am ruined.

BILL.—By gosh! that's hard. . . . But say, Jeff, don't let that worry you . . . most fellers that I have seen that was ruined, in the city anyway, seemed richer than ever . . . anyway, Jeff, you've got your friends. . . . There's Macartney here and me, and—

[The loud and burly voice of Mr. SMITH is heard as he enters—fresh from the city—valise—dressed up—a large aster in his buttonhole.]

SMITH (dumping down his valise).—Here! what'n hell is gone wrong with this town—can't I leave it for a day? Here's the whole hotel upside down—Andy lost—little Norah there doing nothing but cry.

JEFF.—Why, Josh, Andy's lost and she and Andy—

SMITH.—Was in love with one another? Why! Didn't I know that the first day I seen them working together. First Sunday she was there I seen Andy fixing up his Sunday hat with a peacock feather

. . . and Norah putting a pink bow crosswise in her hair . . . and the two of them off for a walk down by the lake! But Andy lost! You can't lose Andy! He'll be back next mealtime, or I'm a liar. . . .

MULLINS.—There's more than that, Smith. . . . The bank's vault was robbed. . . . Thorpe's money's gone.

SMITH.—Do you think I don't know that? That was all over Toronto by day-break. Where do you think I've been? What do you think I've been doing?

JEFF.—I thought you were at a hotelmen's conference.

SMITH.—Hotelmen! Do you fellows think a hotelman has nothing else to do but sit round and discuss temperance? Do you think if a man's a hotelman he's got no sense? Do you think if a man's a hotelman he'll stand round and see his town plundered and robbed and ruined by a couple of crooks and not lift a hand? No, sir, I'd sooner see this town go local option! Hotelmen! The hotelmen I went down to see was the Provincial Detective Office. Jeff, I warned you, I tried to give the hint.

JEFF (contritely).—You did, Josh, you did.

SMITH.—But you wouldn't hear me . . . but I got the warrants and back here on the early train with three officers with me. They're over in my bar now, with Billy. They say they may pick up a clue there. They're pumping Billy and Billy's pumping the beer. But they'll have them two rounded up before noon, you see it!

MACARTNEY.—But do you understand, Smith, Thorpe here has lost every penny, his own—mine—everybody's—some of yours, too, I don't doubt. And I'm telling him I want my thousand, by Gad! I'll have my thousand dollars!

SMITH (eyeing him quietly).—Yes, or you'll do what?

MACARTNEY.—I'll have the law on him—I'll seize his goods. By gad, I'll jail him.

SMITH.—For what?

MACARTNEY.—For my thousand dollars—he lost it—he as good as stole it.

SMITH.—You'll jail Jeff, will you, Mac? Well, somehow I guess not. . . . Here! (He takes from his pocket a huge roll of bills.) I allus like to carry money—never know when it comes handy—here—fifty, seventy—

JEFF (running to stop him).—No, no, Josh, I won't have it! Not from you—let him jail me—anything—I—

[Enter NORAH hurriedly.]

NORAH.—Oh, Mr. Smith, you're back! You're back—and will you find Andy . . . he's lost.

SMITH (patting her protectingly).—Give me five minutes. . . . I ain't got started yet!

NORAH (beginning to cry).—Oh, Mr. Smith, it's killed him they have.

SMITH.—Not a bit, Norah—don't you be scared for Andy. Now tell me, Billy says you seen him last, eh?

NORAH.—Yes, Mr. Smith, after we'd got Ben upstairs and got the doctor to him—

SMITH.—I know—

NORAH.—Then Andy came back from taking Mr. Thorpe to the bank, and says, "Norah, darling, I believe I know who's done it"—and he had your gun in his hand from the rack in the hall and his face was that white and set, it scared me.

SMITH.—And where did he go?

NORAH.—Sure, I don't know—he just

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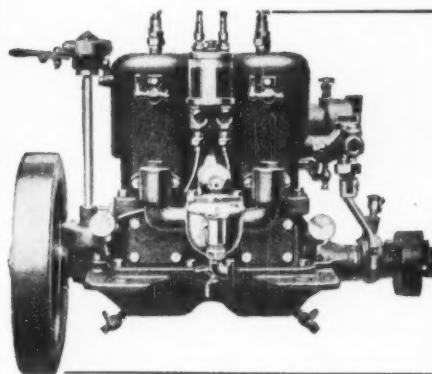
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G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, March 12, 1917.

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went out—out into the night and the storm—"They've done for Ben," he says, "and I'll kill them." I clung to him, but he went. Oh, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith, will he come back?

SMITH.—Back, sure he'll come back—why— Come back! look! here he comes now.

[Enter ANDY, dishevelled, pale, his clothes wet and muddy; his coat he carries under his arm wrapped about a gun and something else.]

ANDY (sinks panting into a chair).—I've seen them—the robbers—it was Harstone and Slyde—they done it—they shot Gillis to rob the bank—

JEFF.—Yes, yes, we know. They're after them now. They'll arrest them any minute.

ANDY (solemnly).—Never in this world, Mr. Thorpe—they're dead—they're killed.

ALL.—Dead!

NORAH.—Oh, Andy—you've killed them?

ANDY.—Not I—look for yourself—the gun is loaded still. . . . But I meant to—I went from the hotel meaning to—I'd heard them talking with Ben, just as I went upstairs, and I heard them speak of the trestle bridge in the big marsh.

JEFF.—Yes, yes, other side of the big swamp.

ANDY.—And they asked after the midnight express from the north, if it stopped—I didn't see what it meant till the word came that the bank was robbed—then I saw what it meant. . . . I took the gun.

NORAH.—Yes, yes, Andy, I told them that.

ANDY.—. . . I guessed they had made through the big swamp to the marsh where the trestle bridge is . . . but it was dark, black dark, I could only see when the lightning came. . . . There's a way through the marsh, a dry path, if you can find it, that leads to the centre of the bridge where the tank—

MULLINS.—Yes, I know, the trainmen use it sometimes—

ANDY.—I meant to get to the bridge that way and wait for them to kill them—but I was late—as I got close to the bridge there came a great flash of lightning all white—and in it I saw them for a second standing on the bridge—there in the centre—

JEFF.—Harstone and Slyde?

ANDY.—The two of them—and right then—all of a sudden I heard the train, the night express, and heard the roar of it and the long whistle as it took the trestles—and I knew from the sound and the rush of it that it wasn't going to stop—

SMITH.—And them on the bridge—

ANDY.—. . . Tearing and shrieking it came—and the glare of the headlight lit up the bridge and I saw them. . . . Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Smith, I give you my word that when I saw them there, all thought of killing them went from me and I called to them to leap over the bridge. It's a forty-foot drop from the trestles—but they could have done it, could have leaped into the water of the marsh—

JEFF.—Yes, yes, of course they could, why didn't they?

ANDY.—Mr. Thorpe, that was the awful part of it—they couldn't. I could see Harstone trying to get to the edge . . . and Slyde, clinging to his throat, and shrieking as he tried to drag him down in front of the train—shrieking like he was

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crazy! Then the train struck them—it hurled them over—I seen them fall—down into the dark—I could hear Slyde scream—it's in my ears—I can't forget it.

MULLINS.—Did the train stop?

ANDY.—No. I think no one saw but me—the storm was too wild.

MULLINS.—What did you do?

ANDY.—I waited—I waited there where I was till it was day . . . and when the light came I found them . . . there below the bridge . . . in four feet of water . . . with the life all beat out of them.

JEFF (*quietly and earnestly*).—God's mercy on them. They're gone beyond man's judgment now.

NORAH.—But what did you do then, Andy? Why didn't you get here sooner?

ANDY.—I went astray in the big swamp—it was hard to get through it—and clambering over the logs; my legs give out . . . and I've been ever since trying to get here.

NORAH.—My poor darlin'. (*Taking his hand and caressing it.*)

ANDY.—But wait—that's not all. Mr. Thorpe, look there—inside my coat—I found it beside them in the marsh. . . .

[THORPE and SMITH run and unwrap the coat. In it is the missing box of money.]

JEFF.—The cash box—my box—the money. Thank God. Is it all here, Andy?

ANDY.—Look for yourself. I never opened it.

JEFF (*examining*).—Yes, yes, here it is—all as I left it. (*Taking out a parcel and reading*).—Bill Evans, two hundred and fifty dollars. Bill, here's your money back.

BILL (*yawning*).—S'all right. I ain't in any hurry for it. Keep it and put it into some other good thing. (*Yawn.*)

JEFF.—Johnson's—Norah's—ha! ha! Norah, yours and Andy's, together, eh!

NORAH (*who has had her arm about ANDY's neck as he sits*).—And it's my own brave boy, Mr. Thorpe, that's brought it all back to us—together is it? Together for as long as ever Andy will have me.

JEFF.—Peter's . . . two thousand dollars, P. Pupkin—that's all right . . . and ha! here's what I was looking for. W. Macartney, one thousand dollars. There!

MACARTNEY.—My money, har! Thank Heaven that's safe back again, and, Thorpe, I'll just give you one word of advice.

JEFF.—No. I'll give you one, William Macartney. (*Looking him over from head to foot.*) You—need—your hair cut—and you need it bad (*taking him by the arm and leading him to the door*). Down the street there is Hillis' barber shop. Take this twenty-five cents and go and get your hair cut. This shop don't ever need your custom again.

[JEFF pushes him out.]

SMITH.—Bully for you, Jeff!

JEFF (*repenting*).—Poor old Macartney—perhaps I was a little too hard, eh, what? After all, you know, he's only a lawyer—I'll call him back.

SMITH.—Not a bit . . . do him good—but look who's here!

[Enter MYRA, in great joy.]

MYRA.—"Look who's here!" Is that what you said, Mr. Smith? Well, you may well say it! Oh, father, father, look who is here—look out! (*Taking him to the door.*)

JEFF (*looking out*).—Not Peter! Not

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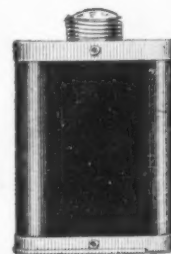
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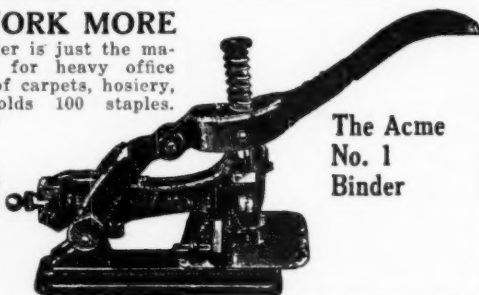
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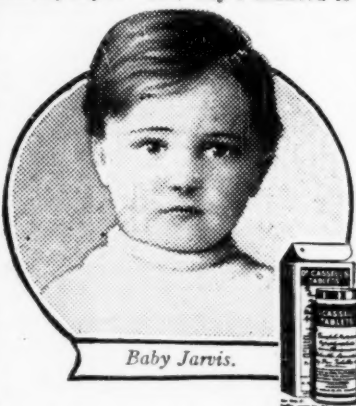
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Penetang (Ontario) Child, Once so Thin and Delicate, Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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is a pleasure to write and tell you what Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done for my baby. When only five months old he was taken ill. I had medical advice for him, and was told he had colic, for which he was treated, but he did not get any better, only worse. I tried several special foods, but none of them would stay on his stomach, and he became so thin that he seemed just skin and bone. He



Baby Jarvis.

thought poor baby could live, but one day I chanced to hear of a baby's case almost like mine, that had been cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, so I got some for my baby, and I am thankful I did. After a few doses the nervous jumps he had suffered from stopped, and soon he was almost well. I have given him the Tablets during teething, and find them very soothing. He is a bonny boy now, quite cured, and weighs twenty-five pounds at twelve months old."

Every mother should know that Dr. Cassell's Tablets are just as suitable for children as they are for grown-up people. Their splendid nutritive and vitalising properties soon overcome any tendency to nervousness or weakness in the little ones, and lay the foundation of a strong constitution for after years.

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Peter! Here, help him out of that carefully, wait, I'll come and— (*Going out and helping in PUPKIN, pale and bandaged head, happy.*) Careful, steady . . . but Myra, what madness is this? . . . The doctor said bed for a week.

MYRA.—Oh, bother the doctor. We couldn't help it . . . the news is just too good. . . . Read it to them, Peter, read it.

[PUPKIN takes a telegram out of his side pocket.]

PUPKIN (in a weak voice).—You read it, Myra.

MYRA (taking the telegram).—It's from the Head Office of the Exchange Bank: "Peter Pupkin, Mariposa. Have just heard of your splendid courage in protecting the interests of the bank. We appreciate to the full your devotion and courage and in proof of it desire to state that your salary is hereby raised from eighty to eighty-five dollars a month, dating from to-day." Isn't it splendid?

MULLINS (proudly).—Didn't I tell you, Thorpe? I knew they'd do something handsome. The Exchange Bank never forgets its friends.

JEFF.—Eighty-five dollars! Why, Myra, that's—let me see—that's—well, it's over a thousand a year. Do you realize that that's past the bank's limit, and you and Peter can get married now—

MYRA.—Realize it! We've been—

PUPKIN.—Talking about it all the way down. (*Embrace.*)

JEFF.—Well, well, bless your hearts, there's good coming out of this business after all—you and Peter married and happy—Andy and Norah I imagine likewise.

NORAH.—On the same day, Mr. Thorpe, if you'll allow it.

MULLINS.—Hear! Hear!

JEFF.—The Home founded and endowed—its money safe—and as to me—as to me—me! I wouldn't change with a king—safe back in my old life again. . . Here, Myra . . . my coat . . . my white coat. . . . Ah! that's something like comfort, that's ease. (*Getting in it.*) That's a coat for you . . . now then, my razors . . . hurry . . . the soap, yes, that's right . . . and the brushes . . . there we are (*flick, flick*) and now then. (*Turning to assembled lot.*) Now, I give you all warning. . . . This is a barber shop. And for the future, barber shop it's going to stay. It's not an Exchange, or an office, or a silver mine . . . and if anybody after this ever breathes the word share, stock or certificate, or says, Cuba, Habana, or Porto Rico in this shop, out he goes to follow Macartney.

ALL IN CHORUS — Hear, hear. Well done, Jeff!

MYRA.—Splendid, father.

JEFF.—That's talk enough. (*Flick, flick.*) Now, if any of you want a shave, hair cut, facial massage, or wrinkles removed, come forward; if not, clear out. . .

BILL (*yawns*).—Well, I did have a kind of idee I'd like one of them egg-shampoos like you gave me two months ago. . . . If you have eggs.

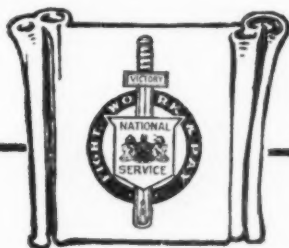
JEFF.—Bill, you're my best friend. Eggs! I have the very (*getting them, very dingy looking, from a drawer*) eggs themselves. . . . Little I thought to ever use them. I kept them as a souvenir. (*BILL has climbed into the chair.*) Now, then, here goes—egg shampoo!

[CURTAIN]

THE END

Save the Food and Serve the Empire !

The Average Canadian Family Wastes
Enough to Feed a Soldier



*"The Kitchen must help as well as
the Workshop and the Trenches"*

Lloyd George.

INTELLIGENT economy in the kitchen can do much to prevent the threatened world famine—can counteract the effect of high prices—and can replace growing debt with systematic saving.

Careful investigations show that before the war the average British family wasted 25% of their food—and we Canadians were even more extravagant.

This waste is not in a few big things, but in many little ones, each, we used to think, too small to bother about—such as careless peeling of vegetables and fruit—failure to make good use of dripping and "left-overs"—and such others as will occur to every thrifty housekeeper.

For the Empire's sake as well as your own, hunt up and cut out these leaks! You'll be helping to relieve the food shortage—saving your own money—and putting yourself in a position to buy Canadian War Savings Certificates and help win the war.

War Savings Certificates are issued in denominations of \$25, \$50 and \$100, to be repaid in three years at full face value. They cost \$21.50, \$43 and \$86 respectively, at all Money Order Post-Offices and Banks, thus yielding over 5% Interest. Should you need it, you can get your money back at any time.

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The Business Outlook

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Figures Point to Prosperity

THE continual advance of prices has had some effect on business conditions. People are becoming apprehensive and the rise of the prices of actual necessities is proving the most effective means of provoking economy. In all branches of business, however, a very satisfactory degree of briskness still obtains.

Industrial activity is as great as ever. Any change that might be noted there has been in the nature of acceleration; and this condition is bound to continue until the end of the war is in sight—and perhaps beyond. The direct result of this remarkable industrial activity is the absolute absence of any degree of unemployment. There is work and big wages for everyone.

Another very direct result has been an increase in savings. Despite the tendency on the part of people who are earning more than they ever did before, to plunge into unusual expenditures, the bank statements show a gratifying growth in deposits. The increase in the month of April was \$9,343,783, and for the year ending April, \$195,840,097. This is a very satisfactory feature indeed.

In connection with the banking situation it is interesting to note that more money is being used for the carrying on of business in the country. The chartered institutions, according to complete statistics for April, have increased their current loans by \$37,469,431. The total of outstanding loans, in fact, is larger than at any time since the start of the war. This indicates that business conditions are

unusually brisk and points to increased confidence and optimism on the part of the banks.

As regards national business the outlook continues remarkably good. Our exports continue to advance and our balance of trade is now very distinctly favorable, exceeding the adverse balance which we faced in 1913. The latest figures show as follows:

Fiscal year ending March	Imports	Exports	Excess Imports	Excess Exports
1913	\$686,515,000	\$ 377,068,000		
1914	635,383,000	455,437,000	\$309,447,000	
1915	497,376,000	461,442,000	179,946,000	
1916	530,211,000	779,300,000	35,934,000	\$249,089,000
1917	845,330,000	1,179,211,000		333,881,000

This is, after all, the surest barometer by which to judge the outlook; and to the uninitiated even it must appear evident that war is proving a "bountiful jade" to Canadian industry. Our prosperity is gratifying if only from the standpoint of production, which has become so necessary a feature, of the Imperial win-the-war determination.

INVESTMENTS

INVESTING IN STOCKS

THE public makes the market. The impression that a few operators can advance or lower prices as they please, is a sadly mistaken one. If this could be done by a dozen men, or by a hundred, or a thousand, there would be no need of a stock market, for these gentlemen could combine and enrich themselves beyond the dreams of avarice.

No, the stock market is made by the public. When the public is scared and refuses to buy the market languishes, business halts, and uncertainty prevails. When the public is badly scared, it becomes panic-stricken and unloads by wholesale and all must take their losses, big and little operators alike.

I do not mean to say that large operators are not able to influence the market to a certain degree and under favorable conditions, but they cannot do this to the extent that most persons imagine. They make their money by operating skilfully



—Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger.
"Use the 'Bean' Ball!"

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

on the side that they think will win, whether the bull or the bear side.

This was clearly developed during the recent "leak" examination at Washington, for it was shown that the heavy bear operators who reaped the largest profits were those who were quickest to recognize the danger signals regarding our foreign complications. These big operators are not the only ones who profited by their experience and good judgment. I know of many small dealers who took the bear side promptly and cleared up a few hundred or few thousand dollars according to the extent of their operations.

But this is the kind of business that the investor has little to do with. The traders who are in and out of the market day by day and sometimes hour by hour, constitute the large speculative element. They have their losses one day and make them up perhaps the next, and perhaps they don't.

The safe, careful and successful dealer in securities is the investor who buys not to sell at a small profit, but to hold for the advance that comes with good times. He buys when other people are liquidating, when the market is weak, and prices declining, and he sells when the market is buoyant, prices advancing, every one buying.

SAFE INVESTMENTS

H. L. Higginson writes in *World's Work*:

"The chief thing to ask an investor is: 'Do you want the best security, or a security that is good enough, or a speculative security, or a security of an enterprise which has prospects for future growth?'"

"This goes to the bottom of the correct investment. A security suitable for the surplus income of a business man who wishes investments might be too speculative for a woman to buy or for a man who is dependent on the income from his investment. Such people should not risk losing part of their principal, and must be satisfied with a smaller yield on their investments than can be secured by a man who can risk something. This statement is so trite as to call for an apology if it were not that in nearly every corporate failure men and women who could not afford to lose money have been caught. This class of people is the food for the promoter with his get-rich-quick scheme.

"An investment in good bonds or mortgages is best adapted to the needs of most people, for bonds, as a rule, are safer than stocks."

INSURANCE

AUTO INSURANCE

ONE of the most interesting and perhaps the most recent branch of insurance is that pertaining to automobiles. Nearly every family of means owns a car nowadays and, as the risk is constant and imminent, it becomes necessary to carry insurance. It is true that there are many automobile owners who neglect to put any on, but no sensible person does this. It is too dangerous.

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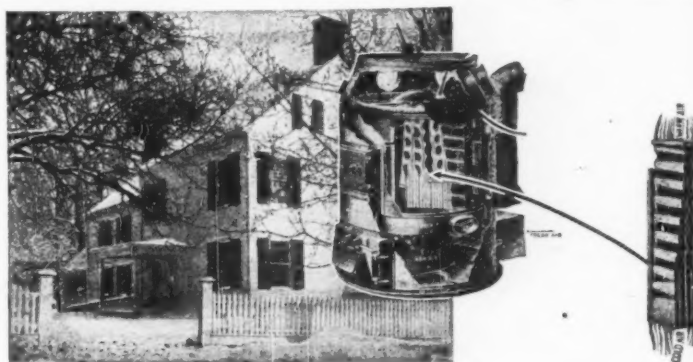
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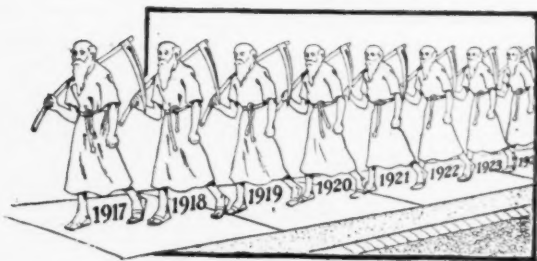
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ance on the car itself. This is absolutely essential. No foresighted owner can take the chance of a collision or an accident which might absolutely destroy so valuable a property. And it must be borne in mind that such accidents cannot be prevented absolutely by careful driving; the carelessness of another driver may bring about a collision.

The second part is driver's insurance, covering the possibility of personal injury.

Still another feature is insurance against injury to the general public. Accidents occur more or less regularly and will continue to occur and, where the driver is in any way to blame, damage suits are bound to result. The risk is too great to assume. Suppose a car, through one of the unhappy chances that come about, runs over a man and kills him. The driver is judged liable and has to pay damages to the family of the victim. If he is not protected, it may seriously cripple him financially to meet the situation. In places where jitney services are run, the municipalities insist upon the jitney drivers carrying a stated amount of insurance for the safety of the passengers carried. The amount is generally too small, in some cases as low as \$1,000, but the recognition of the principle is important.

Undoubtedly insurance is too essential for a car owner to dispense with. Some do not cover themselves on all phases, but no man can afford to overlook the possibility of loss entirely unless he is prepared to take big chances.

The Story of Confederation

Continued from page 24.

gard to the designation of the Confederation. It was strongly urged that it should be called the "Kingdom of Canada" and, strangely enough, this point was urged by the Canadian delegates themselves, and opposed by the home authorities on the ground that it would give offence to our republican-minded American neighbors!

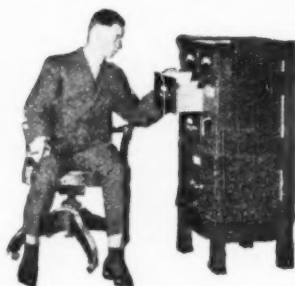
The matter was settled finally in a rather dramatic way. One member rose suddenly and quoted a verse from Scripture:—

"And his dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth."

The word was seized upon with loud and unanimous acclaim and thus came into existence the happy phrase "Dominion of Canada."

IT IS not intended here to give a detailed story of the manner in which each constitutional feature was worked out. The first conference ended on Dec. 24, and the sittings were resumed early in January, 1867. In February the completed bill, as agreed to by the Canadian delegates was submitted to the British House. It went through without opposition, almost without any discussion. There was a curious apathy on the part of the Imperial legislators. Quite apparently they attached little importance to the Canadian colonies. On March 29 the bill received the Royal assent, and on May 22 a Royal proclamation set July

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1 as the day on which Confederation was to go into effect.

The announcement was received with delight in Upper Canada and with milder enthusiasm in other parts. In Nova Scotia the newspapers came out with their columns draped in black and men began to talk of secession and annexation with the United States.

THE outstanding part that John A. Macdonald had taken in the negotiations was recognized when Lord Monck called upon him to form the first Canadian Federal Government. He had returned to Canada in May, and had set actively about the formation of his government. The first step was to ensure the retention of support from his Liberal lieutenants, Macdougall and Howland. He offered them portfolios in the new cabinet and they accepted, taking the stand that the government should still be

John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister and Minister of Justice; George E. Cartier, Minister of Militia and Defence; S. Leonard Tilley, Minister of Customs; Alexander T. Galt, Minister of Finance; William McDougall, Minister of Public Works; William P. Howland, Minister of Inland Revenue; Adams G. Archibald, Secretary of State for the Provinces; A. J. Ferguson Blair, President of the Privy Council; Peter Mitchell, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; Alexander Campbell, Postmaster-General; Jean C. Chapais, Minister of Agriculture; Hector L. Langevin, Secretary of State of Canada; Edward Kenny, Receiver-General.

THE PART that Charles Tupper played throughout was that of broad statesmanship. Sincerely believing in Confederation he had whipped Nova Scotia into line with courage and resourcefulness. He had been a potent fac-



The street (Brunswick Place) in Glasgow where Sir John A. Macdonald was born and where he played as a boy. His father, Hugh Macdonald, lived at 18 Brunswick Place, but there is no No. 18 on the street, the original number being bricked up.

regarded as a coalition, inasmuch as the work for which the coalition had been formed would not be completed until the new Dominion was safely launched. However, this stand was not accepted by the Liberal party of Ontario and when Macdougall and Howland appeared before a Convention to explain their stand they received a noisy reception.

This convention, which was held in Toronto on June 27 and 28, had been called by George Brown to signalize the fact that the Liberal party had once again resumed active opposition to John A. Macdonald and all his works.

"I understood what degradation it was," exclaimed Brown, in the course of an impassioned address, "to be compelled to adopt that step by the necessities of the case, by the feeling that the interests of my country were at stake, which alone induced me to ever put my foot into that government; and glad was I when I got out of it!"

From the first, therefore, Macdonald had the active opposition of his old enemy. The cabinet that he finally got together was as follows:

tor through all the conferences. He appeared at his best, however, when the question of the formation of the Dominion Government came up. No one was more entitled to a post than Tupper, but the appointment of Edward Kenny was necessary to give representation to the Irish Catholics and accordingly Kenny went in as second minister from Nova Scotia, Tupper generously stepping aside.

THE FIRST election was fought out from August to September of that year and proved to be a spirited contest. George Brown threw himself into the lists with all his old vigor. The Rouges in Quebec came out against the Government; and down in Nova Scotia Joe Howe and the Antis prepared to fight the Government on the issue of Confederation to the bitter end.

The election in Nova Scotia was a picturesque one as well as bitter and hard-fought. William Annand went up to Colchester to contest that seat against the obnoxious Tupper. Joe Howe stumped the province from end to end. He spoke

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The House of Service

GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING Limited

BUSINESS firms have personality. They stand for something. Some are animated by ideals. Ideals come before money, but the money comes surely, in its own place and time, and plentifully enough. For the public—a certain large part of it, that is—is also concerned with ideals, and gives its money to those who fill them out.

These thoughts come to one contemplating the business of "The House of Service"—Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, makers of pianos and piano-players. Here is a firm possessed by ideals, and a firm that has grown to magnitude because it possesses ideals and translates them into its product.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming have chosen for themselves a watchword—"The House of Service." Can you imagine a finer one—one of loftier import? It makes the desire of the piano-player—the public—supreme. It signifies a sense of obligation, of trusteeship. It implies an intention to respond, to the utmost of ability, to the necessities of the musician—of those who love music more than the structure which is called a piano, and whose souls are uplifted and transported by the singing of the harp within its casing of wood.

You who are soon to buy a piano or a piano-player—what is the thought that is directing you to a choice? Is it price? Is it appearance? Is it the name? Is it value for money? Is it music—that Voice of your own spirit and desire and dreaming, a Voice sweet, or strong, or soft, or vibrant, or deep? It all matters. If price governs you in your choosing, you'll probably get a piano costing you \$200 more or less. If appearance is the chief thing, then all makers can provide you with a piece of furniture passably good-looking.

Is it a name?—then you should be careful what name will be on the piano to reveal you to your friends, for some names blatantly advertised, stand for energy in selling rather than for excellence in the instrument. Is it value for money?—then probably it will be a case of bargaining, or "shopping" with little concern for the piano viewed as a musical instrument. Is it music?—then your choice narrows down to two or three makes of instruments,—and the Gourlay is in this small company.

Now your choice will become perhaps difficult; and, perhaps, in the end, you will have to take refuge, less in your own ability to distinguish between the merits of one piano and another, since both may appeal to you equally, and more in the good faith of the makers; and then you may find it easy to decide when you remember that Gourlay's are "The House of Service." They do serve you—you who may be ready to buy a piano or a piano-player purely as a musical instrument, and not as a piece of beautiful joinery. Indeed, they have already served you. They served you long before your need or desire for a piano or piano-player became pressing. They anticipated your

case, and conscientiously and with the utmost fidelity Gourlay's made their piano and their Gourlay-Angelus player-piano the fulfilment of all that the musician demands and an incentive to more artistic work on the part of every other good piano maker in Canada. One further distinction of this firm should be noted, because it bears on the thought of service.

Frequently, at stated—and regular intervals fourteen men in the Gourlay organization meet in council to talk over every phase of the business in which all are supremely interested by reason of being stockholders and active workers. This Cabinet includes the president and executives, the factory manager, the sales manager, the superintendent of agencies, the superintendent of case-making, the head of the polishing and finishing department, the sounding-board expert, the head joiner, the head of the action-finishing department, the chief regulator of actions, the chief tuner, the tone-expert, the player-piano expert, and the chief of the repair department. Collectively, they make the Gourlay piano and the Gourlay Service what they are. The House of Service is a democracy, not a one-man or one-genius organization. It would be impossible to exaggerate the significance of this collective organization. It has given the Gourlay piano its supremacy and assures it. Just another glimpse into what is signified by service.

In the midst of the Christmas rush a salesman sold to a customer in the brief space of 20 minutes an instrument valued at \$325. The next customer to come in was received by an equally efficient salesman who spent a full hour in exchanging a phonograph record. The salesman had caught the spirit of the House of Service in display of great patience, and maintained courtesy with apparently small results.

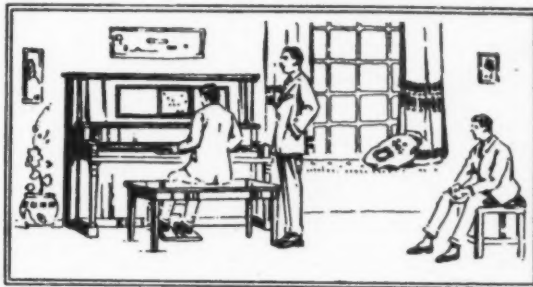
Whether the transaction be the purchase of goods having the value of a single record or of a grand piano costing \$1,000, the service is the same—earnest, cordial, sincere, complete.

It is this fact and knowledge that have made The House of Service a House of Confidence.

This advertisement is published in the Confederation-Jubilee Number of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE to show that in the development of Canada throughout the past half-century, there has arisen a firm of

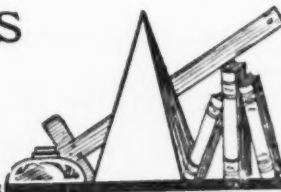
piano-makers purely Canadian in origin, making a piano that stands by right of its own worthiness in the small company of pianos made to embody ideals—pianos that are not sold as examples of skilled carpentry; but for their power to produce and interpret finely the compositions of the divinely-endowed who use music as their language of revelation, and at the same time to place Canada nationally in the forefront of those countries who produce pianos as world-leaders in musical circles.

Get a Gourlay catalogue if you want a fuller and more specific study of the Gourlay piano and the Gourlay-Angelus piano-player and the maker's own presentation of their instruments. But remember always that a piano in those homes where culture is well likely continue to give its exalted service for a generation or more, and, therefore, should be chosen with this thought and fact in mind. Remember, also, that some pianos will remain sweet singers for all their life—and the Gourlay is one of these.





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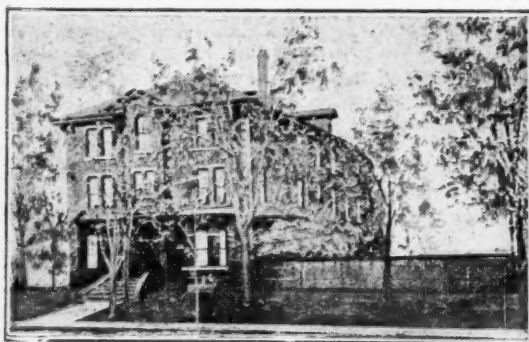
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SCHOOL REOPENS
SEPTEMBER 13th
New Prospectus from Miss Stuart

in every riding, wearing, so the chronicles run, a "tasteful grey suit and a tall white hat." His tall white hat, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, waved always where the fight was hottest. Howe's methods were picturesque and such records as have been kept of his speeches shew that he employed humor as well as invective to carry his audience.

On one occasion he lauded the city of London as the real capital for Canadians, adding: "Surely with such a capital as this we need not seek another in the backwoods of Canada! We may be pardoned if we prefer London under the dominion of John Bull to Ottawa under the dominion of Jack Frost!"

THE GOVERNMENT was sustained by large majorities in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick. Even George Brown went down to defeat in South Ontario; and he never again sat in the House of Commons. But in Nova Scotia the story was reversed. Joe Howe and the Opposition swept the province, and for the nineteen seats only one Government supporter—Tupper in Colchester—was returned. Eighteen members went to Ottawa prepared to fight for the repeal of Confederation!

Following the election the Antis decided to send a delegation to London to move for repeal and Howe, Annan, J. C. Troop and H. W. Smith were selected. They sailed at once and had soon launched an active propaganda in London. To counteract the effort, Tupper also went to London and presented the other side of the case.

Tupper soon found that the Imperial authorities were prepared to let matters stand. Accordingly, on the evening of Feb. 4 he called upon Howe at the lodgings of the Anti delegation. He saw the Anti leader alone.

"You are beaten—and you know it," was the substance of what he told his opponent. Howe, weary from butting up against the hard, cold wall of British governmental indifference, could not gainsay this. Tupper then proceeded, with rare tact, to point out that, where repeal was impossible, the only loyal course was acquiescence. What other course was possible? Howe was too loyal to consider annexation.

Howe went back to his associates, shaken in his determination. He said to the others: "Tupper has been to see me." One of them asked: "Howe, what have you to do with Tupper?"

Howe sensed suspicion in the query and replied: "I wanted to see his hand. Do not mistrust me, gentleman, I am acting for our best interests as I see things."

Subsequently Howe and Tupper went to visit the Duke of Buckingham and, before returning Tupper wrote to Macdonald: "Howe will soon be with us."

THE ANTI deputation returned to Nova Scotia without having accomplished anything. The agitation still went on, but Howe took a less active part. It has been asserted by the enemies who afterwards rose up against him that he was then looking for a reward as a result of abjuring the cause of the Antis; but from an outside perspective it seems more certain that he had wearied of what appeared to be a lost cause and had become convinced that loyalty demanded that he bow to the inevitable.

The next step in the winning over

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of Nova Scotia was the visit of a delegation headed by the Premier (now Sir John). They saw Howe and he arranged a public meeting at which he presided and Sir John spoke. Negotiations by letter between Howe and Macdonald went on for some time afterward and finally all Nova Scotia was dumbfounded by the announcement that Howe was entering the Dominion Government.

Howe elected to stand in the constituency of Hants, and his erstwhile friends, now converted into the bitterest of enemies, prepared to rend him limb from limb. But the old lion roused himself, and after a grand fight won the seat by a majority of 383. It was charged that the Macdonald Government poured money into the constituency and that as high as four hundred dollars was paid for a vote. The popular story was that it cost sixty thousand dollars to carry Hants for Howe; that, however, is a story that probably arose in the heat of the election. Howe sat for four years in the Cabinet. They were neither happy nor fruitful. He was too brilliant and self-willed to make a good lieutenant and he found that he was overshadowed completely by the lustre of the now firmly-entrenched Sir John A. Macdonald. Howe's term made a rather unfortunate finish to a brilliant political career; and he was very glad finally to accept the post of Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

IN THE meantime the Repeal Movement in the province had lost some of its force and it never again assumed sufficient proportions to threaten the solidity of the new-fledged Dominion.

It remains but to be told that in 1870 the North-West Territories were transferred to the Dominion; that in 1871 the people of British Columbia cast in their lot with the Dominion; and that in 1873 Prince Edward Island decided not to remain out in the cold any longer.

And so the constitution of the Dominion of Canada was completed.

Confederation—And Afterwards

Continued from page 29.

The United States would have had to fight for her. She could have saved her own skin. But she espoused the cause because she could not be worthy of her destiny if she had not; and it is symbolical of her progress to that destiny that the anniversary of her natal day as a federation should come when she is in the midst of battle throes for a world federation.

The Indians of the South-West have a practice of working blood into the walls of the house when a new family comes into the clan. The war is to Canada the blood sign on the lintel of a newer, larger life in a newer, bigger world federation.

A dozen families of nations are now fighting for this federation. What will come of it, we do not know. We only know we are following a vision to a larger, higher destiny, and that the things we fight for are precious to human freedom.

IRONING A CONTINENT

See Next Page

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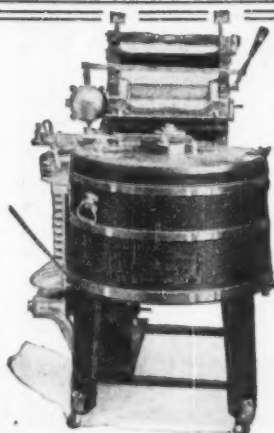
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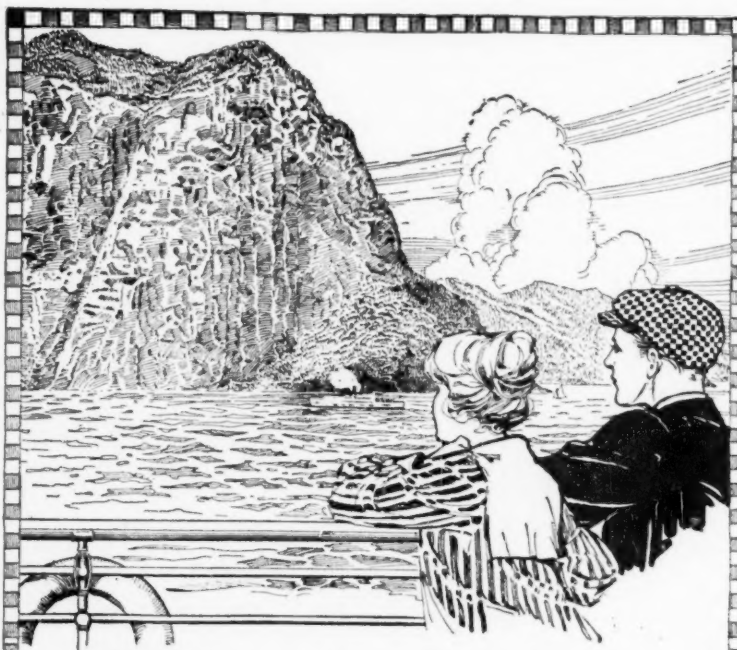
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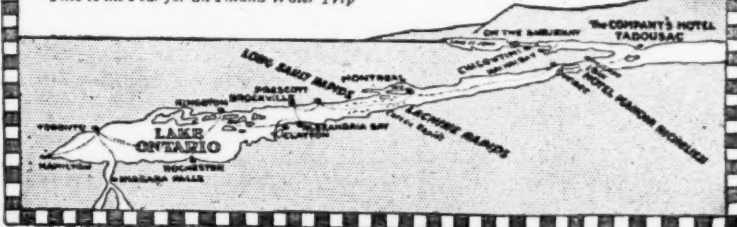
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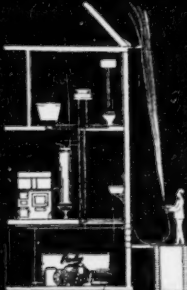
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They work as you hoped they would



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Ironing a Continent

Continued from page 32.

presented a world of possibilities. Returning east he was interviewed by the *Montreal Star* and spoke enthusiastically of the vast country west of the Great Lakes. Meeting Mr. Van Horne on Peel Street the following day he stopped and said:

"Well, I read what you had to say, but I only wish our revenue account would correspond with these vast resources you see. We're behind over \$650,000 on this year's account on operation out there! But I want to talk to you; I like men who have faith in great enterprises."

The writer dined with him that night at his home on Sherbrooke Street. In view of the passing of Sir William, it will not be considered a breach of etiquette to refer to his nobility of nature as revealed within the bosom of his family. As a host he was in his element. The cares, worries and responsibilities of office became seemingly of infinitesimal importance. Painting, history, literature were covered in his engaging conversation, and one no longer wondered why his magnetic force enabled him to undertake what at one time seemed a hopeless task and to carry it to a triumphant termination; the blood of New Amsterdam was no prodigal element, coursing through the veins of a worthy son. During the conversation Mrs. Van Horne listened with wrapt attention. She turned to me at one stage and said quietly: "You public men only see my husband facing and overcoming difficulties. I see him as the most beautiful character God ever created. The moment he enters his house the office door is closed; he never permits me to know or speak of his business anxieties; you see him now as he always is at home."

The good wife who spoke thus has perhaps long forgotten the occurrence and her words; but they have remained green in the memory of the writer, who recalls them now as illustrative of the character of a man who gave permanence to great national achievements without disturbing the sweet harmony of the home sanctuary.

Later in the evening, ensconced in what he called his "den," but which was in reality a gallery of art, Sir William referred to the difficulties which he and his co-laborers had encountered during the earlier days.

"They were pretty solemn processions that visited Ottawa in 1883-4," he said. "Financial disaster was threatening the railway. Sir John Macdonald we found willing but non-committal. Sir Leonard Tilley, the Finance Minister, was cautious to unwillingness; Sir Francis Smith, a sheet anchor; J. H. Pope was always with the enterprise, and Sir Charles Tupper always favorable, whether in Ottawa or London."

He then proceeded to tell how he had come to secure some of his chief officials, and to pay tribute to their loyalty and industry. And incidentally he drifted into an anecdote which probably has not been published before.

"BY the way," he said, "I'll tell you how I discovered Shaughnessy. I was conversing with the head of an important railway in Milwaukee when in the next room I could hear a voice strongly rebuking the representative of a supply firm for failing to deliver ma-

chinery up to the hour of contract. I looked in and enquired, 'Who is that?'

"Oh, that's Tom Shaughnessy," was the reply.

"Would you object to me making him an offer? I want a man like that."

"The other replied, 'Oh, we'll not stand in his way, if it means promotion.'

"So the Canadian Pacific 'annexed' Shaughnessy."

WHEN leaving that night the writer made a request that he dictate some of the points of the conversation.

"I'll do it, with pleasure," replied Sir William. "I shall do it myself without any secretary."

Sure enough, the document in his handwriting, was received about ten days later. It was accompanied by a brief note expressing the hope that the paper would prove interesting, and adding: "This was the way I spent my Christmas holiday."

THE following is an accurate copy of Sir William Van Horne's manuscript notes, outlining some of the earlier history of the C.P.R.:

"Company work in the North West was begun in the spring of 1881 under A. B. Stickney, General Superintendent, and Gen. Thos. G. Rosser, Chief Engineer. William Van Horne was appointed General Manager of the Company in November, 1881, and early in 1882 Jno. M. Egan (afterwards President of the Chicago and Great Western Ry.), was appointed General Superintendent of the Western Section of the Railway, and Samuel B. Reid, Chief Engineer. The latter was soon obliged by ill health to resign his office, and was succeeded by J. C. James, who, dying early in 1883, was succeeded by James Ross.

"The Company's work was commenced at Portage la Prairie, when, in addition to pushing westward, a new line was made eastward to Winnipeg, to take the place of the line already built by the Government from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie, via Stoney Mountain and Ossawa, a line altogether too circuitous. The close of the working season of 1881 found the end of the rails at Flat Creek (now Oak Lake Station), 131 miles west of Winnipeg. Van Horne reorganized and enlarged the construction and operating departments, established an enormous depot for construction material and supplies at Flat Creek, and otherwise made ready for the great work of 1882. Rails were brought from England and Germany, mostly by ocean to New York, thence by rail to Winnipeg, and owing to the inefficiency of rail transportation from the seaboard, more than 100 miles of rails were brought to New Orleans, thence conveyed on barges up the Mississippi to St. Louis and then to St. Paul. Sleepers were procured from the Lake of the Woods country. Engines and cars from the workshops of the United States and Canada, and even from Scotland; laborers and skilled men were gathered from everywhere. The construction organization, once set in motion, proceeded without hitch or stoppage to the completion of the railway.

"The company very soon awakened to the fact that they would be closely pursued by interest account, recognizing that money put into the work must be made to yield returns; and the railway made an earning factor as quickly as possible. As Sir John Macdonald once expressed it, it was a case of the quick or the dead. If

the full time allowed by the contract with the government was taken advantage of, interest would swamp the corporation, and it was believed (as afterwards demonstrated), that rapid work did not necessarily involve extra expense; that it was largely a question of perfection of plan and organization of anticipating and providing in advance for all requirements. Therefore, the work was laid out with a view towards its completion in less than half the contract time. The programme then decided upon was carried through, almost to the day.

"While the physical victory achieved was wonderful, the financial feat in carry-

ing through the undertaking was more wonderful. The financial world at first regarded the undertaking with doubt, at times with derision. This changed as time went on, to astonishment, then to amazement and admiration. It was half believed that the company had found Aladdin's Lamp. George Stephen (Lord Mount Stephen), was the financial soul of the enterprise. His genius, courage and devotion made the impossible possible. Along the contemplated route of the railway at the time the contract was executed between the Government and the Company, the settlements ended, going west from Montreal to Pembroke only



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200 miles away. From there to Prince Arthur's Landing (Port Arthur), 800 miles beyond, there was wilderness supposed by Canadians to be practicably uninhabitable. At Prince Arthur's Landing was a small mining village of 300 people or so. From there to Winnipeg, 425 miles, was another rocky wilderness with perhaps a dozen people at the Lake of the Woods. At Winnipeg, which was then little more than a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company and within a radius of 50 miles, were a few thousand people. From Winnipeg to the Pacific coast, 1,500 miles, there were four great mountain ranges to be crossed and no population save Indians. About the Pacific terminus there were a few thousand inhabitants at New Westminster and scattered among the mining camps and a few thousand more at Victoria and elsewhere on Vancouver Island. It was not possible that these scattered elements could sustain a transcontinental railway costing two hundred million dollars, not possible that such a railway could earn even its train expenses, saying nothing of maintenance; as to interest on the money invested that was not to be thought of—so all the world said. That it would be made to pay dividends on its ordinary shares was not believed by half a dozen financiers. It was in the face of this general opinion that Mr. Stephen found the money to keep the work going on, even when the expenses amounted to \$100,000 a day, for months together. The company set out in the first place to build its line from the proceeds of land grant bonds and \$100,000,000 of ordinary stock, keeping the railway free from mortgage. Something more than half the shares had been marketed when, about midsummer, of 1883, it was found that the remainder would not at the low price they had given, realize enough to complete the work. Then, in order to give financial backbone to the enterprise, and to put the price of the stock high enough to yield the required amount, the Company deposited with the Government a sufficient amount in cash to secure a guarantee of three per cent. per annum for ten years; but before this arrangement had the anticipated effect and Villard and the Northern Pacific got into financial difficulties, prices dropped and the Canadian Pacific Company found itself in a worse plight than ever. It was then that the Government was asked for a loan of \$30,000,000 to enable the Company to complete its work. This was reluctantly given, nearly everybody supposing the amount lost to the country. A year later a further loan of \$5,000,000 was made to the Company and to the surprise of everyone, these advances were repaid with interest, shortly afterwards.

"The line through the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains traverses what was in 1880 practically an unknown region.

"Major A. B. Rogers, then a well-known engineer in the Western States was entrusted with the explorations and surveys of this section. He was a man in whose character, professional pride and absolute fidelity were the predominating traits; so extreme were his ideas as to these, that by many he was regarded as a 'crank.' The difficulties he encountered in tracing out a line through the mountains were extraordinary and the hardships undergone were almost beyond human endurance; but the Major prosecuted work with a pertinacity and enthusiasm that nothing seemed to daunt and his success was the proudest achievement of his life.

"Roger's character is well illustrated by the fact that when the pass through the Selkirks was found to be a certainty, and the directors issued a cheque for \$5,000, the Major had it framed, refusing to draw the money, holding the cheque to be worth vastly more than \$5,000. In his own words he had not been working for money! It was only on being given a fine gold watch covered with complimentary inscriptions that he could be prevailed upon to have the cheque cashed. The Major was very economical in the conduct of his work. On being told that he was accused of making his men live on soup made from bacon rinds and old ham-sacks, he replied: 'That's an infernal lie, whoever told you it. I have never squandered the Company's money in buying hams.'

"The Major died in 1889, and a week or two before wrote me he was ill at his brother's house in Minnesota, that the doctors told him that he would have to 'pass his checks' in the course of ten days or so. He mentioned that when in Montreal last he saw in the C.P.R. office a lot of photographs of mountain scenery, and he would like to get some of the pictures, if he could, in time to show and explain them to his young nephews and nieces before he passed away. Needless to say, not a minute was lost in sending them; so the Major's last days were made happy."

It may not be out of place, in conclusion, to chronicle a statement made to the writer by Sir Donald Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona), at Winnipeg, during the winter of 1896. The old Hudson Bay Factor, after referring to his connection with the Canadian Pacific said: "When Parliament voted approval of a loan of \$30,000,000 to the Company, both George Stephen and I were hopelessly involved; to such an extent that even our houses and other effects would have gone had the smash come."

The Draft

Continued from page 27.

ground tunnel, as it was called, by which escaped slaves, helped by Northern Abolitionists, found freedom on Canadian soil.

The North started out, thinking its task easy, but sharp defeat at Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, and Wilson's Creek, opened its eyes. Voluntary enlistment failing to fill the depleted ranks in the Union armies, Lincoln and his government, in March of '63, resorted to the draft. All able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were liable to be drafted, and

forced to serve or pay for a substitute. Down in New York or elsewhere, there were, as now, pacifists—Copperheads or Butternuts they were called—who talked high-sounding phrases to save their skins, and preached the brand of freedom that cheerfully lets the other fellow take the risky job. Thousands of Canadians fought on the side of the North, some drawn by the righteousness of the cause, others impelled by the love of adventure, and many attracted by the money offered

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by wealthy slackers, with no stomach for fighting, to those who could take their places in the Draft. In this way a great many Canadians took a chance in the big game, and some returned to build fortune on the foundation of bounty money.

III.

"I CAN recall the day and hour, as if they were but yesterday, instead of in '63. It was a beautiful spring morning. The ice had been out of the lake two or three weeks. Sugaring was over, the snow had gone. The young leaves were on the trees, and farmers busy with spring ploughing in the warm, dry fields. Fishing was fine. I had been to the river inlet, and had a basket of beauties. I can see myself, a bare-legged lad, rising twelve, pants and shirt my costume, my fishing kit a pole cut from the bush, length of string and hook. I wanted to see Annie Harland, so I ran my tub of a home-made boat on the sand strip yonder.

"The old cottage you see, above the beach, was the Harland place, then as pretty a little spot as you'd wish to look on. Most of the hillside had been owned by a wealthy man named Dransfield, who lived down in the States. He had cut it up into hundred acre farms, selling them on time to a band of North of Ireland settlers who had recently come out. One of the new arrivals was James Harland, a Belfast man. He was said to come of good stock. Money, we knew, came to him every year in small sums from Ireland, and it was rumored that one day he would get quite a little fortune, when some property he was interested in was sold. We didn't pay much attention to those tales, however, as most of the Old Country fami-



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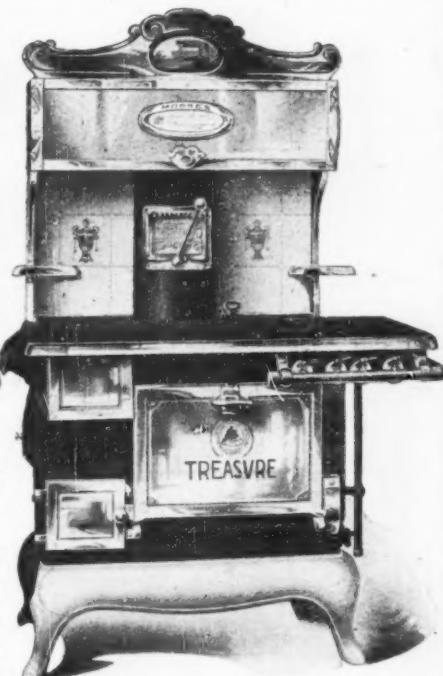
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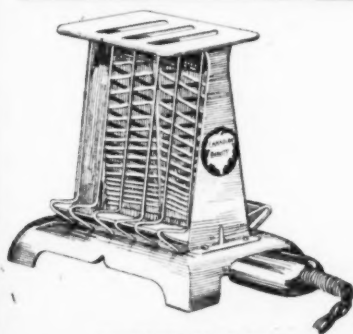
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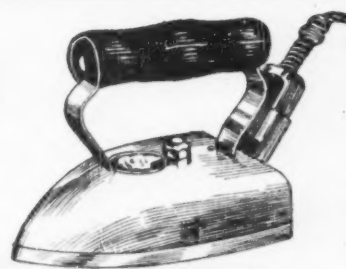


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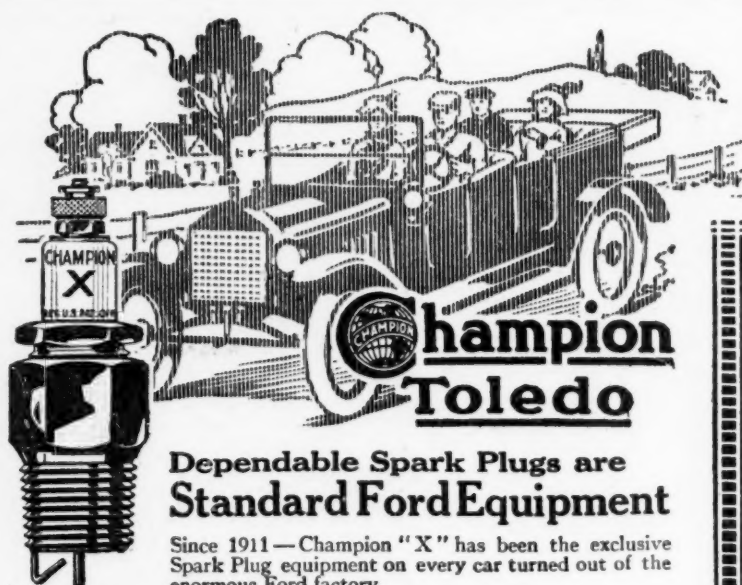
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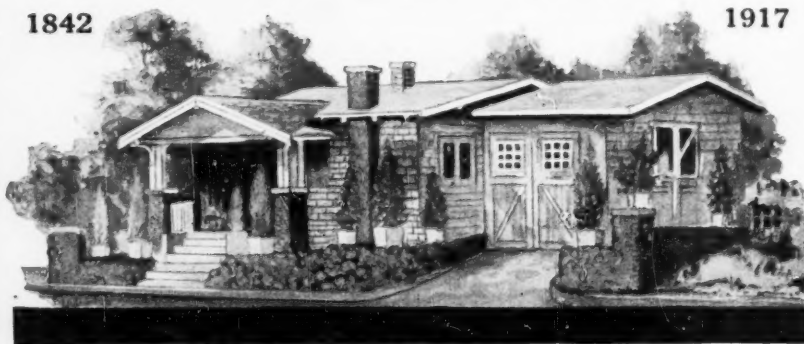
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6

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1842

1917



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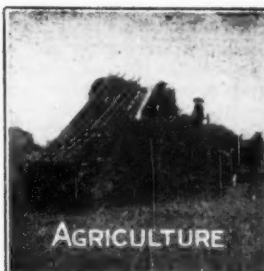
lies had traditions of wealth tied up in Chancery, or dangling tantalizingly just out of reach for want of some vital 'papers.' Harland's wife died soon after he settled here, leaving him with one child, a girl, Annie.

"The land then was not as it is now, cleared and fenced. Most of it was heavy bush. In a few years Harland got a fair piece cleared, house and barns built, and a tidy bit of stock accumulated, but it was terribly hard work. He had no money to hire help, and except for the few days a neighbor might give him, in return for like services, he and his daughter managed alone. As industrious, honest, and God-fearing a man as ever stepped in shoe leather was James Harland. Then, just as he was beginning to see the glimmer of daylight in his affairs he was killed in the bush by the fall of a tree.

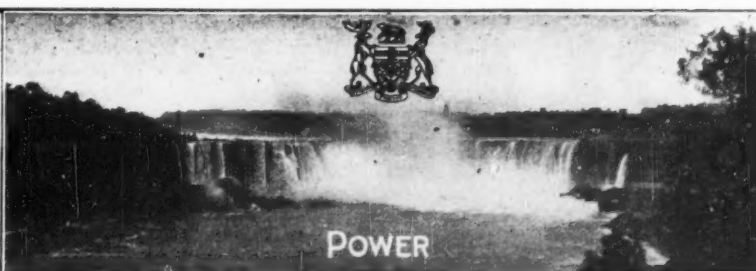
ANNIE was then a girl of twenty, a tall, handsome lass, with big, dark speaking Irish eyes, bright winsome face, with a glow of color under the dusky tints that sun and air had given her. All the lads in the Settlement were head and ears in love with her, I myself,—at twelve—as much as the next. Harland had left things in a bad way, through no fault of his own, poor man! There was a sum of eight hundred dollars still due on the land purchase and building loans. Old Dransfield had been a kindly, accommodating man, reasonable with mortgagors, anxious to see them prosper. He died, and his son, a man about thirty, was of another stamp. He knew nothing but the strict letter of his bond, called hardness sound business principle, and thought himself a hundred times smarter than his father had been, though the old man had more wisdom in one corner of his skull than the son had in his entire establishment.

Men came courting Annie—youngsters in their teens, likely farmers, moldy old widowers. She laughed alike at their clumsy or crafty lovmaking, and shoo'd them away. Neither young man's slave nor old man's darling was she ready to be—just yet. Young Dransfield, who came up every few months, debt collecting, fell before her charms like the rest.

She did not laugh at his lovmaking, but sought to avoid him, as if she feared. After she was left alone he went to see her, and asked what she proposed to do about the farm, and she told him she meant to try and run it herself and pay him off. He laughed at the notion, but she was wonderfully sweet and pretty, and all alone, so he was indulgent for a year or so. When the first instalment ran behind—for the year following Harland's death was a very hard one—he began to come to the house oftener, making the debt an excuse. He was foppish in a cheap, vulgar way, fond of displaying what he considered were city manners, and showing off his wealth before the plain folk as if he were a superior being. To those who were in his power he was a pitiless bully. I suppose he thought that a country girl like Annie would fall down and worship his magnificence, but he was mistaken, and when he found he could not win her by fair means, he tried foul, bothering her about money, till she had little pleasure in life. Of course, it was his right. The money was due him. But he sought to use the power it gave him like the coward he was. At last, when he became impertinent, she pulled him up



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1917 What of the next fifty years? 1967

Ushered in by the Great War, the second half century of Confederation will lay greater responsibilities and offer greater opportunities to Ontario for National Service.

The ravages of the World War must be made good, and the unparalleled natural resources of Ontario as yet scarcely touched will now enter upon their own. As the following facts prove, the Province of Ontario presents greater opportunities to Capital and Labor than any other in the Dominion.

Resources.

Ontario includes 230 million acres of land, of which only 13½ million acres are under cultivation. More than 20 million acres of the very finest arable land await the plough. From east to west its borders are 1,000 miles apart, and from north to south 1,075 miles.

Timber licenses have been issued for only about 10% of the 200,000 square miles of wooded land. Extensive forests of pine and other woods are yet untouched.

Practically all minerals excepting coal are found in Ontario, and there are 4,300,000 h.p. in "white coal" still undeveloped.

The value of farms in Ontario, including lands, buildings, implements and live stock, is estimated at \$1,480,000,000, yielding an annual gross return of at least 23% on their value.

Bordering on the Great Lakes, and with one-third of Canada's railway mileage and five great canals within its borders, every advantage of transportation is available. Ontario is the natural distributing centre of Canada. Every encouragement is given to industries, and most new Canadian factories locate in Ontario.

There are over 300 towns and cities in the Province, including 25 of over 10,000 population. Among these are Toronto, the second largest city in Canada, and Ottawa, the capital of Canada.

Development.

The utilities necessary for development are further advanced in Ontario than anywhere else in Canada.

The Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission operates 450 miles of 110,000-volt power lines, and 1,250 miles of lower tension lines, 44,000 volts or less. The rates charged to municipalities, industries and other customers are from \$15 per h.p. year upwards, according to amount used.

There are 50,000 miles of highways and 10,000 miles of colonization roads (an aggressive good roads policy is being carried out by the Minister of Highways), and 10,039 miles of steam railways and 772 of electric. The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, owned by the Province, operates 330 miles, connecting Northern Ontario and Toronto.

A network of rural telephone systems has been developed as a result of provincial legislation, comprising 600 systems, 65 of which are municipally owned, and 80,000 farmers' telephones, the large majority of which connect with the Bell telephone system through which they secure long distance service with all points.

Assessed Value - -	\$1,900,000,000
Annual Production - -	\$1,000,000,000
Uncultivated Farm Land,	
20,000,000 acres	
Available Timber -	19,000,000,000 ft.
Available Pulpwood,	300,000,000 cords
Undeveloped Water Powers,	
4,900,000 h.p.	

Nine of Canada's 22 chartered banks, with assets of \$645,290,525, have their head offices in Ontario, and the Province also has 1,135 of the 3,094 branch banks in Canada.

The population of Ontario, Dominion census of 1911, was 2,523,274, of which more than half was urban. So there is plenty of room for greatly increased rural population. Ontario will undoubtedly remain the most populous and powerful of Canada's provinces.

Production.

Manufacturers employed 238,817 persons in 8,001 establishments, according to the 1910 Dominion Census, and produced \$579,810,225 a year, or almost exactly half of all Canada's manufactures.

Forest products are worth \$35,000,000 annually. Minerals averaged \$46,000,000 annually for the past five years, of which \$32,600,000 was metallic, chiefly silver, iron, nickel, gold and copper.

Fisheries yield annually about \$2,700,000. Natural gas worth \$16,000,000 has been obtained in the past ten years, and in the same decade, four million barrels of Crude Oil.

Agricultural production is about \$365,000,000 annually, including: Field crops, \$199,000,000 or 39% of all Canada's; dairy products, \$36,000,000; fruit, \$26,100,000, retail value, ¾ of all Canada's fruit being grown in Ontario; tobacco, \$2,000,000; live stock, \$93,000,000.

Crops are well maintained. In 1914, fall wheat, oats, corn for husking, barley, turnips and mixed grains totalled 222,413,233 bushels; in 1915 these crops totalled 253,015,418. Modern machinery has revolutionized methods in Ontario, and cheap electrical power on the farm is increasing production still further.

Improved farms are for sale from \$500 to \$50,000, while homesteads of 160 to 200 acres are given free or sold for 50 cents an acre in four annual instalments. The bush farm presents many advantages over the prairie farm, including scenery, shelter, fuel, lumber, pine atmosphere, delightful shaded walks, and profitable winter employment.

EVEREADY DAYLO



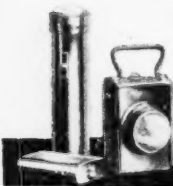
*The light that says
"There it is!"*

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and saves
fumbling around
in darkness
when something goes
wrong with your
motor at night
when you mislay the
pliers or the wrench
when you've got to
change a tire
quickly
when you drop the
key to the garage
or the stable
when a thunderstorm
puts your house
lights out of com-
mission
when you must find
the first-aid kit,
quick!
when a storm breaks
in the middle of
the night
whenever you need
light—safe, de-
pendable, effective
light—that cannot
blow out, set fire
or fail, you need
an Eveready
DAYLO.

could drive as straight a furrow as any man on the hillsides, and swing scythe or sickle with the best and fastest. Folks said he was saving to put himself through College and become a minister. He was quiet, grave beyond his years, a great reader, with a prodigious memory for poetry that he would recite, when carried out of his reserve, with a compelling, fiery eloquence I will never forget. His gentle, polite ways made the rougher lads, at first, pick him as butt for their practical jokes and clumsy fun. Then they discovered another Peter. He could use his fists with bewildering dexterity. He fought like a whirlwind, and there wasn't a man, big or little, in the Settlement, that the steel-and-whipcord Highlander could not put on his back and pin there. He seemed, as we came to know him, a curious blend of fire and ice and power and gentleness. There was something of the heavy claymore, and something of the fine, keen rapier in him. Poor in pocket, he had a pride and chivalry that the noblest in the land could not have out-matched.

His courtesy to women was a revelation to us then. To him they were not mortals of common clay, to be flirted with or joked about, but another, superior order of beings, to be worshipped and revered. His quaint politenesses, never effusive, were often ridiculed by the men, and some of the women too, who nevertheless thought no worse of Peter because he esteemed them finer and better than they really were.

HE and Annie Harland drew together like magnet and steel. Folks saw it, and expected they would marry and settle down; but they didn't, and it was the judgment of the Settlement that they were the queerest lovers ever known. They did not go out walking together. He never went to the house, he saluted her with grave hat-lifting when he met her, and always called her Mistress Annie when he spoke of her. Some said he wished to marry her, but she would not hear of it. She knew what life on the farm would be, one long struggle all their days with poverty, hardship, and, maybe, crushed ambition. To put Peter to wood clearing, and swamp draining, and the drudgery of farm life, would be like harnessing a thoroughbred racer to a lumber wagon. He must go his way, get to college, enter the ministry, and then, if he didn't find someone he liked better—she laughed, talking it over with my mother—they might talk about it again. They mustn't even be declared lovers, each must have full liberty, he must take his way, and, no doubt, she would be able to manage on the farm, when things began to run more smoothly. One change there was for Annie. Dransfield, like the rest, saw how things were going, and he weighed and estimated the young Highlander in his mind, concluding that he was not a safe man to cross, where the woman of his heart was concerned. So Annie was no more molested. The shield of Peter was over her. Dransfield even became friendly with the strange Scotsman, whose power alone he could understand.

To be Continued.

short, and told him to stay away, and write what he had to say about business. He laughed at her signs of fear, in his rough coarse way, and at last, as he became bolder, she came to father, and he put the laugh on the other side of the fellow's face. A word, or a hint—father told him—to any of the lads along the hillside that he was annoying Annie, and it would be a mighty long day before he would be able to display his gold watch chain and diamond stud on the streets of New York City. And if the lads were slack, he, father, would attend to the job himself. Dransfield was wise after his kind, and courageous only with his tongue,

so he contented himself with pestering Annie with dunning letters.

IV.

IT WAS in the fall or late summer of '62 that Peter Grant came to the Settlement. Peter was a Scotsman, a tall, dark, good-looking Highland lad, who had the Gaelic tongue, and something of the courteous Gaelic gentleness over granite ruggedness. He came to teach the little schools in this and the adjoining hamlet, spending a few months in each. In between his teaching he found work on the farms at busy times. He



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